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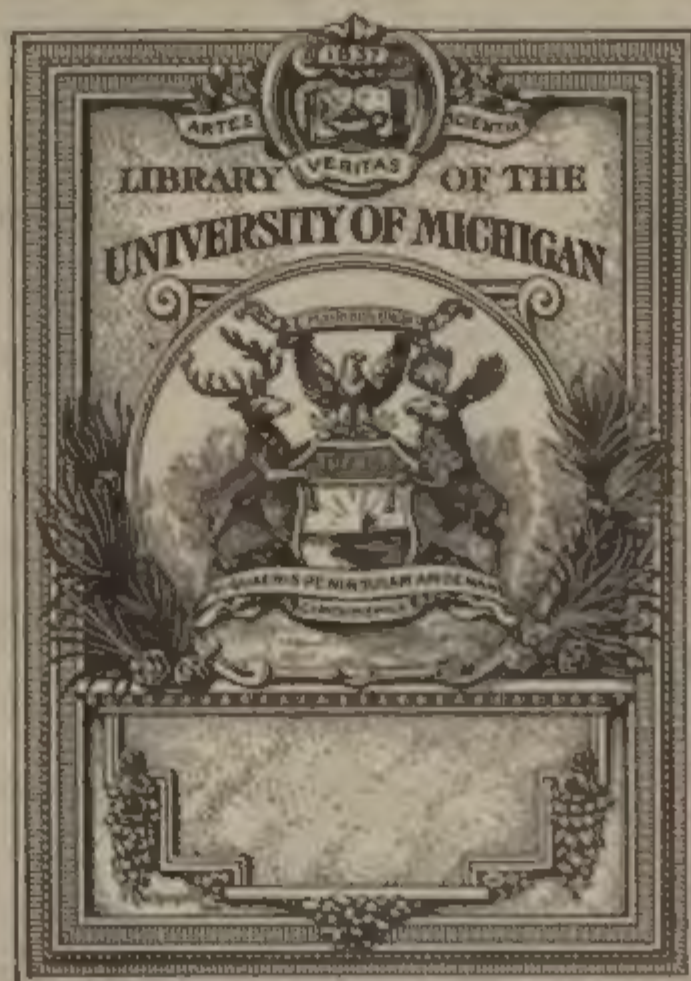
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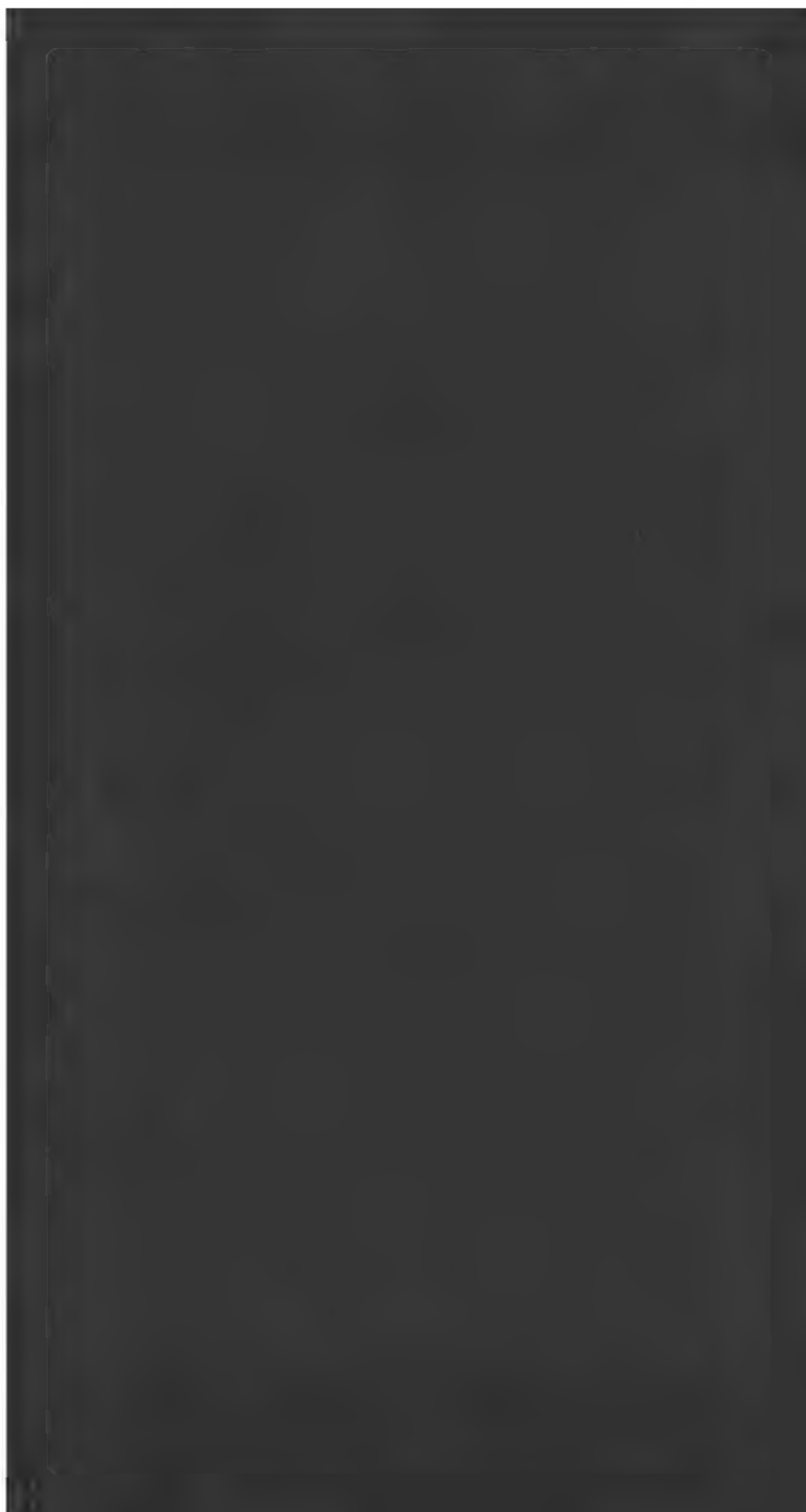
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# THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

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- ART. I.—1. *A Charge delivered by the Lord Bishop of Chester.* 1841.  
2. *A Pastoral Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of Exeter, on the Present State of the Church.* By HENRY, Lord Bishop of Exeter, 1851.

WE suppose that if ever there was a day when its warmest supporters were bold enough to deny that the Anglican Church was “a house divided against itself,” that day has long since passed away. Each of the publications, the titles of which stand prefixed to the following pages, is a standing proof of this fact. Each of the two great factions, (to say nothing of lesser subdivisions,) into which the Establishment is divided, avow it and lament it in the plainest terms. To use the happy phrase of Bishop Philpotts, it is no longer a ‘logomachy’ which ranges men now as leaders of opposing parties in the English Communion; it is nothing less than a very war of *principles*, a vital conflict of opinion as to the *primary truths* of the Christian faith and revelation, which keeps them asunder. These rival principles, struggling as they are for victory in the heart of a communion whose main end and object is the reduction of objective truth to mere subjectivity, the softening down of all unpalatable asperities in Creeds, and the fusing of them in one harmonious whole of comprehensive negation, happily seem, now at least, far beyond any chance of reconciliation. When the Bishops of that communion who, for the most part, have maintained a calm and dignified silence amid the strife of tongues, and



have lived, like the Epicurean deities of old, a life unruffled by the concerns of this lower world—when its Bishops take up the arms which have hitherto been wielded by their Presbyters alone, and enter the lists as champions of two rival and antagonist systems, it needs not any great amount of skill in divination to prophecy the speedy downfall of the Establishment of which they are at once the strength and the weakness. For we have, on this head, to guide us, not merely common sense, but the plain axiom of Holy Scripture, which warns us, that “a house divided against itself must fall.”

For ourselves, we suppose that most men, in their boyish days, have been wont to associate the name of “Pastorals” with all that is peaceful and contented in that happy rustic life which poets have sung from the days of Theocritus and Virgil. And we suppose that when they grew older, and found out by experience that all was not gold which glittered in their utopian state of bliss, they reluctantly gave up all idea of a Bishop acting as the wise and gentle shepherd of an united flock; and found out that by a “Pastoral” was meant an Anglican Bishop’s controversial letter to his Clergy. But it has been left for them now in these days to attach a far stronger meaning to the word; and we think that if any unprejudiced person will “read, mark, and inwardly digest” the 120 pages of which the Bishop of Exeter’s Pastoral Letter is composed, he will not be likely to differ from us when we say that it is by far the most *warlike* “Pastoral” that we ever read. It is “*Arms and the man*” from first to last. It is no weak and puny composition; it is not subdued and querulous in its tone, far from it; it is a bold, open, and indignant avowal of the author’s unswerving hostility against his Metropolitan, for a deep injury inflicted; its words breathe “*siege and defiance*” to the “fautor of heretical tenets,” who is the present Protestant occupier of the Protestant See of Canterbury; and we may safely say, that if any one of our readers fully realizes to himself the unity of faith for which our Blessed Lord prayed, and is anxious to know to what extent differences on the very highest and most vital points are allowed to be carried in the Anglican communion, we cannot do better than advise him to bestow his most careful attention on these two controversial writings, which, with a few remarks by way of preface, we now beg leave to introduce to his notice.

What then, in the first place, are the circumstances under which they were each written? We will state these circumstances for the benefit of such of our readers as have not been much behind the scenes of Anglicanism while they have been "shifting" during the last ten or fifteen years—years of not less eventful progress to Anglicans (though in another way,) than they have been to ourselves. It was about the year 1840, or 1841, that the agitation in the English Church, which is so generally termed the Oxford movement, rose to its height. That movement dated from July 14th, in the year 1833, and after nearly eight years of persevering and unceasing "progress," it gained that point than which it never afterwards rose higher. At that time it is true that one or two of its disciples had quitted "the Church of their baptism" for a more solid and substantial faith; but these were not the leaders of the school; they were weak and unstable brethren, of course, and were entitled to little weight. The 90th Tract had not yet been published; the Surplice question had not been mooted; the Times, as yet eager in their favour, had not blown the trumpet of Protestant alarm, or excited the feelings of our Protestant nation against the weekly Offertory; and he who was the master-spirit of the movement, though visited, as it would seem, with secret misgivings as to the reality and tenableness of his "Church's" position, had not as yet exchanged Anglo-Catholicism for Catholicism proper; Baptismal Regeneration had been satisfactorily drawn out, explained, and enforced, and the English people had even begun actually to receive it in part; for their eyes as yet were sealed to the necessity of the Sacrament of Penance as its balance and counterpoise in the analogy of the faith; and what is still more to the point, Mr. Gorham and Mr. Goode as yet were not. The antagonism of "Oxford principles" to the theoretic union of Church and State, and to that Ecclesiastical supremacy, before which the Reformers bowed down in abject reverence, and with which the English Reformation invested the reigning Sovereign, had not as yet been drawn out on the stage of Church Unions, and Meetings at Freemason's Hall; and Dr. Hampden was so far from being Bishop of Hereford, that he was only engaged as Regius Professor, enforcing Sabellian doctrines upon the young men of Oxford who were soon about to receive Anglican orders

from others as unorthodox as himself. We may fairly say, then, that in 1840, and 1841, "Church principles" were in the ascendant, and appeared to be rapidly gaining ground, both in public and in private, among members of the Establishment. And we may say with equal truth, that up to that period the same embryo principles, in a qualified sense at least, had met with some amount of approbation—"cautious," of course, and "judicious,"—from such of the Episcopal Bench as entertained any approximation to fixed principles at all. However dangerous such opinions as those of the Oxford school might be when pushed to their legitimate lengths, still they could not (how could they?) be wholly unpalatable, when stated in the abstract, to those Bishops who ever dared to reflect on what grounds the members of their own Establishment must be led to respect their persons. A set of doctrines whose first and foremost point was reverence for the office of the English Bishops, *as such*, as the true successors of the Apostles, and representatives of Christ, was naturally, we say, most acceptable for a time to many of the Episcopal body. How could it be otherwise, and with such principles as these, at least so long as they remained in their original and abstract state, and assumed no definite practical shape and substantial form, to the annoyance of those very prelates whose groundless claims they had been put forward to defend?

But among those eight-and-twenty prelates of the English bench, there was one at least, (if not more,) who, from a very early time, had watched their rising growth with a jealous eye. In the lofty tones which were used by the Oxford school in claiming a divine authority on the part of the English Clergy, and especially of the English Bishops, one of that body, Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Chester, since translated for his services to Canterbury, contrived, by a clever hit, to discern a sign of the cloven foot of Rome. A leading "Evangelical" in opinion, he knew that if the principle of the Divine authority was to be maintained at all, the cause of the English Reformation must be abandoned by thinking persons; he felt that if members of the English Church were once led to fix their minds on a visible Church, the Apostolical Succession of their Clergy, and all that cluster of connected doctrines which together make up what is called the "Sacramental System," they

would soon see themselves, *upon their own principles*, driven on to acknowledge that their Bishops and Priests could prove no lawful mission, and to confess that the Anglican Reformers, after all, worked sad havoc with the popular belief in a visible Church, and Sacraments of Grace. And so, convinced, as he tells us, (Appendix No iii., p. 83,) that “if God’s purpose had been to set up a visible Church\* as the medium of man’s communication with Himself, He surely would have revealed this to us in clear and intelligible terms, whereas Scripture contains nothing of the kind,” the Lord Bishop of Chester sat down, composed, and delivered to his Clergy a Charge, against which it would appear that his Lordship of Exeter thought it his duty to protest at the time; and now, after the lapse of ten years, having become his suffragan, speaks thus: “I declare solemnly, and with a deep sense of the responsibility which attaches to such a declaration, concerning a

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\* It would seem that His Grace of Canterbury is wholly ignorant of what St. Paul meant by “*the Church*.” We never met with a writer, even in the English Communion, who more completely ignored it as a visible Body. In the appendix to his charge, he enters at considerable length into the question, and—(not much to the satisfaction of High Church-Anglicans, we fear.)—contrasts together the Catholic and the Protestant mode of salvation. He declares that Holy Scripture, “uniformly addresses us as individuals,” and not as members of Christ’s body the Church. In his eyes, the Church is nothing but an aggregate of such individuals as accept the terms of “*an offended sovereign*,” namely, God. He again and again declares that “all the promises of God’s Word are annexed to individual faith.” (See pp. 31, 32, 33, for further proof.) He denies that the Church has any corporate existence, and therefore any life or consciousness, strictly speaking; and declares that those who maintain the contrary doctrine, teaching men that by incorporation into the Church of Christ, they are incorporated into Christ, and made one with Him, do nothing else but “interpose the Church instead of Christ as the mediator between God and man.” We do not deny, that in spite of the Creeds, which the Anglican Church so inconsistently retains, in outward form at least, His Grace’s sentiments are wholly in keeping with the general tenor of the English Articles, and especially with the twenty-first, which defines the Church to be “*a congregation of faithful men*, where the pure word of God is preached and the sacraments duly administered.” But we are constrained to ask, whether these principles, when we come to analyse them, are not essentially one with those of the Independent and the Quaker?

document proceeding from such a quarter, that I could not name any one work of any minister in our Church, which, though of double the bulk, contains half so many heretical statements as are contained in this one charge.” (Bishop of Exeter’s Pastoral, p. 39.) But it is time for us to go into an examination of the Charge itself.

Having entered into some dry details of Church building and school building connected with his own diocese, he congratulates his Clergy on a general “growing attachment to the (Established) Church, an acknowledgment of its excellence, and a practical sense of the value of its services.” And in the increase of worshippers, or hearers, or of candidates for confirmation at his hands, his Lordship proceeds most complacently to find “proofs.....that opposition or indifference towards the Establishment, or even separation from it, has not generally arisen from any distrust of its discipline, or doctrines,” (why should it?) “but from the difficulty, or practical impossibility of obtaining instruction within its pale.” Next, upon certain subjects which, in our opinion, even heretics and schismatics generally deem important, he speaks in terms in which, as we shall hereafter see, the Bishop of Exeter has commented most forcibly, but which we shall at once dismiss with the single remark, that however heretical they may be in the abstract, they seem to us, after all, quite consistent with the principles of the English, or indeed of any national establishment—we mean, as showing a perfect indifference to all real external truth, as such.

“Perhaps it is too much to expect,” says his Lordship, “what nevertheless we earnestly desire, that there should be no schisms or divisions among Christians; that the Church of Christ should ever be a seamless coat; that all the congregations of faithful men should ever be so strictly one, as to think alike, and agree unanimously on all subjects: upon such subjects, for instance, as *Diocesan Episcopacy*, or *Infant Baptism*, or *Liturgical Forms*, or *Church Membership*, or a National Establishment. There may be always some minds, which, on questions such as these, may differ from the *conclusions which*”—(mark here the very essence of unbelief,) “*we believe to be justly deduced from Scripture*.....The comfort and peace of the Christian world would be greatly increased, if it were commonly understood that the unity which the Scriptures demand, were the unity of those who hold alike the great doctrines of Christian truth, but *consent to differ* on matters concerning which Scripture does not carry determinate conviction to every honest mind.”—pp. 16, 17. (The Italics are ours.)

Now we may be allowed to remark, that if ever we read a passage containing more wide and comprehensive sentiments than another upon the most sacred subjects, it is this which we have just extracted from the Bishop of Chester's charge, in 1841. Nothing more purely liberal in its worse sense, ever flowed from the lips or the pen of even the Dean of Bristol. And yet, to use his Lordship's own phrase, the above passage is written entirely "in the spirit of those articles which our Church maintains," that is, in the spirit of the purest rationalism. And as, in matters of which a spiritualized Faith alone is cognizant, the human reason is but a sorry guide, we shall be much surprised if a further enquiry would not satisfy us that his Lordship is wholly at variance with the Holy Bible which he professes exclusively to venerate, though, here at least, he may be quite in harmony with the spirit, if not always with the letter, of the Anglican Prayer Book; and that as a consistent follower of what is essentially a mass of contradictions, he is consequently led to betray a certain amount of inconsistency with himself, and with the positions which he, at times, elsewhere assumes.

Of course, there is not a Catholic of the most ordinary talents and education, who does not know and believe that Holy Scripture sets forth to all men one, and one only, way of salvation, the faith of Christ; in other words, that of the "One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church," which bears His name. Every instinct of the Catholic's soul and reason, as well as every instruction that he has received from the days of childhood, conspire to press upon his mind the simple fact that, if he will be saved, he must firmly believe all those sacred truths which the Catholic Church, as the one accredited teacher sent by God, believes and teaches, because God has revealed them to Her and to us through Her. This, we say, is the plain doctrine of Holy Scripture; and therefore without fear of contradiction, we challenge the Anglican Archbishop to prove to us from Holy Scripture, that God requires no higher unity than a mere rationalizing acceptance of certain "great doctrines of Christian truth," teaching us to "consent to differ" on lesser matters. Who is it that shall arbitrarily define, we ask, what matters are great, and what are small and trivial, in the one Catholic faith? Every portion, every particle of that faith is God's eternal truth, and nothing which refers to God and to the salvation of souls, can be



small or unimportant. We, at least, who are brought up under the shelter of that Holy Church, which Dr. Sumner forsooth “pities,” (p. 44) and of which he declares that it had neither God for its author, nor the welfare of mankind for its end,” (p. 27)—we, who by God’s grace enjoy the blessings of *a living, infallible speaking voice* to guide and direct our steps, *we* Catholics know that when once men lose sight of this great fact of one body gifted with divine authority on earth, to decide in God’s name on all questions connected with the Catholic faith, nothing can ensue but doubts and dissensions and endless schisms, ever multiplying themselves as the human mind passes through new phases of existence and thought. Hence, we firmly believe (for the matter admits of no dispute) that, by the very law of its being, the English Church, having broken off from that one living authority which is the centre and the heart of Christendom, has sunk down to be, in Dr. Sumner’s words, simply the “National Church,” the “Establishment,” “the Church of the Nation,” not *the Church of the living God*; and that therefore, as his Grace remarks, it is, perhaps, “too much to expect that there should be no schisms or divisions among Christians” who live in its communion, or that its members, left as they are upon an angry sea without rudder or compass, should think alike on such *trivial* matters forsooth as “the Sacrament of Baptism,” “Church membership,” or “diocesan Episcopacy.” It would be equally strange, if on these and other like matters, any “schisms or divisions” should exist among *ourselves*, who being united under the one Head, on whom our blessed Lord promised to found His Church, and to whom He gave the charge of all His sheep, are likewise united in one unaltered and unalterable faith.

But though his writings will not bear the test of Holy Scripture, still is not his Grace in keeping with the spirit of his Prayer Book, in speaking on these subjects as he has done above? We answer yes; *as far as any man can be in keeping with it*. His “views,” (for such at best we suppose he would call them) like all conceivable views, are in harmony with *some portion or other* of the Protestant Prayer Book. Composed as it is of a variety of discordant materials, and compacted together by no one single external bond of union, except its antipathy to the Church of Rome: *some* statements at least of the Anglican Prayer



Book may of course be adduced in support of almost any heretical view, which any individual may put forward. It is so conveniently "comprehensive," that it has room for all; it shelters all beneath its expanded wings, except, perhaps, those who hold to the supremacy of the see of Rome as of divine origin. Every writer, from Dr. Pusey and Mr. Keble, down to Messrs. Stowell and McNeill, make their home somewhere or other within its broad pale. And so while everyone finds himself in harmony with some part of it, no one is, and no one ever was or will be, in keeping with the whole of it, unless on every new page he chooses to propound some novel view, as unlike that which has gone before as the scenes in a play. For example, what Anglican can quarrel with the Archbishop for saying, that "it is too much to expect that there should be no schisms and divisions on the Church" (of England,) when he remembers how the Establishment, so to speak, has stereotyped schism and dissensions within itself, in its Prayer for Unity?"\* And who shall throw the first stone at his Grace for pronouncing that Infant Baptism, Diocesan Episcopacy, and Liturgical Forms are "open questions,"—matters on which men may "*consent to differ*,"—when the Articles themselves declare, not only that "general councils may err," but that the Church has no authority to impose doctrines further than it can prove that they are taken from Holy Scripture; thus practically leaving to the conscience of each one of its members the ultimate appeal as to the real meaning of God's written word, and the inferences which he is warranted in drawing therefrom for the guidance of his life and conduct?

And still further, we feel constrained to ask how far his Grace is consistent with himself? He admits that there are matters concerning which Scripture does not carry determinate conviction "to every honest mind." Now, in the name of honesty, how does he reconcile this assertion with

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\* "O God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, the Prince of Peace, give us grace seriously to lay to heart *the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away from us all hatred and injustice, and whatever else may hinder us from godly union and concord,*" &c., &c.—Prayer for Unity, in the 'Form of Prayer to be used in all (Anglican) Churches and Chapels, on the 20th of June,' every year. Can anything be conceived more plainly condemning? "*Habes confitentem reum.*"

his fundamental principle of the all-sufficiency of Holy Scripture? If there are matters connected with Christian truth, be they great or be they small, which are left in Scripture undefined, how can he say, (as he does say by implication,) that to encounter the infidel and the worldling, a man has need only to go forth with the Bible in his hand? in other words, that “the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible,” is intended by God to be to Christians (and perhaps to Heathens also,) their sole rule of faith and practice? And again, what can the Archbishop mean by saying, (p. 38) that “Catholics in their creed hold the vital truths of the Gospel,” while, at the same time, he denounces the Catholic Church, their holy Mother, as “*a system*” which “overspread the world under the name of Christianity, *which had neither God for its author, nor the welfare of mankind for its end* : who were debased by what was sent to purify them, and deceived by what was ordained to deliver them from error?” We are compelled to ask his Grace, if God was not the author of this great system which we call the Catholic Church, *who was?* By the confession of ourselves and our adversaries, it is not the work of man: and what remains but that in the opinion of his Grace of Canterbury, (we tremble as we write the words,) it is the actual work of Satan?\*

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\* Dr. Sumner, it would seem, is very fond of attributing to Satanic agency, all those religious principles which are opposed to his own. Thus it is well known that he quoted and *authoritatively condemned as Satanic*, not only certain extracts from Mr. W. E. Gladstone’s work on “Church Principles,” but also the very words of Bishop Pearson, by far the greatest theologian that the Anglican Establishment has ever produced, and *one of his Lordship’s own predecessors in the see of Chester*. We ought not, therefore, to complain at his Grace’s insinuations. It is a very easy way of setting down an opponent. But uncharitable as it is, it falls short of the following terms in which the Lord Bishop of London, preaching within the old Catholic walls of Westminster Abbey, and before the Society for the Propagation of the (Anglican) Gospel, thought fit to denounce the Catholic religion, but a few months since. “The Church of Rome had departed from the example of our Lord, and by an unworthy condescension to the weakness of human nature on the one hand, and the rites of Paganism on the other, she had diluted and debased the truth of the Gospel, and *she had made a compromise with the powers of darkness* for achieving a seeming but unsubstantial triumph.” (See Morning Post, June 17, 1851.)

And if it be such, let him further tell us how this system of diabolical imposture comes, as he elsewhere confesses, still to "hold the vital truths of the Gospel?" We pause for an answer. And finally, we may ask him, on what principle he excludes from the Anglican fold those views which the followers of Dr. Pusey hold upon Sacraments and Church membership, &c., while he vindicates the articles and Prayer Book, on the ground of being wide, and liberal, and comprehensive? If he is right in his estimate of their "breadth," why should he seek to exclude High-Churchmen from a place within their pale? They believe that their own principles are sanctioned by Holy Scripture; on what principle then are they denied toleration by men who profess to draw all their opinions from the self-same source? Surely there is room for both in so tolerant and comprehensive an establishment.

Such is, after all, the sum and substance of this Charge, which ten years ago was inflicted on the Clergy of the diocese of Chester. At once Latitudinarian and Evangelical, we cannot wonder that, little as are the merits which it claims as a piece of composition, and though still more worthless as a piece of theological writing, it had an effect at the time when it was delivered, as tending, in some measure, to raise the hopes of that section of the Anglican Clergy who, upon the whole, most nearly represent the tenets of the Anglican Reformers—those pure and holy men who, in the plenitude of their zeal for innovation, first put forth the "statement" of justification by faith only, and "pierced the veil to divest the Church of the mystery in which it had been shrouded, and disclosed it to the world, in its true and scriptural form, as the company of believers." (p. 33.) After reading this and other similar sentiments which occupy two-thirds of Dr. Sumner's pages, who can wonder that a person so far in advance of the miserable system in which he has been reared as Dr. Philpotts is, "nine years ago, on the very first occasion after that Charge was published," should have "addressed" his Clergy "respecting some of

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Verily, His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman was fully justified, when from the pulpit of St. George's Cathedral he characterised such language as "atrocious and hateful to the God of charity and peace." (See Sermon on "Compromises of Truth in Religious Teaching." Richardson.)

its errors?" And now that Dr. Sumner sits in the once Catholic See of Canterbury, and complacently refers his Clergy back to that same charge as a prophetic warning—now that High-Church principles, when fully carried out, have been observed to "tend naturally to those Romish errors which were renounced by the Anglican Church"—now when his Grace's words have acquired, from his high position, that weight which they have not in themselves, our wonder is but little increased at finding that the Bishop of Exeter again returns with increased vigour and energy to attack and demolish the obnoxious document. For if the Archbishop's position be the true one for an Anglican Primate,—(and we have little doubt of it ourselves,)—then plainly one of two results must follow; either the English Church will stand forth in the eyes of the world branded by its own highest dignitary with tolerating two sets of irreconcilable principles, *one* of which must be a heresy; or, on the other hand, the Bishop of Exeter, and those who think with him, by the force of their own principles must be driven forth from the pale of so comprehensive and elastic a body; for their own position forces them necessarily to the conclusion that the body which, professing to be a Church, willingly tolerates a heresy, does thereby forfeit its claim to be a part of the Church of the living God. And if they once heartily embrace this conclusion, we know but of one haven into which it can carry them, the bosom of the Church of God. On this one point we have but little reason to differ from the Primate of all England, who augurs that all persons imbued with so-called Anglo-Catholic views, and taught to lay stress upon such doctrines as those of a Visible Church, Apostolical Succession, and Sacramental Grace, as opposed to unrestrained approach to God by an act of individual faith, must eventually be led to abandon the Anglican communion, as a body which either denies these truths, or else does not hold them except as a matter of opinion, and speaks upon them, as Father Newman once said, "with the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies."

Now, firmly believing, as we do, that these vital portions of the Catholic faith appear, at first sight, *in some degree* sanctioned by certain isolated parts of the Anglican Prayer Book, still we dare not pronounce that any one who holds these portions, (provided, of course, he

reject the supremacy of the Roman See,) any more than the person who denies them, is thereby at once excluded from that most tolerant and comprehensive of all heretical bodies, the English Church. He has a right to shelter himself wherever he can find a sentence of her formal documents to throw its protection over him. But then, on the other hand, he has no right whatever to hold these same truths, except as matters of private opinion deduced by his own method of inference from Holy Scripture. And so, if he professes to hold them or to teach them on the authority of the English Church, he must be reminded that in other parts of its formularies that same "Church" teaches him the direct contrary of these truths; and what then becomes of his vision of an authoritative guide and leader? Like "fairy frost-work," it has melted away before his eyes; it has ceased to exist. But after all, this is no concern of ours; and so, dismissing for the present all consideration as to who are, and who are not, honest in their subscription to the formularies of the Protestant Establishment, let us proceed to examine at some further length the celebrated "Pastoral Letter" which their Bishop has addressed, "upon the present state of the Church," to the Clergy of the diocese of Exeter.

To sum up our opinion of this letter as a whole in a few words would be impossible; in one part it is so warlike and belligerent, in another so firm and dogmatic in its statements of positive truth; here it savours so strongly of the astute and crafty advocate, and there again it bursts forth into such fierce invective against the authors and abettors of the (so-called) wrong which (as High Churchmen declare,) was inflicted last year on the English Church by the judicial committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council. Two things there are which seem more especially to gall and wound the Bishop, as from page to page he recurs to his "Crambe repetita" of complaint—the Gorham decision, and the religious opinions of his own Metropolitan. We will only forewarn our readers of a fact which we think High-Anglicans will read with some astonishment, that if they acknowledge in his Lordship of Exeter a far nearer approximation to the one great system of Catholic doctrine which underlies, if we may so speak, the whole of the writings of the New Testament, and especially the inspired Epistles which the Holy Ghost dictated

by the mouth of God's own Apostles, still they will find his Grace of Canterbury more in keeping with the comprehensive and latitudinarian views of that gigantic compromise, the English Prayer Book. Would that Dr. Philpott could be led to see to how much of the Catholic faith the inferences of his own private judgment (for, after all, they are nothing more at present,) have compelled him to bear witness; and would that God's Holy Spirit, even at this late day, now that he has passed the threescore years and ten of man's allotted span, might lead him to submit his will, ere it be too late, to the living, speaking, and teaching authority which God has set up in His one holy Catholic Church; and so enable him to exchange the uncertainties of *private opinion* and human doctrines for a solid and substantial *faith*.

The first subject on which his Lordship touches is one which, as he says, "stands forth in glaring and disastrous prominence among the events of the last three years." This is, of course, the Gorham decision; in his own words, "the blow which has been dealt (unknowingly, doubtless, and unintentionally,) by the judicial committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council, against the Catholicity, and therefore the essential character of our Church, as a sound branch of the Church of Christ, by deciding that it does not hold, as of faith, one of the articles of the creed of Christendom." (p 2.) Against this decision, as is well known, his Lordship formally protested, on two grounds: 1. That Mr. Gorham's doctrines were not fairly stated in the report which the judicial committee presented to Her Majesty; and 2. That the Canons of the Church had been disregarded in the judgment pronounced upon the case. And this latter point he now endeavours very skillfully, but we think not very conclusively, to establish. For the subject is one which demands to be *viewed as a whole*. It will not do to take isolated quotations even from the very soundest lawyers, unless at the same time we take into consideration, not merely the abstract theory of what the Church ought to be, but the *actual historical facts in their collective bearings*. Now it is most certain that a community which wilfully resigns into other hands than its own the guardianship of those sacred truths which it believes itself alone commissioned to maintain and teach, has little or no right to complain if its unfaithfulness to so high a trust be turned against itself, and it



fall wounded or slain by an arrow feathered from its own wing. If, as we are compelled by the facts of history to believe, the English Church, by the "Act of Submission," sold away her own birthright to the Eighth Henry for a mess of pottage; if—forgetful of God, and of His most holy faith, which she was founded and endowed to maintain in this land, whether princes and kings and other earthly powers were willing or unwilling—she cut herself off from the rest of Christendom, and consented to have her synods convened only by the king's authority, and her Canons enacted in his name, and not in her own—if she thus "flung God's commission beneath the footstool of an earthly Sovereign," we do think that she has little or no ground of complaint, if she finds out, when it is too late, that the powers of this world regard her and use her freely as a tool in their own hands; and that henceforth she must speak with faltering accents, according to the ever-varying fashion of the age, and as a national institution, accommodate her creed to the sovereign people whose property, slave, and creature she has become. And hence it is of no use for the Bishop to plead on his side the "Statute of Appeals," which after all goes no further than to deny to "any exterior person or persons,"—(i. e., to the See of Rome,)—that "power to render and yield justice, and final determination in all cases," which it assigns in the same breath to "the one supreme head and king" of the English constitution. Hence, too, it is superfluous, or rather suicidal, to appeal, as his Lordship does, to Bracton; for, after all, he asserts no more than that the spiritual and civil sword ought to aid each other, a point which nobody denies; or to Coke, who, we really think, unless he was uttering the very grossest Erastianism, must have been intending a covert satire on the Post-Reformation Church of England, when he said, "certain it is that this kingdom hath best been governed, and peace and quiet preserved, when both parties, i. e., when the practice of the temporal courts, and the ecclesiastical judges, have kept themselves within their proper jurisdiction, without encroaching or usurping upon one another." Surely that great lawyer, when he wrote these words, must have been referring in memory to days when as yet the Reformers had not sacrilegiously given over the supremacy in things spiritual into the hands of an earthly monarch. For, let us ask, at what time, since those unhappy days, have the



temporal and spiritual elements ever worked, each in their separate sphere of action without encroaching on each other's province, unless both the one and the other be considered as merely subordinate departments of the constitution? And if this be the case, we suppose that upon the whole they *have* gone on with tolerable unanimity in their servility to the Crown. Still more unsuccessful is the Bishop in his allusion to the lay commission appointed under Henry, and again under Edward. For even granting, which we do not by any means grant, that they contemplated a Council of Provincial Bishops as "the only proper tribunal of ultimate appeal in all cases strictly spiritual," yet let High-Anglicans tell us plainly whether Anglican Bishops could constitute such a tribunal under Post-Reformation enactments, save and except by the authority of the king, and without looking to him to confirm their decisions? And what is all this but, to use the Bishop's own emphatic words,—“to fling the commission of Christ under the footstool of an earthly throne?” Surely if the instituting of Mr. Gorham to his living without further enquiry at the bidding of Her Majesty, be, as the Bishop says, such “a surrender” on the Archbishop's part, as “can be regarded only as the voluntary betrayal of a high and most sacred trust,” the question naturally occurs to unprejudiced minds, cannot Dr. Sumner fairly plead that he is only acting “ministerially” as the agent of a system which is based and founded on a like surrender; and that if *he*, by his single act, has renounced any Divine authority inherent in his office and mission, the English Church itself has been doing the same for the whole three hundred years of her existence? “The servant, especially if he is well paid for his work,” His Grace may fairly argue, “must not be too scrupulous as to the character of his master's trade; and if he is only faithful in executing the commands of that master, be they honest or dishonest, he is simply doing his duty, and his master must look to the rest for himself.” Let us suppose that a rich mill-owner has recently entered into a fraudulent speculation. Let us suppose that the thousand hands which he employs are well aware that the system on which their master trades is one which cannot be defended on abstract principles of justice, yet shall we blame the artizan who, without entering into the question of honesty or dishonesty, does his week's work, and receives

for it his week's pay? Just so the Archbishop may fairly plead, we think, that he is, after all, *the honest servant of a flagrantly dishonest system*, and must act accordingly. And this is just what he does in effect. We all remember the answer which he gave in the Hampden case to those Clergymen who requested him to decline to consecrate the Professor as Bishop. "Reverend Sirs, It is not within the bounds of any authority possessed by me to give you an opportunity of proving your objections; finding, therefore, nothing on which I could act in compliance with your remonstrance, I proceeded *in the execution of my office*, (the italics are ours,) *to obey Her Majesty's mandate* for Dr. Hampden's consecration in the usual form." And just in the same spirit, and fairly enough we think, the Archbishop answers some of the remonstrant Clergy of the diocese of Exeter, by saying that in the institution of Mr. Gorham to his living he acted not judicially, but *ministerially*. However heretical in the abstract Mr. Gorham's opinions may be, we say that the Archbishop could not have acted otherwise without violating the contract of servility to the Crown and people of England, on which he entered, when first he took possession of the See of Canterbury and the palace of Lambeth. The question, of course, arises, whose minister Dr. Sumner was when he did this thing? And we shall not disagree either with his Grace or his Lordship when we say that he was obviously acting as the minister of the Queen and people of England. *Whose else could he be?*

We cannot leave the topic of this decision, without one or two further remarks, though they are not strictly relevant to our immediate subject.

High Churchmen of the English communion, are apt to defend themselves from the obvious consequences of the Gorham decision, by pleading that whatever may be the decision of the State, the Church Court, at the head of which sits Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, pronounced its judgment in favour of the Bishop of Exeter. And on this argument they rely, in order to prove that the Church of England is not committed to heresy. Now clearly, *if Sir H. J. Fust's decision was the decision of the English Church in 1850, it was equally so in 1845*. And if Anglicans will cast their minds back five years, they will remember that the same Sir H. J. Fust, in the same court, and acting in

the same capacity, officially declared in 1845, that the Church of England knew nothing of stone altars, or altars of any kind, and by consequence swept away "Priest" and "sacrifice," as well as "altar,"—(for they all must stand or fall together)—from his Church's vocabulary. Anglicans, then, must either accept both decisions, or reject both. Which will they do? If they accept both, they have no altar, sacrifice, or priesthood; one of their "two only" Sacraments is taken from them. And if they reject both decisions, Baptism is robbed of all its efficacy as a Sacrament. Let them take whichever horn of the dilemma they please. And we must hazard another observation still—if Dr. Philpotts really believed that the Archbishop, in the case of Mr. Gorham, acted only in a *ministerial* capacity, in other words, as minister of the advisers of the Crown, how is it that he did not license a clergyman of his own nomination to the care of souls in the parish of Bampford Speke, and bid the parishioners, on peril of their souls, to communicate with him only? If, at least, he really believed his own doctrinal position to be essentially and solely true, and that each Bishop with his Clergy and people are a Church complete in themselves, independent of any accidental tie to a national community, how could he have omitted to take this line, the only one which could have brought matters to a crisis, and tested the inherent power of his own principles? Again, we cannot help pressing upon the attention of Anglicans, that the Bishop of Exeter (whatever might have been the cost, had he then adopted a different line,) cannot now plead that the English Church is not committed to the decision of the judicial committee; for he himself acknowledged the legitimate authority of that court by consenting to plead his case before it; the two Archbishops and the chief Bishop of the land sat in it as assessors, nay, the two former were "consentient, and even eager parties to the decision." (p. 9.) Deeply as Dr. Philpotts may lament it *now*, his grief has come too late. It cannot alter the past. What has been, *is*, and cannot be as though it never had been. Let us hear what the Bishop says concerning his own line of conduct; we cannot listen to his words without commiserating their author.

"I did not resist (as I was advised that I might successfully resist,) the appointment of such assessors to such judges.      *The*

*consequence has been most disastrous. Would that it affected me only ! I should then be free from that self-reproach which I cannot altogether succeed in attempting to silence, that I rashly sacrificed the highest and most sacred interests of Catholic faith, to feelings too much akin to courtesy and delicacy to individuals.*"—p. 10. (The Italics are ours.)

The Bishop, we observe, expresses no regret for having pleaded before such a court as that of the judicial committee, but only for not having resisted the appointment of two "such" Archbishops as assessors. It is clear too, that in spite of himself, Dr. Philpotts feels that some how or other he has compromised the Catholic faith, and that he is now doing all that lies in his power to stifle the reproaches of his conscience.

The following pages of his Pastoral show us by what means he at present contrives to do so. He palliates the matter to himself and to his friends, by "saying that that decision did not go the length which has been commonly supposed of pronouncing the clerk whom he had rejected, as fit and worthy to be instituted to the cure of souls." It only declared that "sufficient ground had not been laid by the Bishop for rejecting him; and that in consequence his own jurisdiction *pro hac vice* was null, and had passed to the Archbishop as superior ordinary." Now this may be, for all we know, a very nice distinction on paper; but really viewing it practically, we do think that it amounts to what in another case, and where his own opinions and interests were not concerned, the Bishop would pronounce a mere quibble: at all events we should like to know what he would say to a candidate for deacon's orders, who were to use a similar mode of explaining away the effects of infant Baptism; for, if he were clever enough, he might draw a hundred equally nice "distinctions without differences." In our opinion, two negatives cancel each other; and when the judicial committee pronounced that Mr. G. was *not proved unworthy* of the care of souls, they practically and to all intents and purposes pronounced him *worthy*, on the principle that every man is held innocent until he is proved guilty. We said that the Bishop nowhere expressess his regret at having allowed his case to be pleaded before a civil tribunal. We may further remark that, although several of the Anglican Bishops at the time objected,—in calm and temperate language, of course, as became their position,—against the

decision which was actually given, *not one of the whole bench has ventured to grapple with the question in its widest bearings*, by formally protesting against the right of such a court to meddle with the sacred truth of God. Nay, further, up to this time nobody, except a few visionary members of the Church Unions, have attempted to do so; the decision remains on record, and will remain to the end of time; and we may fairly say, that the silence of the English people on the subject proves that they thoroughly accept it. ‘Silence’ did we say? or must we not rather read their entire approbation of the state supremacy, and of that one decision in particular, in the mad outcry which has been raised against the Puseyites? Such is the result, the legitimate and necessary result, of three hundred years of Protestant ascendancy; and such will ever be the case with bodies who cut themselves off, or (what amounts to the same thing) allow others to cut them off, from the sole centre of unity, and life, and faith, the chair of St. Peter, the prince of the apostles. We repeat, that if she had really believed that she held God’s truth in her hands to keep, the Anglican communion could never have allowed, we say not such a decision to be pronounced, but such a court to pronounce any opinion on the subject whatever: and we assert that the lesson which the Gorham case is intended by God to teach, can be no more nor less than this; how wicked and anti-christian a thing it is, for the Church of God to league itself with those worldly powers against which she was set up to wage unflinching warfare; and also how signally God punishes those who, like the Israelites of old, in the days of Samuel, forsake the appointment of the Lord their God, and choose for themselves an earthly monarch; or who cry out with the same people at a later period, “We will not have this man to reign over us,” “We have no king but Cæsar!”

His Lordship, as our readers may remember, closed his celebrated letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury last year, by formally declaring that, on account of the heresy with which His Grace was infected, he could no longer hold communion with him. Dr. Philpotts still not only maintains that in so doing he was fully justified, but confesses that if he himself was wrong, and “if the Archbishop had not, by instituting Mr. Gorham, become a fautor of heretical tenets,” and so “forfeited his right to Catholic communion”—then “any one of his com-provincial Bishops who there-

upon renounced communion with him, would himself, by so doing, have deserved to be put out of the pale of the Church." (p. 14.) He then proceeds to justify himself, by expressing a "wish that subsequent consideration and experience had weakened his confidence in the fitness and necessity of the step taken by him. But," he adds, "it has been far otherwise." In spite of the powerful attack, which nine years ago the Bishop of Exeter thought fit to make upon his Grace's opinions, it seems that the Archbishop has again, in 1851, brought to light the charge which he delivered to the clergy of Chester in 1841, appealing to it as a prophetic warning as to the Romeward tendencies of the Oxford school of opinion. And this it is, as we said above, which gives his Lordship an opportunity of again attacking the obnoxious charge, part of the contents of which we have already laid open to our readers.

In that charge, the present Archbishop had selected two main objects of attack in the Oxford Tract writers—the doctrine of Justification, and that of the Church. It was not wonderful, he thought, that men who preached the atonement with reserve, should go wrong upon the question, "how sinful man becomes just in the sight of God," and according to their view of this cardinal matter, attribute a greater share in the work of man's salvation to the Church and its outward ordinances, than he and his school of opinion were disposed to allow. Accordingly, in the true spirit and almost in the phraseology of the thirty-nine articles, he declares that the Church is not a Divine institution, or a life-giving ordinance, not the visible authority ordained of God to dispense His gifts to man, not "the only way to eternal life,"—(though by the way Bishop Pearson, a former occupant of the See of Chester, thinks differently,)—but simply "the company of believers:" and by consequence he asserts, that "it ought not to be so put forward as to be interposed instead of Christ as the mediator between God and man." His Grace then insists that it is *by an individual act of faith* in Christ, and by it alone, that we are brought near to Him: "I examine the word of God, and there I find all its promises annexed to individual faith. Can I venture," he asks, "to turn aside from this, and claim the promises as a member of the Church?" And again, "so dangerous is that system of religious teaching, which places salvation (though it may be only virtually) in the Church; makes the



Church the prominent object, and would lead us in practice to depend upon a supposed union with Christ through the Church; instead of those evidences by which scripture teaches us to examine ourselves whether we be in the faith."....."The Church," he complains, "has been made by the Oxford school, first an abstraction, and then a person, and then a Saviour." Now, believing as his Grace does in the rationalistic theory, according to which the soul gains access to its Maker by an act of its own individual faith, of course we are prepared to find that he also subscribes most heartily to that unholy statement which, as he says, "came fresh from our Reformers," to the effect that "we are justified in the sight of God by faith only." We shall not now wade through the pages which Dr. Philpotts employs in showing the unscriptural nature and the evil tendency of that "*articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ*." We will only remark, as in effect we have already remarked, that if the Bishop finds *his own view* supported by the liturgy, the Archbishop has as certainly the articles on his side: to these he can safely retire and entrench himself behind them: for he knows that they expressly say, that "we are justified by faith only," and declare that such a doctrine is "very full of comfort,"—as of course it is to the careless and the worldling, or it would never have been broached by the Anglican Reformers. After this, how can the Bishop of Exeter allow Priests and Deacons to go on subscribing the articles before him, when he expressly states that, "the apostles often speak of our being *justified by faith*, but never *by faith only*, much less *by faith alone*: in other words they were not *solifidians*?" One of them says, that "a man is justified by works, and *not by faith only*;" the same apostle ..... says, that "faith is dead, being alone." (Letter, p. 21, 22.) Here, however, are two prelates of the same Establishment at open issue, the one stigmatizing the union of works with faith towards man's justification as a departure from the articles, nay, as *Popish*, and "by implication, *devilish*;" while the other as plainly avows, that if "to speak of forgiveness or works of mercy, as availing to obtain remission of sins before God," be a departure from the spirit of the articles, he "would never more, by the grace of God, permit himself to act as Bishop in a Church which so openly contradicts the plain teaching of our Lord." (p. 27.) Need we further proof to shew us that the Anglican Establishment



is a house divided against itself, or to make us congratulate ourselves that our lot is not cast in its troubled waters? So true it is, that where the appeal practically lies to each man's private judgment, there must be parties and schisms; it could not be otherwise by the very law of human nature. But from these and other like disputes, by God's grace, we repeat that *we are happily free*. In the Church of God we have a *living, teaching, and divine* authority, to which we look for guidance on such matters as these; an authority on which we can calmly and securely rely, for we believe that Her decision is to us the voice of God, and that the Holy Ghost now, as in the time of St. Leo, speaks by the mouth of St. Peter, in the person of his successor. However Anglicans may perplex themselves with endless questions as to faith and works, we rejoice to know that the heresy of Jansenius has long since been condemned and driven from the bosom of the Church; and while we confess that faith in Christ does justify us, "because faith is the beginning of men's salvation, the foundation and root of all justification," (Conc. Trid. Sess. vi. cap. 8.) we still are taught to believe, that "if any one shall say that.....the just man does not truly merit, by the good works which he has performed,—though the grace of God, and the merits of Jesus Christ, whose living member he is—an increase of grace and life everlasting," such an one is anathema. (Canon 32.) And again, on the same authority we anathematize any one who says, "that the just, who have persevered to the end in virtue, and in observance of the divine commands, ought not to expect and hope for an everlasting retribution from God, through His mercy and the merits of Jesus Christ, as the reward of his good works performed in the Lord." (Canon 26.)

As to the hostility which his Grace exhibits against the doctrine of a visible Church, as the abiding Sacrament of Christ's presence, and the authorized dispenser of His own gifts and graces to man, we may dismiss it with a single remark, namely, that it is the natural and necessary result of a disbelief in the doctrine of the Incarnation of our blessed Lord. If men really, and truly, and practically believe that great and central doctrine, they *must* believe in one visible Church, in which all Christian truth is embodied, and which shall last to the end of time. High-Church Anglicans, we are aware, profess to believe this;

but how they can at heart believe it and not go on to its immediate consequence, *the infallibility of the Church*, we are at a loss to know. How the visible Church of Christ can live to the end of time, inspired, as they profess to hold, by the Holy Ghost ever present in Her, and yet they not believe her to be infallible, is a phenomenon of mental inconsistency which passes our poor understanding. How can the body which they confess to be indefectible, and to have in her the indwelling spirit of truth, be other than unerring truth? Without a doubt, “the process of individualizing the members of the Church, to the neglect of its essentially corporate nature,” (which is the Archbishop’s line,) is certainly opposed to “the whole tenor of the teaching of our Lord and of His apostles:” but in common fairness we must go on to say, that when Bishop Philpotts sets right his Metropolitan on this subject, he ought not to quote that part of a text which favours his own theory, and omit the words which bear incontrovertible evidence to the main position of the Catholic faith. When he quotes our blessed Lord’s words, (p. 33.) “On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it,” to prove the visibility of the Church,—on what principle of fairness can his Lordship suppress the other words which tell us what that rock is, and make that visible Church to depend upon His chief apostle, “I say unto Thee, Thou art Peter, and *on this rock* I will build my Church?” It is in the name of controversial candour and fairness, that we ask the question of his Lordship. In like manner, we could assert from Holy Scripture “There is no God.”

Dr. Philpotts next touches upon certain heretical doctrines which are at least tacitly countenanced, if not openly held at this day, by the various members of the Anglican bench. We always thought that there was a considerable amount of heresy to be found among them, and therefore we are not surprized to find there even such open and avowed denials of the faith as those with which the Bishop of Exeter has furnished us. It is undeniable, if we may believe his Lordship’s word, that the same Archbishop who so strongly censures a “reserve” in case of the doctrine of the Atonement, not only keeps in the back ground the tenet of Regeneration in and by the Sacrament of Baptism, but openly declares to one at least of his clergy, that he thinks it “an unwise and dangerous doctrine on

which to base public teaching." On this principle of reserve, a sermon in which one of 'Her Majesty's Clergy' says that "at the font we put on Christ and are regenerated, or made new creatures in Him; the old world of sin and wrath passing away, and all things becoming new in our new birth to grace and reconciliation to God," is censured by the same Archbishop for its "bold" and "dangerous" statement. Another Bishop of a central diocese,—we believe the brother of a late high legal functionary of the Crown,—warns his Clergy against the use of the word "Catholic," as a *party* word, (!) and expresses his regret that it should have been retained in the liturgy." (!) And in a southern diocese, administered by the brother of the Protestant Primate, there is a Clergyman who is still unable to procure his advancement to the Established Priesthood, because he declines to assert, that no mysterious change passes upon the sacred elements in the act of Consecration. Now, if this same gentleman were to go into the diocese of Exeter, he would, doubtless, meet with immediate promotion. And does not all this argue a Church not only heretical, but also "divided against itself" in the very heresies which it embodies and supports? And what shall we henceforth think of a communion whose Bishops, upon the delivery of the Gorham decision, "after long and repeated deliberation," refused to make any declaration "as to the efficacy of Infant Baptism, though they spoke out loudly and with tolerable unanimity against the recent "Aggression" of his Holiness? With what face, we ask, can the followers of Dr. Pusey now put forth their claim to Catholicity? Had the Anglican Episcopate really believed in its own inherent powers of defining the Church's truth for members of its own Establishment, is it credible that they should not have met together on the very day when they knew that that decision was about to be pronounced, and then and there drawn up and signed a formal declaration, and forwarded it by that day's post to every Clergyman in their dioceses, and gone down each to their cathedral cities, and there from the steps of the altar, on the following Sunday, openly excommunicated all persons, lay and clerical, who should be found to aid and abet as "fautors" of such "heretical tenets?"

It seems that Dr. Pusey, (and possibly others also,) have drawn down considerable obloquy on the High-Church

movement, by the publication of certain Catholic books of devotion, on which they have first exercised their private judgment, by removing all that is not to be reconciled with an arbitrary standard which they dignify with the title of "the teaching of the English Church." We will not now discuss the question as to whether the English Establishment has any "teaching" at all, or if so, what that "teaching" is. But we will only remark, "en passant," that the case is the same with the Bishop of Exeter as with the great majority of (so-called) High-Churchmen; *the One* doctrine of the Catholic Church on which they stumble is not transubstantiation, not prayer for the dead, or the "mediation of saints;" no, not even auricular confession, or the Eucharistic Sacrifice; but the "all but divine honour"\* which is paid to Her of Whom it was said by an angel's tongue that She was "full of grace," who was inspired to declare that "all generations" should call Her "Blessed," and Who alone of women was ennobled to be the pure and spotless Mother of the Incarnate God. On this one head, Dr. Philpotts—whose private judgment has led him to accept, as probably true, very many detached portions and fragments of the Catholic Faith—exclaims in indignant terms, (p. 51.) "Such books would seem to me worthy of all censure, and the Clergymen who distribute them, of exemplary punishment. In truth, I cannot understand why such persons have not been proceeded against." Neither can we, considering how easy it is for a Bishop, in this land of enlightened justice, to execute summary punishment on any of his Clergy who are caught tripping in the direction of Rome. "Prayer for the dead," according to Archbishop Sumner, would be a "vain superstition;" in the diocese of Exeter it is a "lawful," and doubtless a laudable custom. In the Catholic Church now-a-days, just as in early times, the sign of the cross enters into every part of our public services, our private devotions, and the ordinary minutiae of daily life. In the diocese of Worcester or Manchester, we suppose that it would meet with open scorn; even his Lordship of London seems to think that there may

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\* Of course here it is insinuated, that we Catholics are guilty of idolatry. But the Bishop's words refute his own accusation; for if the honour paid be anything short of 'divine,' we do not see how any Protestant can call *that* idolatrous.

be "a superstitious use" of that sacred emblem of our most Holy Faith; and his brother of Exeter thinks, that "*in the present* state of the Church, a *faithful* and *discreet* Clergyman would be very cautious how he recommended the use of it." ('Reserve' again!) As to Crucifixes, "although," according to his Lordship, "there is *nothing, in itself, wrong*"—(how can there be?)—"in having pictures, or even other effigies, which may set before our minds the great act of our Redeemer's love;" yet it seems that, in his Lordship's opinion, they are even more "dangerous" than crosses themselves, because of the "idolatrous purposes which they have been made to serve" with us. We must confess that the only "dreadful abuse" that we have ever found flowing from their use, has been the excitement in individuals of lively and vivid feelings as to the *reality* of the great scene enacted upon Calvary, and a corresponding increase of devotion towards our Blessed Lord, based upon a realization of His perfect Humanity.

As to "mediation of saints," which is condemned by the Archbishop, his Lordship of Exeter sufficiently realizes the idea of the Church as one great "family in heaven and earth," to believe that the souls of the faithful departed *do* exercise the communion of saints by praying for their brethren in the flesh; but he will not allow that they are to be invoked, nor indeed that they "are cognizant of particular things now passing upon earth." (pp. 52, 53.) The former, he says, is Catholic, the latter is mere Popery. The Archbishop denies that there can be any propitiatory virtue in the Sacrifice of the Holy Eucharist; and we fully agree with him in believing that the Anglican Establishment does not even claim for what its members call "*the sacrament*," any such propitiatory virtue, except in the most ambiguous terms; still less do we believe that the Anglicans have a sacrifice at all. The very idea of sacrifice involves some propitiation, and the Catholic Church has never taught that the Sacrifice of the Altar has any propitiatory power except in union with that one great sacrifice which it represents, and whose merits it pleads before the Father—the atonement once made upon the Cross.\* Auri-

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\* We are rejoiced to extract the following passage from his Lordship's Pastoral, as a Catholic could scarcely desire to see the true

cular Confession, or, as Mr. Dodsworth calls it, "the administration of the Sacrament of Penance," has met with sufficient rebuke in one or two Anglican dioceses, to show us, beyond a doubt, that it is alien to the spirit of a Reformed and Protestant Church.\* But as long as that rite is not enforced and made "part of the ordinary discipline of Christian life," the Bishop of Exeter approves it; confining it, however, to "the two cases where it is prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer, namely, either for the quieting of the conscience in preparation for the Holy Communion, or when a sick person, feeling his conscience troubled with any weighty matter, is to be moved to special confession of his sins." (p. 57.) Now on this head it is obvious to remark, first, that his Lordship practically makes it a luxury to which sickness is the only title; and secondly, that, humanly speaking, there is but little chance of any person, brought up as Protestants are, without the practice of confession as "a part of the ordinary discipline of Christian life," ever feeling his conscience sufficiently troubled with the sense of sin, either before the receiving of the Holy Communion, or even on his death-bed, to be led thereby to voluntary confession. What does he, and what can he know of sin without habitual confession? Better far abolish it altogether, as the Bishop of Worcester honestly and openly does, than

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doctrine of the Holy Sacrifice stated in better terms. "Although once [for all] offered, that sacrifice, be it remembered, is *ever-living and continuous*—made to be continuous by the Resurrection of our Lord..... As then the Sacrifice is continuous, its propitiatory virtue is continuous, and the fulness of the propitiation is pleaded for the whole Church, wheresoever the commemoration of it is exhibited in the Eucharist. And the Church on earth continually cries 'Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi,' not "that tookest away," but 'that still takest.'" (p. 54.)

\* And yet an Anglican Clergyman, Mr. Gresley, of Lichfield, has recently published a volume on the great need and benefits of confession. We will believe that private confession is really part and parcel of the Anglican system, *when we see a bonâ fide confessional built and regularly attended by Mr. Gresley in his own Cathedral.* Till then we must be excused for believing that his words are mere idle theory. We are willing to leave the result of such a step in the hands of his Lordship of Lichfield, and his Grace of Canterbury.



thus compromising the matter by retaining its name without its power, and deluding persons by the use of the keys which the Anglican body disowns. Of course in what we have here said we are granting, for the sake of argument, what we are by no means disposed to allow, the validity of Anglican absolution, administered, not by an itinerant Clergyman in dioceses and parishes with which he has no connection, but even by the so-called "Parish Priest" within his own cure.

Yet, although he speaks in such very qualified terms of approval concerning these and other Catholic doctrines and practices, Dr. Philpotts complacently assures his Clergy that he is "very far from wishing to discourage them from teaching *High-Catholic doctrine*;" nay, that he "warmly commends it, if done with discretion, and due consideration of the ability of their people to receive it." (p. 64.) Archbishop Sumner, on the contrary, expresses his confidence that the Clergy will never be wanting in resisting all attempts "to weaken or subvert *the Protestant faith*;" and he tells the laity that "their principal duty is to promote the teaching and preaching of it." Now we are not going to discuss the question as to how much of "High-Catholic doctrine" the Bishop of Exeter may hold on his own personal conviction; for whatever that amount may be, as long as he continues to reject *one single doctrine* propounded to him by the Church as part of Her one faith, then it is plain that *he holds even the detached truths which he professes on an heretical principle*, and so is really, after all, a mere Protestant, and nothing more, however he may shrink from acknowledging the term. And just so all High-Anglicans who talk of "holding Catholic views" in the Anglican Establishment, however good and true may be their tenets in the abstract, are yet Protestants in principle. As he who breaks one of God's commandments breaks all, so no one can really hold the Catholic faith who does not hold it simple and unreservedly, as taught him by the living authority of the Church, speaking to him in the name of God. This it is to be a Catholic. But as long as men remain in the Protestant Establishment, in spite of their individual convictions as to the truth of certain parts of Catholicity, they must partake of the colour and complexion, nay, and of the nature too, of that miserable system in which they are content to live. Thus, inconsistently enough with his

position, the Bishop of Exeter “avows his ignorance of what is meant by the phrase “the Protestant faith.” Has he then lived for seventy years in vain? Oh no! Most truly and justly has he remarked that “Protestant” and “Faith” do not, and cannot “accord together;” but they disagree, not, as his Lordship says, because their “objects” are different, (for we must beg leave to assert that *Divine truth, and not human error*, is the object of the shafts of Protestantism,) but from a far higher reason, simply because *faith is faith*, and *Protestantism* is the denial of the faith—that is, *Infidelity*. And eager as his Lordship of Exeter may be to disclaim all share in such a name and title, a Protestant he will, and must remain, in spite of himself, as long as he continues to occupy his Protestant See by permission of Queen Victoria. Nay, there must be another Reformation and another Revolution in the English Establishment, before he can cease to be a Protestant; for, as is the system, such are those who live in it; as the body is sound or weak in health, so will each member of it be. And since it was by a Revolution that from Catholic it became Protestant, nothing short of a counter-Revolution can change it back again. If his Lordship still yearns after the name of a Catholic, and desires in reality to be one, happily he has not far to seek; there is now, in England, thanks to the goodness of the Holy See, a Church complete in all Her organization, with Bishops and Priests, deriving their mission and spiritual powers, not from Henry, Elizabeth, or Victoria, but from the Vicar of Christ, the successor of St. Peter, the one centre and source of all valid jurisdiction. Her gates are ever open; and those who seek admittance within Her pale, never seek in vain.

The Bishop of Exeter proceeds next to draw out a brief summary of what he calls “high Catholic doctrine.” He enters at some length, and occasionally with great force of language, into the separate portions which constitute, with an Anglican of the better sort at least, what he terms his ‘Sacramental system.’ We confess that His Lordship shows some ingenuity, especially where he calls in to his aid the Articles, “*non hos quæsitum munus in usus;*” but we can hardly congratulate him on his success. Everyone knows that in those “Articles” the Church is defined on rationalistic principles, not as the one great supernatural system and body which acts as the



divinely-commissioned agent of grace between God and man, but as "a congregation of faithful men, where the pure word of God is preached, and the Sacraments duly administered." Now obviously this article taken in its honest foremost sense does leave every individual Christian the judge to himself, of what is "the pure word," and what is meant by "duly" administered. Every man or woman may interpret these points, and with equal justice, in his or her own way. Now, his Lordship very dexterously endeavours to dovetail in another article, in order to evade this difficulty. The article which refers to the Creeds, does not speak of them as authoritative documents of necessary and objective truth, to be received as such on the authority of the Catholic Church; but simply asserts, in the true spirit of the Anglican Reformers, that "the three Creeds are most thoroughly to be received and believed, for they may be proved by most undoubted warrant of Holy Scripture." But this is far too low and "Protestant" a view for the Bishop. So he quietly turns the tables round and writes thus, "of the pure word of God, the eighth article tells you where it is to be found, even in the three Creeds." That is, while the articles declare plainly that the Creeds are to be looked for and found in Scripture, the Bishop as plainly affirms, that "the pure word of God," or true meaning of Scripture, is to be found in the Creeds! Surely here is either a most ingenious artifice, or a most egregious blunder.

Again, to prove from the articles and ordinal the need of Episcopal ordination, we think that the Bishop after all has only shown with what "stammering lips" this doctrine (if it be one,) of the Anglican Establishment, is taught in its "ambiguous formularies."\* The twenty-

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\* A communication in the Catholic Standard of July 19th, gives a quotation from a letter by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he expressly asserts his opinion that there are not more than two members of the Anglican Episcopate who believe in the actual necessity of Episcopal Ordination. And the matter is set at rest, we think, by the fact that Dr. Merle d'Aubigne, in the month of June last, though himself a Presbyterian, actually preached in one of the Chapels belonging to the Establishment—a fact which he himself announces by letter to the Archbishop, as a sign of "union and communion between the Church of England and foreign Churches holding the essentials of Christian truth."

third article it is true, asserts the self-evident proposition that *some* external mission is necessary; that "it is not lawful for any man to take upon himself" the ministerial office. And the ordinal asserts another equally self-evident proposition, that "from the time of the apostles *there have been three orders* of ministers in Christ's Church, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons:" but we defy the most clever controversialist to prove, that in either place the Episcopal order is asserted to be necessary, or even that "three orders" need exist for the future. Two isolated facts without a point of connection will not warrant a logician in drawing any conclusion therefrom; and the matter is but little mended if we throw into his Lordship's scale the twenty-third article besides, which asserts that the Sacraments are valid, even when administered by the hands of evil men, because they act not in their own name, but in the name and authority of Jesus Christ. Where in all this, we ask, do we find ground for the common assertion of High Church Anglicans, that the need of an Apostolical succession through Bishops, is expressly asserted by "the Church of their Baptism?" If she nowhere speaks out more plainly than this concerning her own claims, it is little wonder that so many of her members do not, or will not hear her, or distrust her when she speaks. As to what the Bishop alleges as the true cause, why the preaching of a Sacramental system stinks in the nostrils of Anglicans in general, we cordially agree with his position. We fully hold that *it is wilful unrepented sin that lies at the bottom of it all*. As Archdeacon Wilberforce elsewhere remarks, "men like in general to live at a lower rate of accountability." To use his Lordship's own words, "It is the natural temptation of the disobedient to strive to shake off the responsibility of those privileges which they neglect and defile." And the plain truth is, that men do not like, in the Anglican communion, to be told that, by virtue of their Baptism, they became "Temples of the Holy Ghost;" because if that doctrine be true, they feel that their sins become of so much deeper dye, and that *they have no confessional to fly to*. May we not add our own conviction, that wilful sin too lies at the bottom of the insane outcry and agitation which has so lately been raised against our faith? Men can sin on more safely and securely in the easy and comfortable system of Anglicanism, and the stings of conscience can be more effectually

quieted in the bosom of an Erastian Establishment, than in a community where auricular confession is made, not an occasional luxury for a sick man's bedroom, but 'part of the ordinary discipline of the Christian life.'

And here we take our leave of the war between the Sacramental and Anti-Sacramental Schools, which is raging in the vitals of the Anglican Establishment. For three centuries these two antagonist theories (for to Anglicans they are nothing more,) have existed side by side within its comprehensive pale. The "happy family," which our readers may have witnessed in Trafalgar Square, presents but too true a picture of what may be effected by a judicious mixture of terror, cruelty, and over-feeding, towards restraining the natural tendencies to strife which unhappily exist among some of our domestic animals. Just so, it must be confessed, that the terror of the royal supremacy, the fear of Rome, and the cruel persecution which merit, or energy, or missionary enterprise have ever experienced in and from the Anglican Establishment, have hitherto wonderfully conspired with rich livings and prebendal stalls, to keep the high and low Church factions (not to speak of others) upon tolerably amicable terms. But there are times which test and sift men to the bottom, and by that process tend to bring out their principles into bold relief. And so while the unthinking mass go on year after year in the system of the Reformed Church, and are content to live and die as members of a body which was founded on compromise, exists by mutual sufferance, and in the end is destined to die by its own hand, or of a plethoric attack,—reasoning and thinking minds are led by wondrous stirrings of their spirits to examine into this system of imposture for themselves; and as soon as they find that *it is only by consenting to abandon all truth as truth that they can remain within its pale*, one by one they reject these base and unholy terms, and are drawn by God's grace into the loving bosom of the Catholic Church.

The recent address to their Clergy upon ritual matters, signed by twenty-four out of the Anglican Bench, has called forth some remarks from the Bishop in his "Pastoral Letter;" but really the question at issue is a matter of such perfect indifference to us, that we cannot detain our readers with an account of the reasons which

led his Lordship of Exeter (in conformity with his usual practice on such occasions,) to withhold his signature. The document itself is one of the weakest effusions that ever proceeded from twenty-four Bishops of the English, or of any, Church: the only question really is, whether it betrays more want of confidence in their own authority, or more lamentable ignorance of human nature. Neptune may have quelled the sea with his trident, or Jupiter by the still more simple operation of a nod; but we much question whether such gentle measures, coupled with soft words, are of much avail with turbulent Anglicans: in the course of six months it has already become waste paper, as a measure “manifestly nugatory” in the eyes not only of his Lordship, but of all Anglicans, both high and low, who avail themselves of their inalienable right of thinking and judging for themselves. As to the old question, whether it was the principle of the Post-Reformation Church to include all Catholic practices which it did not specially prohibit—(which was once Mr. Maskell’s position,)—or to reject all which it did not formally adopt, is just one of those happy questions on which Anglicans can argue for ever, without any hope of arriving at a settlement of the point; and for this plain reason, that the Reformed Church does not seem to have acted, so far as we can ascertain, on any principle at all. Clearly, therefore, we had better leave well alone.

We come, in conclusion, to those two points which, after all, constitute the gist of his Lordship’s Pastoral,—the Royal Supremacy, and the Diocesan Synod. They are closely connected together, but as we purpose considering the latter question in a separate paper, we shall take the liberty of offering to our readers a few remarks as briefly as may be, upon the actual bearing of the former upon high Church Anglicans.

So much has been lately written upon the subject of the Royal Supremacy over the Anglican Church, that we feel scarcely disposed to enter upon it here at any great length. But in spite of all that we have seen put forth to defend it in theory, or at least to show that it is to be regarded practically as so limited by law and reason, that it may be held consistently with an acceptance of the doctrine of a visible Church, we think that after all, the fairest way is to go back for our estimate of it to the original documents, by which the reigning sovereign was formally invested with supreme

spiritual power over the Establishment, and to the glaring fact that, in spite of every individual protest, the actual supremacy over the Anglican Church in all spiritual matters is centred for every practical purpose in the judicial committee of Her Majesty's Privy Council. It appears, that one of his candidates for Anglican orders not long ago asked Dr. Philpotts how he could subscribe the declaration of his assent to the Royal Supremacy with a safe conscience. His Lordship, in reply, quotes the words of the thirty-sixth Canon, "The King's Majesty, under God, is the only supreme governor of this realm,.... as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things, or causes, as temporal." And to prove that the meaning of these words is not to define accurately the intent of such supremacy, but simply to exclude all claims on the part of the Pope of Rome or any other external power, he quotes the latter clause of the same Canon, which denies all "jurisdiction, power, or authority to every *foreign* Prince, Prelate, State, or Potentate." And hence he concludes, that no one who believes that the Queen is in *any sense* "under God, supreme governor" of the Church of England, to the exclusion of all other claimants, need hesitate to subscribe to its terms. For the limitation, however, of this power, he refers his client to the thirty-seventh article, which thus defines the extent of Her Majesty's authority in things spiritual. "We give not to our Princes the ministering either of God's word or the Sacraments, but only that prerogative which we have seen to be given always to all godly princes in Holy Scripture by God Himself, that they should *rule* all estates.....whether ecclesiastical or temporal, and *restrain with the civil sword* the stubborn and disobedient." And such being the definition laid down by the English Church, "it is not necessary," says the Bishop of Exeter, "to consider whether any act of the State at any period.....or of any subsequent sovereign, hath virtually interfered with the inherent rights of the Church." (p. 96.) Now, in answer to this we must observe, that although it may not be either "necessary" or convenient for his Lordship to do so, it is very "necessary" *for us* to make this enquiry. Because if we can show that the Church of England, by any deliberate act of her own convocation, has wilfully resigned into secular hands the supreme authority over matters of faith, we may be excused for choosing to form our opinion

upon the merits of the case from what the Establishment actually did, rather than from the professions of faithfulness which she makes upon paper. To talk about "the inherent rights of the Church," is simply to beg the whole question; for what we want to discover is, whether she has any "inherent rights" at all, or whether she did not rather, three centuries ago, hand them over to the eighth Henry, or to use the phrase of Dr. Philpotts, "fling them beneath the footstool of an earthly throne?" One or two documentary evidences on this head will annihilate the whole of the high Church theory, in spite of the apologies of Andrewes, Hickes, Usher, Jackson, Taylor and Stillingfleet, Isaac Casaubon, or even King James himself: and we leave our Anglican readers to defend or deny them, if they can.

It is a fact, then, that in 1531, the Church of England in solemn convocation, and by a formal document recognized in King Henry VIII. its 'supreme head and governor.' "Protectorem unicum et supremum Dominum, et quantum per Christi legem licet, etiam *supremum caput* (ecclesiæ et cleri Anglicani scil.) ipsius Majestatem recognoscimus."\* And it is another fact, that in the instrument of submission† they speak thus, "We offer and promise, *in verbo sacerdotii*, here unto your Highness.....that we

\* Wilkins, Concil. iii. 742-5.

† "By this act of submission," says Mr. Lewis in his able 'Notes on the Royal Supremacy,'—(a book which is the more valuable, because it was published three years before the Gorham decision was given,)—"by this *act of submission* a meaning and a force are given to the royal title, which otherwise it needed not have had: without this it might have been explained away, or served as a warning to other kings and other Churches. With the title of Supreme Head of the Church of England, the king obtains corresponding powers; the Clergy give him authority over their deliberations; a negative voice in all their proceedings, and a power to review and suspend the past. All laws and constitutions of the English Church then in force, were liable to abrogation by the king's supreme authority, and the obsolete legislation of the past, liable at the same bidding to be quickened into life.(?) The Church of England, in convocation represented, surrendered deliberately all her jurisdiction into secular hands; depriving herself of the power to make Canons for her own guidance, and of accepting the sentence of even an œcumenical council, unless with the consent of the supreme civil authority."—(pp. 12, 13.)



will never from henceforth enact, put in use, promulge, or execute any new Canons, or Constitution, Provincial, or any other new ordinance, provincial or synodal, in our convocations or synod in time coming; which convocation is, always hath been, and *must be assembled only by your high commandment of writ; only your highness by your royal assent, shall license us to assemble our convocations, &c.....and thereto give your royal assent and authority.*" And then they go on to submit their existing body of Canons to the judgment of "His Grace" the King, and to thirty-two persons, lay and clerical, to be appointed solely by his majesty. And they permit "his Grace and the Clergy" to abolish any Canons which may be thought by them inconsistent with the laws of the realm. Here we see put into execution the Erastian principles, put forth by the "judicious Hooker" in the eighth book of his Ecclesiastical Polity, and afterwards more fully drawn out by the infidel Hobbes: in his Leviathan—principles which, in fact, identify the State with the Church, declaring that all spiritual power emanates from the civil sovereign, and that the sovereign alone has the right of committing the care of religion to its pastors, and of appointing judges and interpreters of the Canonical Scriptures.

And further still, to cut off from Anglicans all ground of pleading in defence of their position that from and after Henry's time, ecclesiastical appeals, instead of being carried, as had been the case hitherto, to Rome for final decision, were to be finally settled in the Archbishop's Court of Canterbury, by the English Church herself and in her own name, we must adduce another statute, (25 Henry VIII. ch. 19,) which declares that "for lack of justice at, or in, any of the courts of the Archbishop of this realm.....*it shall be lawful to the party grieved to appeal to the King's Majesty in the King's Court of Chancery; and that upon every such appeal, a commission shall be directed under the great seal, to such persons as shall be named by the King's Highness, his heirs or successors, like as in case of appeal from the admiral's court, (!) to hear and definitely determine such appeals.*" Here the appeal lies solely to the king in Chancery: and this statute is the origin of the Court of Delegates, which in the year 1831, without any remonstrance on part of the "Establishment" made way for the judicial committee of the Privy Council,



“in which resides now” (prophetically wrote Mr. Lewis, in 1847) “the supreme jurisdiction of the Anglican Church.” “And here,” he adds, “we find the king judging the causes of Bishops, possessed of the same powers, and invested with the same jurisdiction, which once were considered to be the inalienable prerogatives of the supreme Pontiff himself.”

How true are his words, has been since that time proved by fact. It is in strict conformity then with the principles which the English Church laid down for her future guidance at the time of the Reformation, that Mr. Gorham should have appealed from the Bishop and Archbishop to the Queen as supreme; and therefore, while we fully admit the heretical nature of the decision actually given, we say that in our opinion, so far from being an act of injustice or oppression, we view in it the legitimate action of those Erastian principles which are bound up with the very existence—for we cannot say “the life”—of the Church of the Reformers. Neither his Lordship of Exeter, nor the respectable but visionary gentlemen who compose “Church Unions,” have then any right to complain: they have only to sift their own principles to the bottom, and push them on to their legitimate conclusions, and they will be freed from their troubles. They will find that, to be consistent, they must either abandon what they hold to be God’s sacred truth, or sooner or later quit their position in a Church so fully and so formally committed to what they know, and confess themselves to be, a fatal and Erastian heresy. For ourselves, we can only say that we deeply sympathize, (as what Catholic must not?) in the glowing and indignant language of Mr. Allies, in his “See of St. Peter,”\* and we cordially recommend it to the careful attention of our Anglican readers, and of all whom it may concern. “Let those who *can* put their trust in such a Church and such an Episcopate,” (as that of the Establishment,) “those who can feel their souls safe in such a system, work in it, think for it, write for it, pray for it.” Let them do so, *we* never could. And this because every thinking mind “must repudiate either that supremacy” (of the Crown,) “or every notion of the Church,” as “the one divinely-constituted society, to which the

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\* See Preface, p. viii. also p. 150.

possession of the truth is guaranteed, and which (alone) has a continuous mission from our Lord. The Royal Supremacy and the Church of God, are two ideas absolutely irreconcilable and contradictory.”

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ART. II.—*Acts of the Synod of Exeter, holden in the Chapter-House of the Cathedral Church of Exeter, on June 25th, 26th, and 27th, 1851. (By Authority.)* Murray, Albemarle Street.

**WE** confess that we were not surprised, considering the boldness and fearlessness with which Dr. Philpotts carries out those opinions which he embraces, when some six months ago he informed the world that he was determined to hold a Synod of “Her Majesty’s clergy” within his diocese, in order to satisfy the minds of himself, and of the more ardent of his followers, and to exonerate the Anglican Church from the Erastianism of the State Supremacy, and the heresy of the Gorham decision. We say that we heard this without surprise ; for his Lordship is by no means one of the ordinary run of Anglican prelates : he is not content with living on an easy life in his palace, glad to escape from the strife which rages between his “inferior clergy,” and to close his ears to their doubts and anxieties. He is not a person who is willing, for the sake of peace, either in his own diocese, or in the Establishment at large, to allow things to take their course, satisfied if the system in which his lot is cast will only “last out his own time.” Far from it : strange as it sounds to Catholic ears, he firmly believes (what we are sure that no other one of his twenty-seven English brethren believes,) that the Anglican Church is, not merely *a* Catholic Church, but *the* Church Catholic in England ; he labours under a strong delusion that he is himself as really and truly as S. Leo, S. Augustine, or S. Thomas of Canterbury, a Bishop in the Church of God, and that by consequence he has sacred duties to perform, as in the sight of God—duties which he must not, and dare not, set aside for any earthly considerations. The rest of the Anglican Episcopate, though

they agree in scarcely anything besides, at all events are at one in confessing the deplorable and almost hopeless condition of their Establishment, and show not only their real belief in their *soi-disant* divine office, but also their power of united action, by doing—nothing. But the Bishop of Exeter not only admits the difficulties which surround the Establishment, but really sets himself to work, as he imagines, to remedy them, in spite of the supineness of his brethren, and the frowns of the minister of the day.

We will try and throw ourselves back, as far as possible, into the feelings with which we first heard of the coming Diocesan Synod. His Pastoral letter had informed us that he intended to hold it in his own cathedral city, during the month of June. It had been pronounced “not unlawful” (which we supposed meant “lawful,”) by Lord John Russell and the Solicitor General, in their places in the House of Commons; and thence we argued that, in spite of all possible obstacles, which refractory clergymen seemed inclined to throw in the way, it would probably “come off.” But when we remembered that the English Church itself cannot meet in a *Provincial* Synod, without leave of the Crown, and when met cannot enact a single Canon for its own guidance without a further Royal assent: we were naturally led to ask, of what practical good this *Diocesan* Synod could possibly be to those Anglicans who feel aggrieved at the recent decision of the judicial committee? If it were likely to have any real practical effect towards maintaining the independence of the Establishment, we argued (and rightly too, we believe,) that Her Majesty’s government would never permit it to assemble. When assembled, too, we knew that it could not and did not intend to enact a single canon; thus much we had learned from his Lordship’s “Pastoral letter.” What then was it intended to do? And with all our thought and enquiry we at last found out that it was mainly intended to re-affirm, if possible, a truth which was ruled and settled once for all at Constantinople, nearly 1,500 years ago, and which every clergyman of the Diocese of Exeter outwardly professes to believe every Sunday, at the least, of his life. And why all this? We were told it was, because that Catholic truth, “I acknowledge one Baptism for the remission of sins,” had been declared by the highest Court of Appeal to be an open question in

the Establishment, as in fact it always had been for some 300 years.

Still we could not help asking, "What will have been gained by the Anglican Church when this doctrine has been re-affirmed by the Synod of Exeter? Mr. Gorham himself, and all other clergymen of his own way of thinking, will go on subscribing the form of words in the Nicene creed without hesitation, and then the Bishop," we felt, "will be only just where he was before. He will have tacked, it is true, but he will have made no way on his tack. If Dr. Philpotts intended his Synod (provided it should assent to his view,) to be regarded as a protest on the part of the whole English Church, against the recent heretical decision, how could he possibly fail to see that, on the old principle "*Exceptio probat regulam*," it would be to thinking minds but an additional proof that the Establishment, *as a body*, so far from renouncing that decision, welcomes and applauds it? Surely, if one diocese alone, out of twenty-eight protests against it, by a considerable majority, or even unanimously, what will that be," we naturally asked, "but a plain proof that the rest accept it?" We thought, therefore, from the very first, that little or no gain could arise from the meditated step, which Her Majesty's ministers would have been very quick to pronounce unlawful, if they thought that it would tend to forward the Bishop's peculiar views, or have any practical effect beyond that of weakening, and perhaps of breaking up, the party with which he has generally acted. "But of this," we thought and said, "we shall be better able to judge, when we learn at what decision the Synod actually arrives." Such, we say, were our musings on the subject five months ago. Time has gone on, and has revealed to us that we were not mistaken in our surmises. June came, and with it the Synod; its proceedings were solemn and orderly, just as those of a *real* Synod; and, to judge from the way in which High-Church Anglicans speak and write, everything was most satisfactory to the Bishop and his party. The Guardian, Morning Chronicle, and English Churchman, all speak in tones of triumphant exultation. Of the Archdeacons and cathedral clergy, a very fair proportion were present; and each Rural Deanery being invited to send up two delegates as representatives of the "Bucolic" clergy—for so Sidney Smith styled the parochial ministers—only two deaneries were sufficiently unduti-

ful or uncourteous to say "no" to their Bishop's summons: Two also of the "representatives" chosen, were absent; but upon the whole Her Majesty's clergy in the diocese of Exeter, seem to have been fairly represented, the entire number present being 111, out of, we believe, about 800. The results of their proceedings, too, seem to have been tolerably unanimous; the declaration as to the divine grace given to infants in Holy Baptism, as well as that which pronounces the appointment of a Catholic Bishop of Plymouth, "schismatical and void," being both carried without a dissentient voice; a third declaration of the Synod, professing "hearty and unalterable attachment" to the Anglican Church, and "thankfully acknowledging its ministry by Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, to have descended to them by unbroken (?) succession from the Holy Apostles," being passed with only five dissentients. We will not weary our readers with detailing all the discussion which followed upon "Church" Education, Training Schools, School Inspectors, &c.; we will not draw for their amusement (though we could with ease) the picture of an aged minister of the Establishment, rising up in the spirit of most perfect *ἐνθηρία* to confess his own blindness, and deeply lamenting that he had ever allowed the practice of public catechising to fall into disuse,—a piece of carelessness and folly to which he did not scruple to attribute the growth of dissent in his parish. We think that for the good old gentleman's comfort we could prove, if space permitted us, that after all it is not himself but the system of his "Church" that is in fault: but we must pass on to notice another point. The establishment of agricultural colleges in rural districts on the principles of celibacy and religious self-denial and devotion, was negatived by the Exeter Synod, as we might expect, on the ground that, first, such institutions would occasion an unnatural and unjustifiable severance of domestic duties; (what is this in plain English but, "we can't do without our wives and families?") secondly, that the requisite qualifications would rarely be found in individuals willing to undertake "the office;" (what is this but "we confess that we have not got the true Missionary Spirit?") and lastly, because "if not so superintended, such institutions would tend only to aggravate the evils which they are designed to obviate." (And what does this mean, but "we are afraid of trying the experiment for fear of risking a

failure?") Of course, as the English Church knows nothing of the doctrine of particular *vocations*, and has no means of ascertaining the real bent of the minds of its members, or of guiding their zeal and their talents into proper channels, in fact, as it does not and dare not pretend to the gift of the "discerning of spirits," even in the slightest degree, we feel that the Synod have come to by far the wisest and safest decision which they could have adopted, in resolving to "let well alone" in this particular case.

Of course, were we inclined to enter into matters foreign to our immediate purpose, the Synod itself and its bearing on High-Church Anglicans, we might fill page after page in controverting the statements of the Synod as to their own Church's apostolical succession and Catholic character, as well as to the "schismatical" nature of the act of our Holy Father Pope Pius IX., in establishing first a Catholic See, and now a Catholic Bishop, at Plymouth. We are not surprised to hear Anglicans loudly affirming their own Catholicity—they have no trumpeter out of their own body to do so for them;—or dwelling on the 'apostolic succession' of their Bishops, in spite of the unanimous opinion of all Christendom, from East to West, against them. "To praise Athenians before Athenians is no hard task." This is an ancient proverb, and it strictly applies to the case before us; and Anglicans for the most part are sharp enough to see that if they cannot, by hook or by crook, make out their claim to a divine mission, their "occupation is gone." It is very natural then, and perhaps very pardonable, in the "Synod," to dwell upon such topics as these; for they did not of course meet together in order collectively to commit ecclesiastical suicide; they met to judge their own case dispassionately, and to pronounce an acquittal on themselves; but in the name of common fairness we must ask them one question:—The Synod have recorded "their full conviction, that secession from this (the Anglican) Church, being a sound part of the Catholic Church, to any other religious community, is in itself an act of schism, and as such, perilous to salvation; and in particular that secession to the Roman community in England, is not only an act of schism, but involves also the abandonment of truth for error." Granting, therefore, (what we by no means can allow, except for the sake of argument,) that the Anglican establish-



ment is a part, or even 'a *sound* part,' of the Catholic Church, we ask for a plain reason why the holy Roman Church should be singled out as that one communion of all others, to which it is "*in particular*" "perilous" for Anglicans to submit, as "*involving*" *in particular* "the abandonment of truth for error." Is it that the Catholic Church has been distinguished from all other professedly Christian bodies for laxity in adhering to the great doctrine of the ever-blessed Trinity? or in enforcing a firm belief in the reality of the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour? No: on these heads, it is admitted by even the most violent of our opponents, that the Roman Church has always shown herself the bulwark of orthodoxy: nay, even such Protestants as Dr. Sumner allow, that in spite of all our errors we hold in our creed the great truths of the gospel. (Charge of the Bishop of Chester, 1841, p. 38.) Is it that we give honour all but divine to her who was the honoured instrument whereby "God was manifested in the flesh?" But almost every Anglican writer agrees in confessing that, in this respect, the schismatical Greek Church in the East is far more "idolatrous" than ourselves. Is it not rather because *it was felt by the Synod*, that in order to gain the sympathy and confidence of the Protestant laity, *it was necessary to say something or other strong against the Church of Rome?* to throw overboard, as it were, a tub for the Protestant whale to play with, in order to draw off its attention from the Catholic yearnings—for such after all we must regard them—of the High-Church party? We will only add that, on the hypothesis of the Anglican communion being "a sound part," or part at all of the Catholic Church, the erection of the See of Plymouth, by the Pope is, undoubtedly, an act of schism. But in an argument such as the Synod uses to condemn us, who does not see that the whole force lies in the truth or falsehood of the Prosyllogism embodied in its premisses? And it is this which we indignantly deny as a ten times refuted fallacy. The English Church is not, and never has been, at least since the Reformation, "*a part of the Catholic Church.*" Where is the proof that it has ever been recognised as such by any other Episcopal body besides itself? Assertion is not argument; we want a witness to the character of Anglicanism. The Church of Rome disowns the Anglican Bishops; so does the Greek schismatical Church, even



more completely than we disown them. And if Anglicans still plead for toleration on the "branch" theory, we triumphantly make answer that *branches imply a trunk*; and what, and where, we ask, is *the trunk* on which, by the confession of all men, the English Church once grew and flourished, but from which it *now* lies severed? And is the ancient parent *trunk* to be that one communion which, as a dutiful child, the English Church ought to denounce, as "in particular" perilous and soul-destroying? If the bough of a forest oak could speak as it lies upon the ground, do you think it would earnestly warn the woodman, if he had any idea of grafting it in again, to be careful "in particular" not to restore it to its parent trunk?

Weak as this Anti-Catholic declaration is, we now come to that which is, after all, *par excellence*, the weak point of the Synod. If there is one grievance greater than another under which High-Church Anglicans profess to labour, it is *the practical working of the Royal Supremacy*. By their own confession, they admit that the mere authoritative reversal of the Gorham decision, even if it could be effected, would not go to the bottom of the matter. They are wise enough to see that if the axe is to be laid to the root of the tree, it must be done only by procuring that this Supremacy be, in some way or other, altered, modified, or limited. They confess that mere declarations and protests on the subject of Baptism, are but so many expedients for getting rid of the immediate weight off their consciences, so many means of easing, for the moment, a shoe which pinches them. But they know and feel that it is in the Royal Supremacy, and in that Supremacy, not merely as practically exercised by Queen Victoria, but as theoretically defined under Henry and Elizabeth, that the real gist of the matter lies. They are miserable, and must be so; because they find themselves in a position where they are called upon to obey two masters, whose commands are quite irreconcilable. And so they are driven, each in the depth of his spirit, to find out some principle upon which they can continue at the same time, to hold the conflicting doctrines of a real visible Spiritual Society, such as they conceive the Establishment to be, and of an equally real and equally visible State control. Now the adjustment of these two conflicting duties, or at least *some* declaration as to the way in which both can be

held by Anglicans, and theoretically at least defended, was, we maintain, not merely *a* matter which *ought* to have been discussed and settled in the Exeter Synod, but *the* first and foremost part of their deliberations. And how has the "Synod" dealt with this difficulty? It has not even ventured to allude to it: it has altogether ignored it. In the "Acts of the Synod," as published "by authority," we can find no record of any attempt to grapple with the question. Now, in order to make the results of this "Synod" satisfactory to the most "safe" and moderate Anglican, we ask, was not *some* discussion of this subject needed, nay, was not some strong resolution or declaration necessary, to warrant the "Guardian" and other High-Church papers and pamphlets in indulging in their tones of triumphant exultation? We confess for ourselves, that anything short of this point ought to be regarded by Anglicans, *upon their own principles*, as either an unpardonable omission in the Bishop and his party, or an egregious admission of the essential weakness of their "position."

"But still," we fancy some Anglican may reply to us, "in spite of all its short-comings, surely the Exeter Synod is, at all events, a sign of life in the English Church. Granted that it has not done all that we could have wished, still you cannot deny that the case of a Church which shows such signs of life as this, is a most hopeful one." "Signs of life," indeed! we grant it willingly. Let us see what, after all, is the worth of this admission. We will take an instance in point to show, (however paradoxical it may seem,) that signs of life, mean signs of decay and approaching death. A gentleman meets a friend whom he has not seen for years; meets him apparently in the very bloom of health and strength. He salutes him, and begins to congratulate him on his healthy looks. "I am glad to see you, Sir, showing such signs of life; really when I see you I cannot help acknowledging that you exhibit some symptoms of healthful existence still. You don't seem likely to die to-morrow." "I thank you; but really you astonish me; thank God, I never was better in my life. You talk of my showing 'signs of life;' you really can't mean to say that you see anything amiss in me; if you do, pray tell me at once. You really speak as if you thought I was on my last legs, and had but a little time to live." Such would be the answer: any one in his sound senses knows perfectly well, that we never

begin to dwell on such subjects as "signs of life," until health and strength are failing or gone, and the body lies prostrated on a bed of chronic sickness. It is when matters have gone thus far, and not till then, that we strain our attention to watch for symptoms to inspire us with some faint hopes of the patient's eventual recovery. *Then* we mark and note them eagerly. Apply the case. Would the Anglican Church, or at least its High-Church members, think you, be so constantly dwelling on the few "signs of life" which they fancy they can observe in it, if they were not at heart conscious that their patient's case is at least very bad, and if they were not anxious to buoy themselves up with some fallacious hopes of its recovery, though they see their patient itself rapidly growing worse? A man upon his death-bed looks out anxiously enough for these "signs of life;" when he is in good health, he feels that the very mention of their name is simply ridiculous. We assert, therefore, that we could not wish for a more complete tacit acknowledgment of the hopeless nature of the malady under which the Establishment is now suffering, than the constant way which its members have of dwelling with such complacency and self-gratulation on its "signs of life." "There is life in the old dog yet," is a confession that the aforesaid dog has not long to live: and so "signs of life" are, to reflecting minds, but signs of approaching dissolution.

"But, after all, is it nothing to the English Church thus to have convened a Synod of the diocese of Exeter, and to have re-affirmed the impugned doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration?" Our answer is plain. *It is something*, beyond a doubt; but it is a "something" which leaves your case even more hopeless than ever. It has served to shew your weakness, your essential weakness. By your own confession the *whole* English Church is involved in heresy by the Gorham decision, unless she repudiate it. Out of the twenty-eight dioceses of England and Wales, *one*, and one only, has repudiated that decision by a large majority. What must we then believe concerning the other twenty-seven? Of course that they are willing to abide by it. And if our Anglican friends assert their belief that a majority of the clergy in each diocese would be found to disown that decision, we reply that if so, their case becomes still worse, for if such be the case, why do they remain silent? why do not the Anglican

prelates convene their clergy, and why do not the Clergy themselves speak out? And then after all, as we said above, the re-affirmation of one particular clause in the Nicene Creed, is not all that Anglicans need, by their own confession. We do then still think, in spite of the exultation of the High-Church organs, that the Exeter Synod, however it may, for a time, buoy up unthinking minds with a fond and unreal delusion, will be found, ere long, to have afforded but a fresh demonstration of the utter impotency of "Anglo-Catholicism."

But it is time to hasten towards our conclusion. When *will* his Lordship of Exeter learn that it is not by individual, but by *united action*, that an Episcopate can show itself actuated and inspired by *the spirit of unity and truth*? And when will his eyes be opened to see that the life of the Church consists, not in the dead records of the past, or in re-affirming truths to which centuries upon centuries have set their seal; but in authoritatively defining them, and enforcing them by an *united, living, speaking* voice, and in developing them onwards into their legitimate consequences? Thus, when the Church met together at Nicæa to refute the heresy of Arius, she did not content herself with re-asserting the ancient truth, "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God;" but under the guidance of God the Holy Ghost, she drew up an expanded Creed, containing a full statement of the Catholic doctrine, and imposed it on all her members, while at the same time, she formally anathematized the Arian "view." But no "National" Church, no mere human "Establishment," no body short of the one Church of the living God, can do so now. It is not very long since the Anglican Episcopate found out that, after long and repeated deliberation, they could not even draw up an united statement of what is, and has been, the Anglican doctrine, as to the effects of Infant Baptism. This failure, we say, stands on record against them as a body. How much less then can they venture, collectively or individually, to determine what is henceforth to be received and believed as necessary truth, and to stamp it with the mark of their "Church's" authority? Why the very attempt to do so must needs be a failure, or if not, we have only one more observation to offer, and we have done. In summoning his "Synod," the Bishop of Exeter has pushed his Anglicanism to its furthest lengths. He has, by so doing, laid

bare the original principle on which it is based. He has saved us the trouble of analysis. Just as mere Protestantism, when its principles are carried out, makes every individual to be Pope, Church, and all in himself, and Christendom to consist of the aggregate of these individual popes; in like manner Anglo-Catholicism, which is but a Protestant substratum with an Episcopal superstruction, leads its *consistent* followers to the conclusion, that "every Diocese," (or in other words, every Bishop with his clergy and laity,) "is in itself a whole;" in fact, constitutes a complete Christian Church.\* In the one case the individual Christian, and in the other the individual Bishop, becomes to himself the ultimate appeal in all matters connected with the faith. Now, perfectly agreeing as we do with his Lordship, that "*a National Church* is only an adventitious and accidental

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\* These pages were already written when we chanced to see Mr. Keble's "Pastoral Letter" to his parishioners at Hursley, on occasion of the proposed Synod. We thank him for having so literally confirmed the estimate which we have here formed of Anglicanism when pushed on into its consequences. On page 14 he writes thus: "Such an assembly, such a Synod, has now been called by the Bishop of *the Church of Exeter*." Again, "I..... requested your prayers for our brethren in *the Church or Diocese of Exeter*." And again he calls this Diocese "*one which is not the least of the Churches of God in this island*." (The italics are our own.) Surely this bears us out in all that we have said. "Habes confitentem reum." Henceforth, as Protestantism takes for its motto, "Quot capita, tot studia," so let Anglo-Catholicism write upon its banners, "Quot Episcopi, tot Ecclesiæ." Are not "Anglo-Catholics," by their own confession, as far from acknowledging "*one Catholic Church*," as Mr. Gorham is from admitting "*one Baptism*?" We have not time further to enter upon Mr. Keble's letter as a whole; so we will content ourselves by merely reminding him, that at least nine-tenths of Christendom agree in denying his assertion that "our" (i. e. Anglican) Bishops are Bishops, *there is no doubt of that*; and the Priests ordained by them are Priests." If the Anglican Church wishes to make out its title to an Apostolic Mission, *it must call other witnesses* to prove its claim, *besides its own members*. This is but fair. And considering that the Diocese of Exeter is not the Church of England, any more than the Anglican Establishment is the Church Catholic, we do not see how it is such "a great and good thing for us (Anglicans,) and our children," to have "the true doctrine and faith of the Nicene Creed concerning Holy Baptism," re-affirmed

ordinance," and that to the unity of the Church "it is not necessary that there should be a National Church" at all: we join issue with him as to the consequences of his other position—the integrity of each particular Diocesan Church. How will he reconcile this position with the words of St. Cyprian, "The Episcopate is one, of which a part is held by each without division of the whole?" His Lordship will readily admit that, where the ultimate appeal lies to the conscience of each individual, private judgment is supreme, and endless dissensions must ensue. He will confess that on this theory, there must be almost as many Creeds as individuals, "*quot capita tot studia*;" and he will condemn the principle as directly militating against the divine doctrine of the unity of the Church; in fact, as being the doctrine of none but the sect of the Independents. But what will his Lordship answer, when we arraign him in turn, and say to him, "*mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*?" What answer will he give us when we tell him that Anglo-Catholic as he professes to call himself, he is, after all, a Protestant, yes, and even *an Independent in principle*? His Lordship and his admirers will stare at this bold assertion, but we are prepared to make it good against him and them. For let us view his theory in its consequences: first, then, as Anglican Bishops confessedly do not all speak the same thing, the Creed of each Diocese will be different; at all events, it need not be the same: for as the ultimate appeal in the Diocese of Exeter lies in the Bishop of Exeter, and in the Diocese of Worcester (for instance,)

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by the Synod of Exeter. Is it logical to argue from the part to the whole, from the particular instance to the general principle? Grant that one twenty-eighth section of the Anglican Establishment holds Catholic opinions upon one Article of the Creed: are we to infer that, therefore, the *whole* English Church holds Catholic doctrines upon *all* the Articles of the Creed—in other words is Catholic? Can one imagine a more transparent fallacy? Why, what will Mr. Keble say to this? "One twenty-eighth part of the English Church denies the Regeneration of Infants in Baptism; therefore the whole English Church denies the whole Creed?" Every one in the latter case can see the absurdity of such an argument, as an argument, in point of conclusiveness and form,—even though he may be disposed, as we are, to believe the conclusion not far from the truth. And does not the former argument fall with it?



in the Bishop of Worcester, and as each Bishop is supposed to be capable of defining truth for his Diocese, then it follows of necessity, that what is true in Exeter need not be true, nay, may be false, in Worcester; and that so the faith must depend upon geographical divisions. Hence, too, as a second consequence, while *an individual may incur the sin of heresy, a Bishop never can*; for being complete in itself, the Diocese has its own faith, and that must depend on the opinions of its own diocesan. But we fancy that Nestorius was both a Bishop and a heretic. And a third consequence will be found to be that the same individual who is orthodox in one Diocese will be a heretic in another; and that the peer or member of Parliament, who for six months of the year holds the truth in London, may be a heretic during the other six at his country seat. We repeat, that this is identical in principle with the views of Independents, and that these are the consequences with which every system is fairly chargeable when it once gives up the great Catholic verity of one infallible centre of unity, with which it is necessary for every particular Church to be in communion: unless, perhaps, that system likes, at the same time, to give up the idea of any divine authority in its Episcopate, and to fall back upon the theory of Hobbes, that all spiritual jurisdiction flows from the secular power. In the sixteenth century, the two provinces of York and Canterbury determined that it was no longer necessary for them to communicate with the see of Rome; that it was lawful for them to act independently of the whole Church, and (as they professed,) to reform themselves apart from all the other Dioceses of the Christian world. And now that three centuries have passed away, mark the result: the English Church, as an undutiful child, has met with its own reward. It threw off the parental sway of Rome to follow its own wayward will, and it seems now likely to reap the fruits of its ancient sin. For on what principle can she rise up in judgment on the Diocese of Exeter, if it shall choose to retire within itself, to reform what it considers to be existing abuses in the parent Establishment, as she herself “reformed” the so-called abuses of the Church of God three centuries ago, and finally “to renounce all further connection with a body, which, in its own opinion, has become heretical?” Thus, whatever Anglicans may say, there is not a single argument



on which the English Reformation can be defended, which will not equally defend the Bishop and Diocese of Exeter, in erecting itself (if it can effect its end,) into a separate body aloof from the rest of the Establishment; and there is no single argument which the English Church, as a body, can adduce in condemnation of the schismatical conduct of Dr. Philpotts, which will not equally pronounce sentence upon the principles and practice of the leaders of that unhappy schism which men call the English Reformation. Nay, we see not what can prevent each Archdeacon in his Archdeaconry, and each Rural Dean in his Deanery, through the length and breadth of Devon and Cornwall, from pressing on to its legitimate conclusion the suicidal principle which their own Diocesan has set forth; and perhaps, we may live to see the day when every separate parish in his Lordship's Diocese will rise and proclaim the self-same sentiments on its own account; when the Rector and Churchwardens, after their parish feast, will sit in judgment on their Bishop, pronounce him "a fautor of heretical tenets," declare the integrity of every parish in itself, affirm their own Catholicity, and disown all further communion with their excommunicated neighbours. If this should never come to pass, the English Church will only have to thank, under God, the illogical minds of Englishmen in general, and of her own members in particular: and if, in God's Providence, such a day should dawn upon them, the nation will be keen-sighted enough to lay the blame and scandal at the doors of Henry Philpotts, sometime Lord Bishop of Exeter.

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ART. III.—*Miscellany of the Celtic Society: the Genealogy of the Corcailaidhe; Poem on the Battle of Doun, by Gilla Brighde Mae Conmhide; Doucra's Tracts; several Poems, Pedigrees, Extracts.* Edited by JOHN O'DONOVAN, Esq., L. L. D., M. R. I. A. Dublin: Printed for the Celtic Society, 1849.

HAVING, in two of our former numbers, explained the objects of the Celtic Society, and recommended it to the support of our readers, we deem it unnecessary in introducing to notice its third publication, to make any profession of the deep interest which we feel in its success. From the list of subscribers published in this volume, it appears that the four Archbishops, and more than half of the Bishops of Ireland, together with a large number of the most respectable priests, are subscribers; but it is to be regretted, that, with a few very cheering exceptions, the English supporters of similar literary societies, seem not to think the archæological researches of the Celtic Society, at least, entitled to their patronage. Yet there is nothing in the constitution or objects of the society to repel any supporter who wishes to see Irish history, such as it is, rescued from the hands of ignorant or narrow minded compilers. That is its sole end and aim—to supply the rough material to the historian, with notes and illustrations, free alike from the high flown exaggerations of national vanity and the bigotted or contemptuous misrepresentations of domestic or foreign revilers. A project so reasonable deserves the support of every historical student, who knows that Ireland, fallen though she be now, once had a great name among the Christian nations of Europe, and that even after all the unprecedented afflictions of the last few years, she still is a most important member of the British Empire.

It is useless to remind the reader of the value of an historical miscellany, a volume containing a number of detached and independent pieces, often not very important in themselves, but when collated with others, not less suggestive to the historian, than a fossil is to the geologist. Following the example of other associations, the Celtic Society resolved to collect the literary fragments scattered

through the ponderous pages of such Irish encyclopedias as the Books of Leacan and Ballymote; and in this volume we have a very favourable specimen which may please by its variety, many, who in those days of light learning, would willingly dispense with unity in an archæological theme.

The first tract in this miscellany is entitled "the Genealogy of the Corca Laidhe," a tribe descended according to bardic accounts, from Ith, one of the Spanish progenitors of the Irish people. Ith was paternal uncle of Milesius, whose three sons, Eremon, Eber, and Ir, were the reputed founders of the Milesian nobility in three provinces of the island, and a considerable part of the fourth. The descendants of Ith being, we are told, restricted to part of South Munster.

That the reader may form some notion of the bearing of the tract, it may be necessary to state very briefly the bardic story of Pagan Ireland, as it has been digested by O'Flaherty, the most patient and learned of all Irish seanachies.

The Irish, according to their own account, were not all of the same race, several colonies having successively invaded, and for a time held possession of the whole, or part of the island. To the primeval colonies of Partholanus and Nemethus, which went over not long after the deluge, we may apply the classic lines cited by O'Flaherty himself.

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbras  
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania rega.

These colonies are not honoured by a single notice from some bards of high authority; and by a rather suspicious coincidence, Partholanus, who landed A. M. 1970, has four sons, Er, Orba, Fergna, and Farran, the very heroes who figure more than a thousand years later, as the sons of the Milesian patriarch, Eber. The only circumstance worth attending to in the fable of these primitive colonies, is that according to the general opinion, they were of the same race as those that succeeded them, and all, it is said, spoke the same language.

The Firbolgs, under the leadership of Slainghe, invaded Ireland A. M. 2657, and divided it into five provinces, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, North Munster, South Munster. They consisted of three tribes, called Firbolg

proper, Fir Gailian, Fir Domhain. They came, we are told, from Great Britain. After a dynasty of nine kings, whose reigns lasted about eighty years, they were subdued by the Tuatha Dea Danann, but continued for many centuries to hold some territory, especially in Connaught and Leinster. So late as last century, O'Flaherty could name, he says, families then existing, descended from the Firbolgs.

The Tuatha Dea Danann, the next invaders, A. M. 2737, came, we are told, from North Britain, after many peregrinations on the continent, too numerous to be particularized. Of the Danann, it is to be observed, that they disappear almost totally from bardic story, immediately after their subjection by the Milesians, A. M. 2935. No genealogies are traced to them, but the fame of their heroes, their learning and arts, the great fortresses they built, and the number of woods they felled, and plains they fertilized, are to this day a proverb in Ireland. Some traditions say that they spoke the Teutonic language.

The bardic story of the Milesian family is briefly told. They came from Spain, and having conquered the Tuatha Dea Danann, partitioned the island between them. Ir had Ulster; Eiber, North Munster; Ith, South Munster; but the bards are at a loss to decide what portion remained for Eremon, some assigning the north, others the south, others, more probably, Leinster and Connaught. What is historically certain is, that in the 3rd or 4th century of our era, clans calling themselves, then, or subsequently descendants of Ir, Eber, Ith, and Eremon, did occupy the parts of the island, assigned to them in this partition. From the four patriarchs sprung a line of kings, who ruled Ireland as monarchs, or ardrigh, for more than a thousand years before the Christian era; but about that period, the plebeian Irish, gathering spirit after a slavery of 40 generations, rose against their Milesian masters, and not having the dread of law before their eyes, did treasonably cut off nearly the whole of the royal race, and place one of their own plebeian blood on the throne. The seasons, however, conspired against the rebels; the pastures gave no grass, and of course, the cows no milk; the hazel trees no nuts, or the red earth no grain; so the repentant rebels were compelled to send a suppliant embassy to the few remaining scions of the royal stock, begging them graciously to

return, and allow the kingdom once more to flourish under their shade. They did return, and precisely about this period of the restoration of the Irish monarchy, the island is again divided into the same five provinces, established more than 1500 years ago by the Firbolgs. After this restoration of the royal line, the pentarchy subsisted until the reign of Tuathal the Welcome, A. D. 130-160, who, to consolidate his throne after a second rebellion of the plebeians, founded for himself the ancient province of Meath, by cutting off a portion of each of the five provinces, which formerly met at Uisneach hill, in Westmeath. Hitherto, members of the four Milesian lines had shared the royal succession, but from this period it gradually became restricted to the Eiremonians; and from the reign of Nial of the Nine hostages, A. D. 400, to that of Brian Boroimbe exclusive, none but the Hy Niall, i. e. Eiremonians, swayed the royal sceptre. Such are the chief outlines of the elaborate superstructure, compiled with more than the patience of a Dutch Bollandist by O'Flaherty, from all the accessible bards and annalists of his day.

The fable has its episodes. From time to time, a people, powerful by sea, descend on the Irish coasts, and endeavour to establish themselves in the estuaries, especially in the north. As "Fomoiré," the name by which they are known, literally signifies "seafaring," it supplies no grounds for conjecturing the quarter whence they came. The general tendency of the references to them, is decidedly favourable to their northern origin; and more than once it is expressly asserted, that they came from Finland. Keating, it is true, states that they were sons of Cham, and came from Africa, which appears to favour the opinion so popular at the close of the last century, that the Irish coasts were, in ancient days, colonized by Phœnicians. If so, it does not rest on authority as certain as the trading settlements of the same people, in the south of Britain, though it can be proved on foreign testimony, that Ireland was not unknown to the Carthaginians, and better known by merchants generally, than Britain, at least in the days of Tacitus. Neither the Irish language, however, nor customs, nor any relics of ancient civilization, place the intercourse of the Tyrian sea-rovers with Ireland, beyond the reach of very reasonable doubts. Another feature which diversifies the monotonous routine of bardic story, is a record of three distinct emigrations from Ireland to Alba,

i. e. modern Scotland ; first of the Picts, who went over in the days of Heremon, by whom they were driven out ; second, of the Dailraidians, in the 3rd century of the christian era, to whom the royal line, and many nobles of Scotland traced their origin ; and third, of the sons of MacErc, who passed over about the time of St. Patrick.

A simple enumeration of the various systems propounded by Innes, Pinkerton, Moore, and many others on this prehistoric part of Irish story, would be a very laborious, and by no means interesting task, both because like most similar themes, it is involved in almost hopeless obscurity, and still more from a defect of dignity and variety in the theme itself, the story of every succeeding age and tribe being nearly the same as its predecessor.

One thing, however, must forcibly strike the most heedless investigator, namely, that the historians of the 17th century, Keating and the Four Masters, had a better knowledge of Irish affairs before the christian era, than the most respectable of ancient Irish annalists. An abbot of the parent monastery of Clonmacnoise, compiled before the close of the 11th century, a volume of annals, which clearly prove, even in their mutilated shape, that he must have had the command of an extensive classical library, and that he knew well how to use his materials. Now if there was one place in Ireland where it might be expected the most copious and authentic collection of Irish history was deposited, that place was certainly Clonmacnoise. To this day it presents, even in its ruins, a more imposing monument of pure Irish civilization, than any other place in the island. It was the burial place of several kings from all the provinces ; a favourite resort of pilgrims, and though it did not always escape, its central and solitary position on the banks of the Shannon, nearly encompassed by melancholy bogs, enabled it to enjoy comparative security. Surely the abbot of this house could not be ignorant of the history of his country, and would not willingly consign it to oblivion. Yet the very first touch of his pen banishes to the realms of fable all that the bards had dreamed of Milesian story, antecedent to the year before Christ 300, and so far from attempting to give a consecutive Irish history after that period, he merely records a naked catalogue of the kings of Ulster, who reigned in the palace of Emania, near Armagh. Of the kings of Tarah, i. e. Ireland, he mentions not one before Labraid Loingseach, who reigned, he



says, about 70 years before Christ, and was the founder of a dynasty of 30 Leinster kings of Ireland. Then come the names of four kings in succession, Duach Daltadegha, Eochaid Airemh, Eochaidh Feidloch, and Conaire Mor. Of the three former he gives only the names, but in the reign of Conaire, (contemporary with the birth of Christ,) the island was divided into five provinces. From Conaire to Tuathal the Welcome, A. D. 160, he records the names of five kings of Tarah, and nothing more, except that the immediate successor of Conaire, Lugard Reonderg, A. D. 79, was the first of a dynasty of kings of the northern half of the island, commonly called Leath Cuin. Thus Tigernach's history of Ireland, before the year A. D. 160, may be compressed into these lines, viz., a catalogue of Ulster kings; the names of eleven kings of Tarah; the partition of the island into five provinces, about the commencement of the christian era, and the establishment of two dynasties of kings, one commencing about seventy years before, the other fifty or sixty years after the birth of Christ.

So meagre a skeleton of Irish antiquities was not agreeable to those who loved the pompous and full blown fables of the bards. Tigernach's authority should be set aside by some means or other. He did not intend, it was said, to give a full history, but merely a few notices of the most prominent facts. But his history is the best interpreter of his intentions. If he had known a correct catalogue of kings of Ireland, why not give them, rather than the catalogue of provincial kings of Ulster? Why take the building of the provincial fort of Ulster, about 300 years before the christian era, as the glimmering dawn of Irish tradition, rather than some great name in the bardic scenes of monarchs of the whole island? Whoever takes the trouble of reading the first part of his annals, will be at no loss to discover the reason. Commencing with the reign of Ptolemy, A. C., he gives copious and correct records of Grecian, Roman, Jewish, and Christian events for the next 500 years; his notices of Ireland during that whole period, not filling one page in a hundred, but as he advances nearer to the date of christianity in Ireland, and after that date, his Irish facts begin gradually to occupy a larger space, proving to demonstration thereby, one should think, that if he said little of his country in earlier times, it was not because he disdained

to entwine her humble story with those of great nations, but truly because he had nothing certain to say.

All the researches of Irish literary societies tend to confirm the authority of Tigernach, and among them this last publication of the Celtic Society. Nay, the bards themselves rightly interpreted by a collation of their discordant rhapsodies, will be found to agree with him, that except perhaps a series of Ulster kings for a few centuries, there is nothing approaching to certainty in Irish story before the Christian æra. Taking in the first place the genealogists, we shall find that the stems of all the known tribes of the Milesian family flourished in comparatively recent periods. The Eiremonians were divided into three principal branches: the Leinster, the Northern (Leath Cuin), and the Deogadh or Ernaan branch. The Leinster were descended from Labraid Loinseach, A. D. 70 (cir); the Deogadh, from Deag, about the same period; and the Northern from Lugaidh Reonderg, A. D. 74; Labraid and Lugaidh, being according to Tigernach, founders of two dynasties of kings. All the known descendants of Ir, traced their descent from Ruadhri, king of Ulster, about the middle of the first century before Christ. The genealogical stem of the Ithians and Eiberians, branches at a much more recent period, all the former being descended from Lughaid Maccon, A. D. 240, and all the latter from Olill Olum, A. D. 237. Thus of all the Milesian tribes who possessed any territory in historic times, the origin is not traced farther back than to about half a century before the christian æra. It is true a long chain of bardic genealogies connects Labraid Loinseach, and Lugaidh Reonderg and Ruadhi, and Deag, and Lughaid Maccon, and Olill Olum, with the Milesian patriarchs, Eiremon, Eber, Ith, and Ir—but all these genealogies bear, according to Charles O'Connor, evident marks of bardic forgery. It appears, therefore, that whatever truth may be contained in the genealogical tables, they would not carry back the probable dawn of Irish history to a period more remote than that in which Tigernach records the division of the island into five provinces, about the commencement of the Christian æra.

Evidences to the same effect may be collected from another species of bardic literature, which flourished with unusual exuberance in ancient times. The history of all famous localities was regularly chronicled; every mound,

and rath, and cavern was associated with the name of some hero or clan. The cemeteries of the Pagan kings are described in some of the oldest Irish manuscripts extant, and it may easily be supposed that more credit can be given to such documents, which had as it were their lasting interpreters and vouchers in the monuments themselves, than to a branchless line of genealogical names. Now in these sepulchral records, the most ancient name occurring in the Eiremonian line, is the same Labraid Loinseach, who was buried at Cruachan in Connaught: the first Eiremonian of Leath Cuin, buried on the banks of the Boyne, was a son of Lugaidh Reonderg; and the burial place of the Deogadh or Ernaan Eriemonians, took its name from Deag or Erna. Had there been Eiremonian kings before these, is it probable that the topographical gossip in which the Irish literati loved so dearly, would not have named the cemetery where they were interred? The hero who gave his name (Dergthene) to the Eiberians is only a few generations anterior to their common parent, Olill Olum. The king of Ulster alone appears to acquire an antiquity from the history of the cemeteries, greater than that of their common genealogical stock Ruadhri, for it is said that the famous Ollamh Fodhla, his progenitor, had with his successors been buried at Taiton (Tell-town), in the county Meath. And this is not the only reason for believing that the descendants of Ir were the most ancient and firmly established race in the island.

To confirm still more Tigernach's date of the origin of the Irish patriarchal government, the reader may calculate the probable consequences of Cæsar's Gallic wars, and his invasion of Britain on the fate of Ireland. The Irish bards unanimously state that Labraid Luinsheach landed in Ireland at the head of a Gallic host, and succeeded in making himself master of the plains of Leinster and Connaught. The date assigned by Tigernach to this Labraid, would agree perfectly with the emigration of the Belgæ from Gaul to Britain, some years before Cæsar's invasion (*nostrâ memoriâ*). The rebellion of the plebeians of bardic story, occurring too at the same period, when stripped of its bardic dress, intimates clearly that there must have been times of disorder and revolution, such as would be caused by the irruption of foreign invaders. The division of the island was not, therefore, the voluntary act of a king, as the bards represent it, but rather the conse-

quence of the murder of a king, Conaire Mor, as Tigernach intimates, and the dissolution by invaders of whatever form of nominal government may have existed previously in the island. From all that has been said, it may be fairly inferred that if there be any truth in the primitive history of Pagan Ireland, it is contained in Tigernach: all that is known tends to substantiate his first statements: and judging from the past, all that now can be brought to light by Irish archæologists, will not add one fact to the few chronicled by him, before the day of Tuathal the Welcome, A. D. 160.

In any enquiry into the fabulous history of Ireland, the bards would have deemed it a fundamental heresy to question the near relationship of the Milesian patriarchs, Eremon, Eber, Ir, and Ith. The three former were sons of Milesius, Ith's brother. The same system of making the parents of nations, blood-relations was also extended by the bards to foreigners, as appears clearly by the following passage in the Irish edition of Nennius, lately published by the Irish Archæological society. "Now after the deluge the world was divided into three parts, between the three sons of Noah, viz. Europe, Africa, and Asia. Sem was in Asia; Cam, in Africa; Japeth, in Europe. The first man of the race of Japeth that came into Europe in the beginning, was Alanus, with his three sons, viz. Isacon, Gothus or Armion, and Negua. Isacon had four sons, Francus, Romanus, Britus, Albanus. Now Armion had five sons, Gotas, Uilegotas, Cebetus, Burgundus, Longobardus. Negua had three sons, Vandalus, Saxo, Boarus. It is from Saxo that the Saxons are descended, but it is from Britus that the Britons come." p. 33. Interpreting the story of the Milesian brothers by the principle on which this family classification is made, we infer that the only bond of brotherhood between them was probably their existence in the same country, and perhaps a similarity in an identity of language and institutions. The story of their family connection is not only improbable, but they were not even contemporaries if we may judge from the territories assigned to each race in the earliest ages. There are many probable traditional evidences all tending to prove that the race of Ir had long preceded the Eiremonians, and possessed the greater part, if not the whole of the island. It is admitted that the Irians reigned sole masters of Ulster until about the time of Lughaidh

Reonderg. In the other provinces they also possessed large tracts of bog and mountain territory, coextensive in very many instances, with the territories into which the Irish were driven by the Anglo-Norman invaders in the twelfth century. There was an old tradition that the island had once been equally divided between two Irian princes, and to this day the remains of two forts, one on the extreme northern, the other on the southern shore, are called by their names. The renowned Ollam Fodhla himself was an Irian, and progenitor of that race of Ulster kings to whom Tigernach gives so high an antiquity. Even the greatest traditional glories of old Tarah itself are associated with the names of Ollamh and of his Irian successors, and their cemetery Telltown was not more than half a dozen miles from that royal palace. But the circumstance which more than any other would mark out the Irians as a distinct race, is the fact, that many of the tribes are expressly called Cruithnians or Picts, by some of the most ancient authorities. From all these converging probabilities, it is not, perhaps, rash to infer, that Tigernach records the succession of Irian or Ulster kings, because theirs was the only race long established in the island, and enjoying, even when driven to Ulster by invasion, a considerable remnant of their former power, which never ceased to be respectable until the destruction of the palace of Eamania, near Armagh, A. D. 332, by the encroaching and then dominant race of the Eiremonians. It is a singular tradition, too, that the Irians ceased to be buried in their ancient cemetery at Telltown, about the very period which marks, according to Tigernach, the rise of the Leinster and Leath Cuin branches of the Eiremonians.

While so many circumstances establish the antiquity of the Irian race, the comparatively recent origin of the Eiremonians is proved by evidence that may be considered strictly historical, inasmuch as their permanent conquests in Ulster, Connaught, and parts of Leinster and Munster date no further back than the third and fourth centuries of our æra. It will be seen that there are strong reasons for doubting whether the Deagadhs or Ersnaans were really Eiremonians. Certain it is that authorities so old as the ninth century, denied that they were of that race. The whole territory of the Eiremonians would in that case have been restricted during the first and second century, to parts of Leinster, of Meath, and of the adjoining level

and fertile plains of Connaught—that is, the territories which tradition assigns to Labraid Loingseach and Lughardh Reonderg, the founders of the two chief Eiremonian lines. From the time that Tuathal the Welcome, A. D. 130 (who was fourth in descent from Lughaidh Reonderg), appropriated the provinces of Meath to himself, the gradual progress of his descendants to other conquests can be distinctly traced. His grandchildren acquired, we are told, large territories in Waterford, about the middle of the third century, and at the same time Wexford and Carlow fell under the dominion of the same race. Seventy years later, the entire province of Connaught was subjugated by Murdoch, one of Tuathal's descendants, and before the commencement of the fifth century, Ulster, with the exception of parts of Down and Antrim (still held by the Irians), had passed under Eiremonian sway. Thus in the course of two centuries preceding the advent of St. Patrick, three-fourths of the island had been conquered by Eiremonians, who were to all intents and purposes, the Elizabethans, Cromwellians, and Williamites of the day. To convince himself of this gradual and comparatively modern establishment of the Eiremonian power, the reader need not have recourse to recondite manuscripts. Its history may be collected easily from the publications of the Celtic and Archæological societies, and from the works of O'Flaherty, and the Four Masters themselves. This fact would explain the distinction which St. Patrick evidently makes in his writings between a dominant race which he calls Scotti, and the mass of the inhabitants, whom he calls Iberiones, or Iberionaces. The Eiremonians were, according to all appearances, the Scotti, though that name was manifestly adopted from foreigners, and never generally adopted by any class of the Irish themselves. Its etymology remains still a mystery. It was given by the Romans to those sea-rovers from Ireland, whose depredations were felt in the western provinces in the decline of the empire. It would not be difficult to prove from Irish documents, that those conquering Eiremonians were no other than the Belgæ or Fírbilgs of Irish tradition, who settled in Ireland during the course of the first century before Christ, but the details of that proof must be deferred until we have some publication illustrating the traditional history of the Eiberian race, which, like the Eiremonians, was also very probably of Belgic origin.



The treatise at the head of this article, though professing to give the history of the Ithian branch of the Milesian family, throws but little light on the traditional history of ancient Ireland. O'Flaherty complains that there was a hiatus of twenty-three generations in the genealogy of the Ithians from Lughaid Maccon, A. D. 250, to Ith; and Mr. O'Donovan makes the hiatus nearly double that number. The traditional story of the Ithian possessions is, that in the first partition after the Milesian conquest, the Ithians received as their share, that part of Munster which lies west of the line from Cork to Limerick, the district east of that line being the property of the Eiberians. The sovereignty of the whole province was enjoyed alternately by the two clans, until about the middle of the first century before Christ (the date of Labraid Loingseach), when the Ernaan or Deagadh clan of the Eiremonians (so called) invaded Munster, and held both Ithians and Eiberians in subjection for more than two centuries. The Ithians it is said never recovered their former power, but the Eiberians under their patriarch Olill Olim, A. D. 240, not only regained their former territories, but became masters of nearly the whole province of Munster. This story, so far as it assigns the south-west of Ireland as the home of the Ithians, may be received with some credit, because the earliest dawn of authentic history shows them established in the south-west of the County of Cork, and their descendants were numerous and wealthy in the present diocese of Ross, down to the Cromwellian confiscation. But that in ancient times they were confined to the south-west of Munster, may be very fairly questioned, for it may be asked, how are we to account, in that supposition, for the location of several Ithian tribes in the other provinces? How came the Ithian Calraidhe to be settled in the far Tyrawley, and the Ithian Laighis on the opposite shores of the Irish sea; the Ithian Dalmescorb on the western slopes of the Wicklow mountain, and the Ithian O'Flym in the bogs of Crossmolina; why are the Coscraidhe Ithians found in the glens of western Waterford, and other Ithian tribes in Leitrim, Longford, Westmeath, Sligo, Roscommon, and Eili O'Carrol in the King's County and Tipperary? The diffusion of these tribes is chronicled, but not accounted for in the Celtic Miscellany, nor is it easy to guess what could have driven them from their own sunny regions in the south, to the least inviting parts of other

provinces, unless we suppose that they had *not* been originally confined to south Munster, but that at some remote period they had possessed the rich central plains of the island, and were driven thence by new invaders to the bogs and mountains, until after the lapse of ages the largest remnants of them were shut up within the narrow limits of the diocese of Ross, just as the once wide-ruling Irians were confined by the same causes to a small tract in the opposite corner of Ireland. It is absurd to imagine that these distant settlements could have been made by Ithian conquerors issuing from the south, because conquerors usually do not select as their portion the worst parts of the conquered territory: and it is not consistent with genealogical tables to suppose that the diffusion of the Ithians was caused by forced emigration, after the conquest of Munster in the third century, by the Eiberians, because the reputed parents of those scattered tribes lived some generations before the Eiberian conquerors. The principle on which these speculations are founded, is attested by the history of many countries, namely, that the conquered retreated before the invaders to the remote and less accessible parts of the country. The whole history of Ireland, from the English invasion to the close of the reign of James I., is a decisive illustration of that principle, and it is well known that it is borne out to this day by the different strata of races in other countries, for instance, those that line the northern sides of mount Atlas, Berbers, Romans, Vandals, Greeks, Arabs, &c.

The reader will please remember that the traditionary declension of the Ithian power dates from the Deagadh invasion of Munster, A. C. 50 (circiter). About the same time, north-eastern Ulster also received a colony of those Deagadh, that is in other words, the Deagadh or Ernaans, are driven north and south, at the very period in which Labraid Loingseach was hewing out for himself a settlement in Leinster and Meath. Conaire Mor was of this Deagadh race: and it was after his royal Dun, Bruigean ua Derga at the foot of Dublin mountains, on the banks of the Dodder, had been sacked, and himself slain, that the island was partitioned into five parts, according to Tigernach. The probable inference is that the Deagadh or Ernaans preceded the Belgæ, and were not Eiremonians. There are other very strong reasons for believing that they were Ithians. Maolmuiri, a high authority and very

ancient (A. D. 850), traces the Ernai or Deagadh to Ith, and gives them the most prominent place among the clan, though in another place he appears to assign some of the most distinguished Ernai to the Eiremonians. Again, the ancient cemetery of the Ernai was in the heart of the original territory of the Ithians, and if the Ithians were not buried there, they were the only considerable ancient race whose cemetery is not pointed out. The royal fort of the Ernaan Conaire Mor was called Bruigean ua Derga, i. e. "the palace of the descendants of Derga," who are classed by Maolmuiri in the Ithian family. These, it must be confessed, are by no means conclusive proofs of the identity of the Ithians and Deagadhs, nor is it likely from the defects in the chain of Ithian genealogies and the manifest contradictions in the parts extant, that the question can ever be placed beyond conjecture. Certain it is however, that if Maolmuiri be correct, the Ithians did include the Deagadh, and that they possessed before the descent of Labraid Loingseach, the greater part of the South, and strong settlements in the centre of Ireland. The genealogical series of the Ithians, such as it is, consisting of twenty-one generations from Lughaid Macon to Ith, would place that patriarch so far back as about half a century before Tigernach's date of the first Ulster king, A. C. 300, an antiquity remote enough for any reasonable antiquarian, and which, moreover, would agree very well with the hypothesis, that the Ithians were a later colony than the Irians, and drove them from the south and from the regal Tarah itself, to the less inviting regions of Ulster.

To many of our readers, it will appear, no doubt, that even Tigernach himself is to be received with caution, especially as the use of letters among the Pagan Irish is not placed beyond dispute. It should be remembered, however, that the chief facts which he records are of so public a character, that they could easily be preserved during one or two centuries by oral tradition, and as there are strong reasons for believing that Christianity had penetrated to Ireland so early as the commencement of the fourth century, and of course introduced letters, the few facts given by Tigernach could be thus transmitted.

In the mean time, it is surprising, while Irish "origines" are discussed with so much zeal, that neither of our Irish societies has yet published the provincial kings of the country in Pagan and Christian times. There are, we are

told, long historical poems on that subject, still extant, and surely they should be the foundation as it were of the entire superstructure. The happy idea of an exhaustive publication, like that on the Irish Picts, in the edition of Nennius, published by the Irish Archæological society, ought also to be followed up, giving together all that bards and historians have said of the different races and dynasties.

The later history of the principal branch of the Ithians, who were confined to the south-west of the County Cork, is given in considerable detail in the various documents now for the first time published by the editor. They illustrate some of the well-known workings of Irish life during the Middle Ages, and the miseries caused by war, confiscation, and famine, during the last three hundred years, down to the ever memorable year, 1847, inclusive. At page 384, commences a careful record of all the notices of the O'Driscolls, the chief Ithian family, extracted from the Four Masters, and other Irish authorities. It appears that immediately after the English invasion, the Barrys encroached on the eastern borders of the O'Driscolls; the O'Sullivan, who at the same time had been expelled from the rich vales around Clonmel, moved westward, and deprived them of a portion of the barriers of Bear and Bantry; the O'Donovon's, the O'Collins's, and other families, driven from Limerick by the same causes, seized the northern part of the O'Driscoll territory, and finally the MacCarthy compelled them to pay tribute for the comparatively small portion of territory left them by preceding invaders. Still they continued to make a considerable figure, especially by sea, their principal fort, Baltimore, supplying inviting facilities for that purpose. The castle had been erected by the English so early as the year 1215, but like many other of the early conquests of the Strong-bonians, it soon fell into the hands of the Irish "enemies," and became a formidable Algiers on a small scale, for interrupting and destroying the commerce of the king's liege subjects, in the southern cities of Ireland. A statute of Henry VI. to provide against these evils, forbids, under pain of forfeiture of all their property, any merchants of Cork, Kinsale, Waterford, Youghall, or Wexford, from fishing in the bays of O'Driscoll of Baltimore, or bringing either arms or victuals into his territory. If the annals of all these towns had been preserved, there would be

abundant materials for compiling a naval history of the O'Driscolls, if we may judge from the records which tell of their hostile relations with the city of Waterford. In the year 1368, the degenerate English 'clan the Powers of Waterford, aided by the gallies of the O'Driscolls, sailed towards the city with the intention of plundering it. The citizens, the English and merchant strangers, under the command of the mayor of the city, the sheriff of the county, and the master of the Knights of St. John, sailed against the enemy, but suffered a terrible defeat, having lost thirty-six of the most distinguished burghers, sixty of the English and foreign merchants, and their commanders, the mayor of the city and sheriff of the county. In 1413, the good citizens of Waterford returned the compliment, but in a manner that confirmed but too strongly the national proverb of Saxon perfidy.

“ Symon Wicken, Maior of the citie of Waterford, Roger Walsh, and Thomas Saulter, Bayliffs, in the first year of his maiorality, with a band of men in armour, in a shipp of the forsaid citie, went on Christmas eve towards Balintimore, and in night on Christmas day at supper tyme, landed his men, and in good order came to the gate of O'Driscoll's great house or castell within the said haven, and called to the porter, willing him to tell his lord, that the maire of Waterford was come unto the haven with a shipp of wine, and that he would gladly come in to see his lord. Upon notice thereof given by the porter to O'Driscoll, the gate was set open, and the porter presently taken by the maior and put aside, and so the maior walked into the great hall, where O'Driscoll and his kinsmen and friends, sitting at boardes, made ready to supp, commanded O'Driscoll and his friends not to move or feare, for he would not, nor meant not to draw no men's blood of the same house, more than to daunce and drink and so to departe. With that the said maior toke up to daunce, O'Driscoll and his sonne, the prior of the friary, O'Driscoll's three brethren, his uncle, his wife, and leaving them in their daunce, the maior commanded every of his men to hold fast the said powers, and so after singing a carroll came away, bringing with them aboord the same shipp, the said O'Driscoll and his company, saying unto them they should go with him to Waterford to syng their carroll and make merry that Christmas, and they being all aboarde made sayle presently and arrived at Waterford, St. Steven's, at night, where with great joy received they were with lightes.”—From the Casen MSS. p. 97.

In the year 1461, another descent of the O'Driscolls is recorded. In company with their hereditary confederates

the Powers, they mustered strongly at the now celebrated bathing place, Tramore. But the mayor, at the head of his full muster, rose and marched out to meet them, and gained a complete victory at Ballymacadam, having killed 160 of the enemy, and taken prisoners O'Driscoll, with six of his sons, who had the mortification of seeing their "western gallies" towed in triumph to the city.

In the revenues of the O'Driscoll, it will be seen that wine levied on foreign merchants, was a very respectable item: but he was not always content with what fell to his lawful share. In February, 1551, four Portuguese ships, laden with Spanish wine, consigned to the Waterford merchants, were dispersed by a tempest on the south-western coasts, and one of them was driven into a bay near the haven of Baltimore. The chieftain and his sons went on board, and covenanted for three pipes of wine to conduct the ship safe into the haven. "When the gentry and peers of those parts," saith our author, "had tasted the wines, they forgot their safe conduct, and invited the merchants to dinner in the castle, seized and clapped them in irons, manned their Irish gallies and took the ship, and distributed seventy-two tuns of the wine among their neighbours." The news had no sooner arrived at Waterford, than a small ship, well manned and equipped weighed anchor, and on the following day was alongside the captured merchantman, unperceived by her captors, who had barely time to escape at one side, while the brave Waterfordians were ascending on the other. Satisfied with the recovery of the ship and of twenty-five tons of the wine, the victors fired a few indignant vollies at the great hall of the O'Driscoll, as a foretaste of what he might expect from the greater expedition then preparing in Waterford.

"On the 27th of the same month, the mayor fitted out a little fleet, consisting of the ship lately retaken, another large vessel and the great galley of the city, well appointed with artillery, victuals, and men, to the number of four hundred, and put them under the command of Bailiff Woodlock, as chief captain, Tierce Dobbyn, James Walsh, James Sherlock, Henry Walsh, and John Butler, under Captains. On Wednesday the first of April, at night they sailed, and arrived within the haven of Baltimore, and anchored near the castle, which was guarded with men and artillery. They fired at it all night, and at break of day, the ward fled, and the Waterford men landed in good order on the island, and besieged the strong fortress there; the marines entered the castle by the small



port, and put up St. George's standard, and the army all entered at the bridge gate, and kept it five days, which they spent in destroying all the villages of the island, and also the house of the Friars' Minors, near the castle, and the mill of the same. The fortress being double warded by two strong piles or castles, with walls and barbicans, the halls, offices, &c. &c., were totally ruined to the ground, and were tumbled into the sea. There was found in the island great store of malt, barley, and salt. There was taken here Fineen's chief galley of thirty oars, and above three or four score pinances, of which about fifty were burned, and the great galley carried to Waterford. Near to Inishircan was an Island called Inchipite, where Fineen had his most pleasant seat, in a castle adjoining to a hall with an orchard and grove, all which they destroyed and razed to the earth, and from thence they entered into another island and burnt all the villages of the same. Then landing on the main, they burnt and destroyed Baltimore, and broke down Teigue O'Driscoll's goodly castle and bawn."—p. 95.

From the account of the revenues enjoyed by one of the chief O'Driscolls, it would appear that they were richer than many chieftains who make a more prominent figure in the Irish annals. An inquisition taken at Roscarberry, in 1609, before the protestant bishop of Cork, finds that the O'Driscolls tenantry contained sixty-five ploughlands; the chief was entitled to receive from strangers as well as from his own tenants, fourpence anchorage for every ship or barque entering the haven of Baltimore; he could buy (by right of pre-emption) five per cent. below the market price, any goods offered for sale in the said town or harbour, or if he refused to buy, the seller should pay him a duty of more than three per cent.; he had four gallons out of every butt of wine; all the empty casks; and a reduction of two-pence per gallon on all the wine purchased for the use of his own hall. No man could draw a net in the bay without his permission. All the wrecks within that harbour and country had been his time out of mind. Every boat fishing or selling fish, paid him 19s. 2d. in money, beside a barrel of flour, a barrel of salt, a hogshead of beer, and a dish of fish each day for the Irish abstinence days, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday, and if they dried fish there, they paid 13s. for the use of the rock. Every holly-butt taken shall be given to him for a ball of butter, or if concealed for twenty-four hours, the captor forfeits 40s. For every beef killed they pay 8d., for every sheep or pig, 1d. These, with many other harbour and other dues, such as 11s. 6d. for every bloodshed supplied a very copious

revenue for those days. The town of Kinsale used to appoint an admiral for the fishing season, who settled with the Lord the orders for the fishing, and kept an admiral's court every Monday, all the fines levied for infraction of these orders being divided equally between the Lord and the admiral, but if Kinsale did not appoint the admiral, the Lord might take the same course alone. The Lord had always the appointment of the constables, bailiff, and clerks of the market, in that whole country. But the O'Driscoll, though wealthy and powerful over strangers, was not independent. To "his strong neighbour," the Earl of Desmond, were paid at the inauguration of the said O'Driscolls, eight beeves or eight nobles sterling, to the Mac Carthy Reagh, between cess, black rent, &c., a far more considerable sum, and to the Bishop of Ross, £2. 16s. yearly, at Michaelmas and Easter.

From the inquiries collected by the editor, it appears that the different branches of the O'Driscolls had preserved a very respectable portion of their ancient territory, down to the reign of James I., but the confiscations from that period down to the revolution under William the Dutchman, aided, it would appear by spendthrift habits of some of the chieftains, left their descendants no more than a shred of the property. During the wars which convulsed Munster in Elizabeth's reign, they appear to have acted the part of loyal and temporising subjects, until the landing of the Spaniards in 1601, when Sir Fineen O'Driscoll, urged on by those two imperious motives, saith the *Pacata Hibernia*, "Money and Gold," delivered up all his castles to the king of Spain, but they were quickly retaken by the English, and this Fineen himself it appears was received into favour. But he had let about that time, Baltimore, and his own adjacent territory, to one Thomas Crooke, for twenty-one years, for £2,000, and the said Thomas, in the 5th year of James I., had that lease converted into a royal grant to himself and heirs, of all the rights and property of his lessor. A son and grandson of Sir Fineen, appear among the first of those emigrant Irishmen, popularly known as "the wild geese" scions of noble houses, who sought a fortune for themselves in the armies of the Catholic princes on the continent. Conner O'Driscoll, son and heir of Sir Fineen, was "a Captain in the Archduke's country, fighting against the Turks; "his son Cornelius was killed in an engagement of some Spanish ves-

sels, with the same enemies near the straits of Gibraltar, in 1619. The Irish bards mourned the absence and composed elegies on the death of these two soldiers of fortune, regretting that they had not rather spilled their blood at home, in restoring the fallen fortunes of their house. It is much to be desired that whenever we get so complete a family sketch as this volume presents, the bards will not be excluded. They enliven the dull details of genealogy and inquisitions, and let us know how people lived and felt in their day. The four poems on the O'Driscolls, given in this volume, are worth preserving, though they must lose much of their beauty in the very literal translation which the editor most properly has given them. A few brief extracts will show how the bards felt for the absent Conner and his son.

“Twenty years and more besides  
His back is turned to his native territory  
The son of Fineen standing the brunt of spears  
Without having partaken of the wine feasts of Erin.  
On the stormy surface of the furious ocean  
The vigilant son of Fineen has met  
Hotter trouble in Turkey  
In the fight of the wonderfully armed hosts.  
Alas for the country wanting the aid  
Of the victorious red hand of Conner ;  
Alas for the native land that is deprived  
Of the man of these warlike achievements.  
The son abroad from his people,  
The father in decrepid age,  
A cause of deadly lamentation to that western land  
Which sheltered the great blood of Macniard.”

Another bard, after recounting the ancient glories of the Ithian race, and dwelling with peculiar affection on their Spanish origin, tells Conner that hot work enough is to be found at home.

“Many an eiric besides this  
Due to thee, O heir of Fineen,  
Without denial from the rough hirelings of the English.  
It is a pity to brook the grievance,  
Much of blood have they shed on the plain ;  
Many heroes who should be lamented  
They have slain for a long time back  
Throughout the land of the Gael of the ripe fields

Spill them blood for these bloods,  
O hand of battles, O'Conner,  
Accept no eiric for them  
But equal slaughter."

But the tones of indignation and defiance soon were turned into wailing, when the same messenger brought to the southern bays, news of the death of father and son.

"The land of the Turk exults  
That they have quiet on Conners' deaths.  
He lies till morning asleep  
Without suspicion, without awakening.  
The death of Conner and his father—  
It is the anger of God which permitted it.  
Hard to Erin is the loss  
And perpetual the disaster.  
There is not among the vigorous horsemen  
(Their high spirit has been saddened)  
A man who is not lamenting for them,  
Nor a woman joyous in West Munster.  
The brightness of the clouds of heaven has darkened,  
The fiery lightning spreads,  
No tree is seen bending with fruit o'er the stream,  
Because my two heroes have fallen abroad.  
The shores and the waves are  
The moon and the stars are  
In sorrow for the death of the heroes :  
And the sound of the cataract grows louder.  
Many even of the old English themselves  
Have sunk in grief—no feigned grief ;  
The fair Gael do for him  
Weep ; nor of them need it be boasted.  
Far away from the heroes are their trusted friends,  
Far are they from the Church mould of Inishercan,  
Cause of heavy sadness that they are so  
Young Conner and his father."

For the fate of the remaining O'Driscolls under Cromwell's confiscation, and some notices of a regiment raised by one of them for James II., with the consequent penalty, the reader is referred to the volume itself. We close our notice in the words of one of the contributors to the miscellany. "The family of O'Driscoll having fallen into decay and lost every portion of their former possessions, it is not easy now to ascertain satisfactorily who is head of the clan. Most of this ancient sept may now be discovered

in bitter contests with the overseers of the workhouses of Skibbereen and Skull, who are more keenly anxious as to the minimum rate of food to keep alive the animal man, than the oldest and most calculating political economist of the day." Had these poor Irish been black slaves imported from Africa to the West Indies, with a Brougham and Wilberforce to plead their cause, their liberty would have been purchased for £20,000,000 sterling, but being only Irish, a loan of £10,000,000 was considered the full value of their lives, an extraordinary effort of generosity to save some of them from death.

There are two poems in this volume on the ~~Battle~~ Battle of Downpatrick, fought in the year 1260, in which Bryan O'Neal, King of Ulster, was slain with many chieftains of that province, and of Connaught. It was the first decisive blow struck by the English in the North, since the days of De Courcy. Defended by the natural features of the country itself, as well as by the superior spirit of its inhabitants (a fact acknowledged in the days of Giraldus), it had not only remained free from any English settlement, except in Down, but endeavoured to rouse the other provinces to a combined exertion for their common liberty. After some hereditary skirmishes with his neighbour chieftains, the O'Donnells, and the demolition of some frontier English castles, Bryan O'Neil held a conference on the shore of Lough Erne, in 1257, with O'Brian, King of Thomond, and O'Connor, son of the King of Connaught. The result, according to the common account, was a confederacy, of which O'Neal was the head, to resist the encroachments of the English, and expel them, if possible, from the land. This project, if ever seriously entertained, was not attempted until the year 1260, principally in consequence of the dissensions of the confederates, but in that year the King of Connaught marched to Ulster with the elite of his dependants, and joined his forces to those of Bryan O'Neil at Downpatrick, where the fatal battle was fought on the Sunday within the octave of the Ascension. The English were commanded by the Lord Justice Stephen de Longe Epee, and, as usual, had a large contingent of Irish supporters, on whom exclusively the blame of the death of O'Neil is thrown by some Irish authorities. In the words of the annalist, many of the "best and bravest" of the Irish nobles were left on the field, and the head of O'Neal was sent over to London as a trophy of victory.

Gilla Brighda Mac Namee, chief poet of Ulster, and a friend and follower of O'Neil, composed on the subject a poem, of which we give a few extracts in the literal translation of the Editor.

“Death of my heart! is the head of Brian  
In a strange country under cold clay?  
O head of Brian of Sliobe Sueachta,  
Eire after thee is an orphan.  
Alas that his noble face was removed from Down,  
From the place wherein is the grave of Patrick.  
There is in London, under a white flagstone,  
A head which the Gael would dearly ransom.  
All my cattle, though thou hearest it not, O head,  
I would give to ransom thee.  
He gave twenty horned cows  
For my poem—a goodly purchase,  
Were they twenty cows with golden horns  
The honour was greater and better.  
The war of the Gael with the foreigners  
Was playing for a check of foreign chessmen;  
The foreign pawns checked our chess king.  
We cannot now escape defeat;  
The top of our corn was cut down  
By a hideous foreign horde of reapers,  
Who came against us on Sunday to Down  
When the crop was but to ripeness turning.  
The foreigners from London  
The hosts from Waterford,  
Came in a bright green body thither  
In gold and iron armour.  
Unequal they engaged the battle  
The foreigners and the Gael of Tara.  
Fine linen shirts on the race of Con,  
And the foreigners in one mass of iron.”

Though our poet denounces the foreigners, it is very clear that he had not very sound notions of nationality, and that even in celebrating the fame of a man who had aspired to be the liberator of Ireland, he never could rise beyond a mere bard of part of Ulster. He recounts all the victories gained by the ancestors of his patron, in several parts of Ireland over Irishmen, and even in his own Ulster, closing his account of these battles with this singular *refrain*, “alas! they were revenged upon us at Down.” This little incident proves more eloquently even than the Four Masters themselves, how the very idea of



an island, one and undivided, and combined against the foreigner, had died in the national mind even at this early period, not fully one hundred years from the landing of Strongbow. The discord, which for so many ages was to be the lot of Ireland, could not be healed by the power of O'Neal, though, says our bard,

“ The cow of a poor man was never brought to his house ;  
The reliquary of a priest he never violated ;  
What curse could have followed him, for which the battle was lost ?  
There is no church against which he has sinned.”

After mourning for his hero, he introduces the other brave men who had fallen in arms with him, especially Magnus O'Cane, who was honoured by another poet with an elegy more pleasing as poetry, than most of those hitherto published. It is not so much the dirge of a national bard, as the genuine effusion of warm personal friendship for the slain, who was both his patron and foster brother.

“ The tombs of friends are in the battle of Brian ;  
Ruined is Eire from one conflict.  
The side of the hill is full of tombs  
Whereon the prophesied one has fallen,  
Though to me each man is a grief.  
For O'Cane, the yellow-haired, I most grieve,  
He is the wound of the artery of my head ;  
This is the blood which I cannot bear.  
I gave great love, ah ! woe is me,  
To him from the time of my fifth year,  
Wo that I have not gone with my beloved,  
Early, I loved O'Cane ;  
We used to give the chieftainship in our sports  
To him, when high-spirited youths,  
We and the king, on the mound which he disgraced not,  
Going thrice around it.  
His stipend to me was always coming  
Just as if we were his heirs ;  
He had for me as much as for two.  
Far are we for ever again from our gambols.  
Order masses of each priest  
For thy foster-brother, for O'Cane,  
For the son of the king who bowed in each church,  
Let the prayers of each mass be offered.  
For mercy to thee in each church,  
Were there a thousand students,

For our son of Ranah there should ascend  
Psalm singing from each altar.  
As the poetic art is hereditary to me,  
For this white sided pure skinned man,  
I shall chant a flowery dirge  
In the hour of solemn prayer for his soul."

The bard then employs the fond superstition of his countrymen, which would not allow some of their favourite heroes to die, but spirited them away to some lonely cavern or mountain gorge, whence in due time they were to issue to battle for their country. But we must leave him, with the hope that archæologists may succeed in disinterring many similar elegies.

Two English pieces in the *Miscellany* are narratives by Sir Henry Dower, of events in Ireland during the wars of Elizabeth. The first under the general title of "Relation of Service done in Ireland," is a panegyric on Sir Richard Bingham, governor of Connaught, under whom the author served. There is but little of novelty in the narration, as it agrees in all the main points with what is already but too well known of the iron and ruthless sway of Sir Richard, over the malcontent Burkes. There is not, perhaps, in the whole reign of Elizabeth, a name more execrated by the Irish than his, nor does Sir Henry succeed in wiping away the imputation of unnecessary cruelty, though he does prove very satisfactorily, that he was a successful soldier, ruling his province with the strong arm until the O'Donnell came to the rescue, and in a very short time swept all the English from the castles of north Connaught, and inaugurated a Burke of his own to govern according to Brehon law. The "relation" appears to have been written shortly after the recall of Sir Richard Bingham, and perhaps as a defence or apology for the atrocities laid to his charge. Whether it be from the comparative youth of the writer, or the nature of the bloody service in which he had been engaged, the narrative is tinged more deeply with ferocity, than the narrative of his own services some twelve years later, which was compiled many years after the general subjugation of Ireland, at the accession of James I.

At the close of the narrative, the Editor gives a genealogical sketch of Sir Richard Bingham's family, which by an unhappy coincidence is connected with some of the most painful passages in Irish story. It epitomizes the

history of more than one locality, which, during the late famine and evictions, witnessed more misery than the sword ever inflicted.

"Sir Richard left no male issue, and the representation of the family devolved on the eldest son of his brother George.

"I. Henry Bingham, Esq. of Castlebar, the son of George Bingham, Governor of Sligo, who was killed in 1595. This Henry was created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, in 1632. He married a daughter of Mr. Daniel Byrne of Cavantecly, a clothier or merchant tailor, in Dublin, and the sister of Sir Gregory Byrne, ancestor of the Baron de Tabley. Sir Henry Bingham was succeeded by his eldest son.

"II. Sir George Bingham, who was succeeded by his eldest son.

"III. Sir Henry, who dying without issue, was succeeded by his half brother.

"IV. Sir George, who was succeeded by his eldest son.

"V. Sir John Bingham. He was governor and representative in parliament of the County of Mayo. He married Anne, daughter of Agmondesham Vesoy, Esq., grand niece of the celebrated Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan. He was an officer of rank on the side of king James, in the battle of Anghrim, and contributed to the success of William, by deserting his colours in the front of the battle. He died in 1749, and was succeeded by his eldest son.

"VI. Sir John—who dying without issue in 1752, the title devolved upon his brother.

"VII. Sir Charles Bingham, who was raised to the Peerage on the 24th of July, 1776, in the dignity of Baron Lucan of Castlebar, and advanced to the Earldom of Lucan, 6th October, 1795. His Grandson is IX. George Charles Bingham, the present Earl of Lucan, who following the example of his ancestors, has removed all the Burkes and O'Malleys off his lands, and commenced a system of agriculture, by which (though he may perish in the attempt, being overwhelmed by the rates necessary to support his hostages detained in the poor law prisons of Westport and Castlebar) he will do more to reduce the Queen's subjects in Mayo, in the reign of Victoria, than his ancestor Sir George, or the governor Sir Richard had done in the reign of Elizabeth."—pp. 228, 229.

Let us hope that the feudalism which has hitherto doomed all tenant settlers in Ireland, sooner or later to the fate of those whom they came to dispossess, may be extinguished before it can involve in similar ruin, the descendants of whatever English families may now be willing to cast their fortunes on the ancient patrimony of the Burkes of Mayo.

Besides the preceding brief genealogical sketch, there

are some fourteen pages of editorial matter, consisting principally of collateral illustrations of the text, taken from the Four Masters. Without intending to underrate the value of these illustrations, it may, perhaps, be open to doubt whether they could not have been dispensed with, and their place occupied by other pieces, either unpublished MSS. or printed works less accessible than the English translation of the Four Masters. Probably there is not a single member of the Celtic Society who has not in his possession, if not Mr. O'Donovan's edition of the Four Masters, at least the English translation by Connellan. A reference to either would direct the reader to the page or year under which the Irish version of Douckra's facts might be found, and would not such reference be enough when the object of the society is not to give editorial compilation, but editorial illustration necessary for understanding the text? A matter of fourteen pages injudiciously inserted in so large a volume might easily be passed over, if we had not more than double that number of nearly the same character appended to the second tract of Douckra. While so many folios of manuscripts are lying unpublished and the distress of the times is paralyzing the efficiency of Irish literary societies, members will be insisting more strictly that the greatest possible quantity of original matter should be given, leaving to better days the elaboration of these materials into a history of Ireland. But the acting members of the society must be the best judges of what their public requires, and the present hint is, with all due diffidence, respectfully submitted to their consideration.

- Douckra's second tract, entitled "A Narrative of the services done by the Army employed in Lough Foyle," illustrates a very important period of the wars of Ireland under Elizabeth. It describes the first permanent settlement effected by the English within the borders of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. These districts had, it is true, professed an occasional nominal subjection to the King of England, but with the exception of a very brief period antecedent to the invasion of Ireland by Edward Bruce, the north-western Irish were really independent. It was from them that O'Neil and O'Donnel drew the hardy warriors, who baffled during nearly ten years the whole power of Elizabeth, and attracted the sympathies of Catholic Europe to the cause of Irish fidelity to the Catholic faith. To effect a lodgement in these territories, and cut off the supplies of



the Irish by sea, Sir Henry Donckra was invested with the command of an expedition in the spring of 1600, the whole country from Lough Foyle to the Bann and Blackwater, being intrusted to his own special government. The expedition, consisting of 4000 foot, and 200 horse, sailed from Carrickfergus on the 6th of May, and owing to unfavourable winds did not make the entrance of Lough Foyle before the 14th of the same month. Having erected a fort at Culmore.

“On the 22nd of May wee put the army in order to marche, and leaving Captain Lancelott Atford at Culmore with six hundred men, to make up the works, we went to the Derry, four miles off, upon the riverside, a place in manner of an iland, comprehending within it forty acres of ground, wherein were the ruins of an old Abbay, of a Bishop's house, of two churches, and at one of the ends of it an old castle, the river Loughfoyle encompassing it all on one side, and a bog most commonly wet, and not easily passable except in two or three places, dividing it from the maine land. This piece of ground we possessed ourselves off without resistance, and judging it a fit place to make our maine plantation in, being somewhat high and therefore dry and healthie to dwell upon; at that end where the old castle stood, being close to the water side, I presentlie resolved to raise a forte to keep our stoore of munition and victuells in, and in the other a little above, where the walls of an old cathedral church were yet standing, to erect another for our future safetie and retreate unto, upon all occasions. The two shippes of warre, therefore, (the country all about us being wast and burned,) I sent with souldiers in them to coast all along the shoare for the space of twenty or thirty miles, and willed wheresoever they found any houses, they should bring away the timber and other materials, to build withall such as they could; and O'Cane having a woode lying right over against us, (on the other side of the river,) wherein was plenty of old growne birch; I daylie sent workmen with a guard of soldiers to cut it downe, and there was not a sticke of it brought home that was not first well fought for. A quarrie of stone and slate we found hard at hand; cockle shells to make a lyme we discovered infinite plentie of, in a little iland in the mouth of the harbour as wee came in, and with those helpes, together with the provisions we bought, and the stones and rubbage of the old buildings we found, wee sett ourselves whollie, and with all the diligence wee could possible, to fortifying, and framing, and setting upp of howses, such as we might be able to live in, and defend ourselves when winter should come, and our men be decayed, as it was apparent it would be: and whether this was the right course to take or noe, let them that saw the after events be the judges of.”—pp. 238, 239.

Thus were laid on the ruins of the ancient abbey and churches of St. Columba, the foundations of the English town of Londonderry, so famous in after years as the war cry of Protestant ascendancy. But all the precautions of Sir Henry, aided even by regular supplies from Dublin, would have been insufficient to maintain his ground, if the never-failing auxiliary of Irish discord had not come to his relief. In a few months, his effective force had been reduced to three thousand, but to compensate this loss, Sir Arthur O'Neale, allured by the promise of the earldom of Tyrone, came over to the English; the example was followed not long after, by some of the O'Dogherties of Inishowen, and by Nial Garbh O'Donnell, (Neal Garvie,) who was promised the chieftaincy of Tyr Connell. By the aid of these deserters, and the landing of the Spaniards at Kinsale, which drew off the two most formidable enemies in the North, Douckra was enabled to hold his ground, and fulfill his commission. The differences between his narrative and those of the Four Masters and Philip O'Sullivan are trifling, a circumstance fortunate for him, as the eagerness with which he vindicates the policy and success of his measures, might have exposed him to suspicion.

His narrative breathes none of that bigotry which is so generally associated with the struggle in which he was engaged. In truth, it would not be easy to ascertain from his tract what religion he professed; and the greatest feat of vandalism recorded by him, was perpetrated (under his orders,) by Niel Garbh O'Donnell. A great number of convents, especially of the Franciscans, remained unmolested through the whole reign of Elizabeth. Of these the most celebrated, was the convent of Donegal, which would seem to have been selected as a repository for the sacred wealth of less fortunate houses, as it possessed in the year 1600 forty suits of vestments, many of which were of the richest and most elaborate materials, and no less than sixteen silver chalices. Taking advantage of the absence of O'Donnell, Douckra planned an expedition to take possession of this convent as a military post.

"I found by O'Donnell's absence, the country behind him was left without guard; the Abbey of Dunegall was kept only by a few fryars; the situation of it very close to the sea, and very convenient for many services, especiallie for a step to take Balbyshannon with—I concluded, therefore, and sent him away (the said Neale Garvie,) with five hundred English soldiers, to put themselves into



this place which they did on the 2nd of August. On the 6th of August, I received a supply of two hundred bundells of match from Sir Arthur Chichester, from Knockfergus, and my lord (Mountjoy) having shortly after performed at Blackwater what his intentions were, according to the opportunitie of that time withdrew his army; and then O'Donnell, with those forces he had, returned and laid siege to those men, which continued at least a month, and in the mean time, on the 19th of September, the abbay took fire by accident or of purpose, I could never learn, but burnt it was all save one corner into which our men made retreate, and through the midst of the fire were forced to remove their provisions of victuell, and the very barrells of powder they had in store. Captain Lewis Oriell, Commander-in-Chief. The face of this night's work, (for the fire began in the evening,) is easier to imagination to behold, O'Donnell's men assailing and ours defending, the one with as much hope, the other with as good a resolution, as the accident on one side, and the necessitie on the other, gave occasion for."—pp. 255, 256.

After the defeat of the Irish at Kinsale, O'Neil, the veteran chieftain, effected his retreat safely to his strongholds in the North. The following extract gives a vivid picture of the natural fortress from which he had so long baffled all the armies sent against him. When one looks at the ordnance map of the county of Tyrone, and finds the whole tract of land, stretching from Dungannon to the Bann, the Blackwater and Lough Neagh thickly dotted with homesteads, it requires no slight effort of fancy to imagine the same tract, such as it appeared 250 years ago to Douckra, from the hill on which he took his observations. The terror of the Irish recreant crew, when they found themselves approaching the last retreat of the greatest of the O'Neil's, confirms what all accounts represent as the almost superstitious power which his name possessed over the minds of his northern countrymen. An enormous sum had been promised for his head, and yet the bravest and most politic of his antagonists complained that there was no chance of having him cut off.

"On the 18th of November, I received an advertisement from Sir Arthur Chichester, that Tyrone had betaken himself to the Glynnnes, and that his opinion was, if hee were well set on by both of us together, his heade might perhaps be gott, or at least he might be driven and forced out of that place; wee discoursed upon it by lettres, and agreed to giv the attempte, and on the 18th of December, with all the forces I was able to make, which was 50

horse, 450 English foote, 200 of O'Caine's, and 100 of O'Dogherty's Kearne, Neale Garvie being then and long before estranged from me, I came to Dungannon, which is five miles short from the entrie of the Glyunes. The first day I lay still and gave advertisement onelie to Sir Arthur Chichester of my coming, whoe was, as I imagined, nowe come to the other side. The next day I went up to a mountain four miles off, where I viewed them with myne eye, and it seemed as wee were tould before, they were 10 myle broad, and 20 myle long, all covered with thick wood: and questioning with my guides about the course I should hould, to make my entry into them, I found nothing but variety and contradiction of opinion, and therefore, the next day after, at night, I appointed Captain Ralph Bingly, with 100 light English, and most of O'Caine's and O'Doghertie's Kearne, to go on as far as they could, and bring me certain word how the ways were. They had not gone above a mile when the Irysh mutyned, and for noe perswation would go any further, and O'Caine's men plainelie broke off and went home to their howses; O'Doghertie's returned to the camp, but firmlie maintained the wayes were not passable. Upon the 23rd, I held a consultation with the captains, and conferred with our guides in their presence, and thus by concurrence of voices wee gathered from them of the most certaintie, that there was noe waye possible to come near to Tyrone, but we must first for one day's journey, abandon all carriadge but what we had on our backes, and incampe one night in the woodes, that at our first entrance wee must pass a brook, which if rayne fell, wee could not repass again till it ceased; that Tyrone lay plashed all around with trees, and had sent most of his cowes to Hugh Gillen. where it would be in vaine to make after them. And demanding their opinions hereupon, they all agreed seeing the Irish soe backward, and these inconveniences withall, it were better to leave good store of Irish to ply him with continual stealthes, and they thought it would weaken him more, and be a safer course, than to attempt him with these mayne forces, and that at the uttermost it could not be above two or three moneths, before of himself he would be forced out of that place to a more open country, where he might be dealt withall better cheape. Yet, if Sir Arthur Chichester thought otherwise, and would on his parte resolve on a day to enter on his side, let them have knowledge of it, and all excuses sett aparte, upon perill of their lives, they would meet him, or lye by the waye. I presentlie sente away my lettres with advertisement of this resolution of theirs, and attending an answeere on the 26th, I received one from him dated the night before, wherein he wrote he had heard but one from mee, and that was at my first coming; wondered at it, and desired to know my resolution, setting down four dayes longer to stay for it, and then if it came not to be gone; whereby it appeared that most of my letters were miscarried; for it was well known there had not one night past after I came, but I writ and made one

dispatch or other to him, and the next day our principal guide (to increase the suspicion,) came away from us and went to Tyrone. Another knowing that thirty cowes were coming to me upon the waye from the Derrey, went and intercepted them, and followed the same waye. A rumor was raised alsoe, that Neale Garvie had preyed the Liffer, and lastlie, our strength was nowe decreased at least fifty men that were fallen sick. The consideration of these thinges added to the former, made us then to send worde again he should not stave upon us, for we were fully resolved to return home; and soe wee did, leaving behind us one hundred Irish, that undertook to be still doing upon him, and presently after placing a garrison upon the Band, (Bann) both to stoppe his traffique that was for many reasanes, that hee could not well live without, as alsoe to prevent his escape by sea, if he should attempt it, as I was crediblie advertised he was in consultation to doe: *besides, I had intertained divers that severallie undertook to deliver me his heade.* I know Sir Arthur Chichester had done the like, and soe attending the opportunitie that time should offer, being come home to the Derrey, this bussines came in my way to deale in."—pp. 264, 266.

After this ineffectual attempt of Douckra and Chichester to capture the veteran chieftain, he succeeded for three months longer to keep his enemies at bay, but the spring promised him no hope of being able to sustain another summer's campaign, the young crops having been all burned down by the enemy, and his herds of cattle either captured, or driven for protection to the mountains which could not afford them subsistence. His faithful adherents had all resigned themselves to fate, and at length he accepted the terms offered to himself, not knowing at the time that the Queen, whose armies he had so often defeated had died, and that the object of the new sovereign, in pardoning and reinstating him in almost all his former authority, was to use him for a time as an instrument to keep Ireland quiet, under the new succession, until a gunpowder plot had consolidated the Stuart's throne, and enabled the faithless James to partition the broad lands of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, among Saxons and Scots.

The sudden change of fortune in favour of O'Neil and O'Donnell, imposed a very disagreeable duty on Sir Henry Douckra. He was now compelled to break all the engagements which he had made with his Irish auxiliaries, and to draw the English sword in securing the rights of those whom he had been commissioned, a few years before, to destroy. It was in vain that he urged the text of his instructions from government, by which he was ordered to

draw over as many of the respectable Irish as he could, and to promise to them on the faith of government, lands under English tenure, independent of the chieftains whom they had betrayed. The answer to all his remonstrances was curt and pithy: the good of the State required the restoration of the earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell. He was compelled, in the first instance, to turn his arms against Niel Garbh O'Donnell, the arch traitor, without whose aid, himself and his gallant soldiers would probably have left their bodies under the ruins of the new English town of Derry. Nial, in his submission, had never dreamed of descending to the rank of a mere British subject: he aspired to the chieftaincy of Tyrconnell, which had been promised to him as the reward of his desertion to the British camp, and that dignity he now resolved to take upon himself, according to the due forms of Irish inauguration.

“Neale Garvie (as I said before,) had a long tyme carried himself discontentedly, estrainged himself from me—hee did openlie and contynuallie contest with mee to have the people sworn to him, and not to the Queene; to have no officer whatsoever but himself, in his country: hee would not suffer his men to sell us their owne goodes, nor work with us for money, nor till or sow the ground anywhere neere us. Now, it fell out that, my lord (Mountjoy) wrote for Rorie O'Donnell (the new earl,) to come to him to Dublin. Heo being in Connaught, desires first to put over his cattle into Tyrconnell; my lord gives him leave, and writes to Neale Garvie, that he shall not molest nor trouble them; and so Rorie takes his journey. He was no sooner gone, and the cattle put over, but Neale Garvie, notwithstanding my lord's command, ceizes them as his owne, under pretents that they were the goods of the country belonging unto him. Complainte made, my lord writes to me to see them restored. I send unto him and he refuseth. My lord upon that, bids mee discharge him of his entertainments, and writes to him without delay, to come to him to Dublin. Hee growes more discontented and deferres his going. Thus it runnes on for at least three moneths together, and neather would he come to me nor my lord, nor by any meanes be perswaded to make restitution. In the ende, he assembles of his own authoritie, all the country at Kilmacrenan, a place where the O'Donnell's use to be chosen; there he takes upon himself the title, and with the ceremonyes accustomed, proclayms himself O'Donnell, and then presently comes to me to the Derrey, with a greater troupe of attendance than at any time before, and they styling him at every word, “my lord.” As soone as I sawe him, I asked him how he was thus suddenlie stept

into the name of a lord ; he told me they called him so because he was O'Donnell. I asked him by what authoritie he was soe, and he saide by my lord deputies ; I badd him make that appear to me and all was well. Heo plucked out a lettre written unto him from my lord, about two yeares before, superscription whereof was this : "To my very loving friende O'Donnell." I asked him if this were all the warrante he had, and he said, yes. I asked him why he went not to my lord all this while, nor came unto me sooner, nor restored Rorie O'Donnell's cattle ; his answer was this, ' You know the whole country of Tyrconnell was long since promised me, and many services I have done, that I think I have deserved it, but I sawe I was neglected, and therefore I have righted myselfe, by takeing the cattle and people that were myne owne, and to prevent others, have made myself O'Donnell : now, by this meanes, the country is sure to mi.'—pp. 266, 267.

But "the country" was not sure to him ; he was threatened with imprisonment in irons ; was compelled to restore all Rorie's property ; and for his treachery to his name had no consolation but that of being the last O'Donnell who received from the Abbot the white wand of sovereignty over Tyrconnel, on the inauguration stone at Kilmacrena. He had no substantial reward save the property he possessed when he first met Sir Henry Douckra, and he died some years later in prison, where he was thrown by those whom he had so faithfully, and for his kindred so fatally served.

The other Irish chieftains who had joined the English, met with similar treatment : O'Dogherty was disappointed in his expectations of the promised chieftaincy of Inishowen : young Turlough O'Neale was told he should be strongly recommended by the Lord Deputy to the mercy of the late rebel, the earl of Tyrone ; and O'Cane found that he should still pay his rents to the same earl.

"In the meane time, my lord Hugh (the earle of Tyrone's eldest son,) and I went home together, and when wee came to the Derrey, I sent for O'Caine and told him what my lord's pleasure was touching him. He began presentlie to be moved, and both by speech and gesture, declared as earnestlie as was possible to be highlie offended at it, argued the matter with mee upon many points ; protested his fidelitie to the state since he had made profession of it ; asked no favor if any man could charge him with the contrarie ; said he had always built upon my promise, and my lord deputie's ; that hee was now undone, and in worse case than before he knewe us, shewed many reasons for it ; and asked if we would

claime him hereafter, if hee followed my lord of Tyrone's counsell though it were against the kinge, seeing he was in this manner forced to be under him. In the end, seeing no remedie, he shaked handes with my lord Hugh, *bad the Devill take all English men, and as manie as put their trust in them*, and soe in the shewe of a good reconciled friendship, they went away together."—p. 277.\*

But the severest trial to which Douckra was subjected, was the personal sacrifices he was obliged to make of his own share of the spoils of war. The salmon fishing of Lough Foyle was to be the reward of him and his descendants for ever, for having planted the English flag on its hitherto independent shores. As soon, however, as the earl of Tyrone had submitted, an order from the Lord Deputy cancelled the grant, and the earl's men had full permission to fish the river. This and other indignities roused the proud spirit of Douckra; he sold his house and three quarters of land which he had purchased, and his company of foot, and his company of horse, for a smaller sum, he protests, than his horse alone had stood him in, and retired from the public service, in which he had played a part, not inferior to that of many others, whose descendants retain to this day the broad acres and populous towns with which they were rewarded. There is an air of honesty and candour in the greater portion of the narrative, that becomes a soldier: but however faithful he may have been to other parts of his instructions, he appears to have sadly neglected the order for *establishing the Christian* religion: his chief performances in that line consisting exclusively of the conversion of some Churches and monasteries into garrisons, which was indeed the only reformation hitherto introduced into Ireland, by the generals and clergy of the great Protestant Queen.

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\* Philip O'Sullivan describes Niel Garh, (Asper) venting his indignation in a somewhat similar strain: "Aspero illæ tantum possessiones quas habuit priusquam ad Anglos defe cerat adjudicantur et baronis titulus offertur. Ille ira percitus titulum accipere noluit et in Iberniam postquam rediit, Dubhlinnæ in senatum ad regium consilium productus, senatores et gentem Anglicam asperrimis verbis exagital, non ab Anglis sed ab ipso, Catholicos fuisse devictos atque debollatos—a consilio et Anglis improbe et perfide cum ipso agi neque fidem impleri." Inde seipsum quod unquam Anglis fidem habuerit execratur, dirisque imprecationibus devout."—T. iii. Lib. viii. cap. vi.



It is true, when occasion required, the conquerors could solemnly protest they had no intention of interfering with religious liberty. O'Neil, in one of his projected submissions, had stipulated on behalf of himself and his adherents, for the free exercise of the Catholic religion, to which an answer was returned with all the imitated air of injured innocence, "that there never had been any intention of interfering with his priests; a proof, says the national bard, Thomas Moore, that religion was not one of the causes of Irish war under Elizabeth; a proof, he should have said, of the unscrupulous mendacity with which the government of England sought to palliate the atrocities perpetrated in the name and for the establishment of the reformed law creed in Ireland. In no place where the English power prevailed, were the Irish Catholics allowed their public worship. The same injustice was continued under James I., and the same indignant denials of any persecution for religion's sake, were made by him and his ministers, and solemnly circulated through the Catholic courts of Europe, with all the pomp of a royal declaration, at the very time when the prisons of Dublin were filled with recusant Catholic mayors, magistrates, and burghers, and when Catholic bishops and priests were hunted down by the government marshals. The same spirit of craft and venom inspired succeeding governments, and appears this day in the person of Whig ministers, who so kindly volunteer their assistance to protect the Irish Catholic against the Pope, and revive by their insulting enactments, but to their own certain discomfiture, a deep and burning indignation, which can be controlled by prudence alone.

We take our leave of the Celtic Miscellany with a sincere wish for the success of the society. As it has outlived the last three years, fatal to so many projects: there is reason to hope that it will not die out, until it has either completed its mission, or at least diffused a taste which will not rest satisfied until the work is done.

- ART. IV.—1. *Public Instruction in France under M. Guizot. Quarterly Review. December, 1848.*
2. *Récit complet des Actes du Gouvernement provisoire; par EMILE CARREY. Paris, Durand, 1848.*
3. *Rapport fait, au nom de la Commission chargée de préparer une Loi sur l'Enseignement, par M. JULES SIMON, représentant du peuple.*
4. *Loi sur l'Enseignement, suivie des Règlements d'Administration publique Décrets, Circulaires et Instructions Ministerielles relatives à son exécution. Paris, Dupont, 1851.*
5. *La Vérité sur la loi d'enseignement, par MGR. PARISIS, évêque de Langres. Paris, Lecoffre. 1851.*
6. *Premier Rapport sur les travaux du Comité de l'Enseignement libre. Paris, Lecoffre, 1851.*
7. *De l'Education, par MGR. DUPANLOUP, Evêque d'Orléans, Paris, Lecoffre, 1850.*
8. *Idées sur l'Education, par un Professeur de Philosophie. Paris, Lecoffre.*
9. *L'Education, Journal d'Enseignement élémentaire, pour les Ecoles et les Familles. Paris, Rue Garanciere, 10. 1851.*

AT the close of the year 1848, the *Quarterly Review* published an article upon *Public Instruction in France under M. Guizot*. The author professed to write it under the immediate inspiration of that celebrated statesman. In France, it was generally believed to proceed from his own pen, and to those who are familiar with his style and productions, the circumstance seems by no means improbable. But whoever may have been the real penman, the paper itself could not fail to call forth great interest, more especially among our neighbours. The reader will not therefore feel surprised that we should place it at the head of our references, when purposing to draw his attention to the state of Public Instruction in France since the law which was voted upon the 15th of March, 1850. That law may be considered as the Magna Charta of French liberty, in regard to Education, for some time to come; against which were brought in array the whole forces of an infidel university, a legion of demagogues, nay, more, the enmity of many eminent Catholics themselves. Down to the present moment, there are not a few

amongst the latter who consider the above measure as a cowardly concession to the bad passions of the age ; whilst on the other hand, a Montalembert, a De Falloux, a Dupanloup, at the head of an intrepid band of staunch believers, maintain that the most has been made of the existing circumstances. Indeed, upon being duly referred to, the Pope himself has issued an answer favourable to the bill, and this alone is sufficient to quiet such consciences as may be over scrupulous upon the subject.

It has been the good fortune of the present writer to pass a portion of his life among many of the distinguished persons who played a prominent part in the late contest ; for years he has enjoyed their confidence, and through their kindness, as well as through means and papers of his, he has been enabled to glean information which otherwise might have been withheld from an Englishman. To both of these sources he intends to refer without hesitation, though at the same time, he trusts, with such discretion as may justify the confidence he alludes to. These observations he feels necessary, however, when about to contradict some of M. Guizot's statements.

It is now well known that when Napoleon founded his new university, he remodelled it in such a way as to mould the rising generations according to his own ideas of military despotism. The establishments which Catholic piety had liberally provided for Education in France had all fallen a prey to revolutionary fury ; and disposing as he did of large resources, the emperor found it no difficult task to ensure an absolute ascendancy to the new-born fabric. Besides this, a true scholar was then a rarity in France ; classical information was indeed at so low an ebb that Cuvier, the man who was the grand tool in this intended restoration, was frequently at a loss to find masters who could accurately write their own language. Such had been the fatal consequences of the storm which, during the short space of ten years, had covered the country with blackened ruins. It became a matter of necessity to select for professors and masters, men who, after giving up their clerical duties, had turned out to be a scandal and a shame to the Church. The hatred which such persons bear to their former profession and creed, is a well-known fact. One instance alone we will quote,—that of Daunou, who acquired great historical eminence. An oratorian when the French Revolution broke out,

he ardently espoused its tenets, and was afterwards named professor of History at the College de France, but carried to the tomb that bitter hostility to the Church which, to the last, he never failed to impart to his numerous auditors. To these circumstances we may, in a great measure, attribute the main feature of the Imperial University. From the very first, it bore the stamp of infidelity: though as long as Napoleon was hurried on through his unparalleled career of victory and conquest, this fundamental deficiency was hardly apparent. Provided the university furnished him with his usual supply of engineers, diplomatists, and agents of all kinds, he was not the man to search into their morals or religious principles. His chief object was to obtain an annual crop of officers to fill up the vacancies made by the bloody hand of war. His views being realized on this score, every other consideration was held in a secondary light by the great warrior of modern times.

But as soon as the Bourbons were restored to the throne, the infidel tendencies of the university were glaring enough. The pupils who yearly issued forth from her grammar schools scoffed at religion as at a superannuated system which had lived out its day, and was only fit for old women or children. Supported both from within and without, the university made use of its influence to grasp political power; it became the grand bulwark of opposition to government from 1820 to 1830: whilst—melancholy indeed is it to say—mere striplings considered themselves as heroes, if they succeeded in giving public and scandalous evidence of the utter contempt in which they held Christian belief of any kind. To produce examples at present, would be merely awakening sad recollections which are better consigned to eternal oblivion.

Such were the results of the system adopted in France, and which has lasted down to the present day. The State University had the monopoly of Education, and hence arose that heinous idea that the State alone was entitled to mould the nation according to its own particular views. The author of the article in the *Quarterly* maintains, that no other system was practicable at the close of the eighteenth century, because, “on the one hand, after, and even before, the year 1789, the sentiments and cast of thought which had mainly given birth to all these (religious) foundations existed no longer in France, or

breathed but feebly ; and, on the other, revolutionary governments and revolutionary legislation absolutely forbade their revival." Now, it is hardly possible to suppose, that M. Guizot should have ignored certain facts which flatly contradict this assertion. Though certainly the revival of monastic institutions was strictly forbidden at the period he alludes to, still a large proportion of the French population fondly clung to so much of religious education as they were enabled to acquire. Notwithstanding the jealous watchfulness with which the Imperial government prevented the Clergy from receiving any other pupils but those who formally engaged to follow a clerical life, there were many families who succeeded in smuggling their children—we must be allowed the expression—into the episcopal seminaries. Again, when under the restoration, the strong hand of power somewhat relaxed on this head, the schools governed either by the Jesuits or other Clergymen were so full that no room was left for new comers. Towards 1828, there were no less than one thousand pupils at St. Acheul, whilst the other establishments of the same kind numbered each between three and five hundred scholars. This we believe to be no mean specimen of what Religion might have even then done for Education in France, had not the jaundice-eyed liberalism of the period, spurred on by the jealousy of the University itself, caused such institutions to be closed, on the plea that they were not conformable to the law of the land.

On the other hand, may we not, in our turn, consider as mere sophistry the above affirmation as to the impracticability of religious educational institutions in France at the dawn of the present century, when we remember the numberless fetters with which the statesmen of the time had shackled the Church? Chain a man down to a pillar within a dungeon, and then tell him to move. Will you not be looked upon either as a madman, or a tyrant deriding his victim? Such was, however, the case with the Church. First of all, we find that the university is made the sole vehicle of instruction to almost every class of society, on pain of forfeiting many advantages important to their future condition in life, and then we are told that religious institutions had become impossible under existing circumstances! Secondly, the State binds the Church to bring up no other pupils but such as intend to

follow a sacerdotal calling, and then again turns round to say : “ Lo ! try now if you can give rise to any establishments similar to those of former times ? ” Can any one in his senses believe the man who wrote the lines we have quoted to be serious, unless he had a particular end in view ?

This was the state of things when the elder Bourbons were hurried from their throne in 1830. Already, however, a re-action had begun on the question of education. M. de Lamennais, in his better days, had spread an alarm concerning the obnoxious tendencies of the monopolous university. A small, but chosen band, formed of Montalembert, Gerbet, Lacordaire, De Caux, headed the movement. Some of those distinguished men resolved to establish a free school in Paris, but their attempt was defeated by the interference of a police officer, who shut up the school. At that very moment, Count de Montalembert was providentially called to a seat in the House of Peers, through the demise of his father, and thus was the case brought before that assembly. We may date from that day the beginning of the crusade against modern infidelity, which has successfully ended in the law of 1850. It was then that the youthful defender of Catholicism in France reaped his first laurels. From that period, day after day, month after month, year after year, has he unflinchingly, strenuously fought out the great battle—sometimes standing alone, at others supported by two or three friends in the upper house, such as Beugnot, and Sauvaire-Barthélemy ;—De Carné, De Corcelles, De Cormenin, among the deputies. By degrees, the episcopacy became ardent in the advocacy of the cause. As religion began to resume her long-lost influence, new adherents flocked around, and the Committee for religious freedom was at last established. The services which it rendered are now familiar to the Catholic world : but brilliant as may be M. de Montalembert’s fate hereafter as a leader in Parliament, or a statesman in the Cabinet, the religious historian will ever dwell with delight upon this period of his lifetime, when at the very outset of his juvenile career, he resolutely espoused the cause of justice, religion, and liberty ;—the cause of the weak against the powerful, of the ignorant against the learned, of the humble believer against the proud and scoffing infidel. We well remember the unfeigned astonishment of the



old Peers, brought up in the shuffling practices of courts, upon seeing him launch out into this new course. There were some who deemed him a madman, others a fanatical bigot, but many more thought him guided by secret motives of private interest. Who has proved the madman at last?

But whilst this was going on, the university was by no means dormant. Freedom of education had indeed been promised by the new charter; but the great object was now to delay, if not to render abortive, the fulfilment of that clause. The spirit of the middle and lower classes, still so inimical to the Church, through the years which followed upon the revolution of 1830, first proved a sufficient barrier against the righteous plea of the French Catholics. When this was exploded as being worn out, the several ministers of public instruction—and M. Guizot among the others—came forth with bills which they knew would be rejected with disdain, as inefficient for the intended reform. But above all, the positive antagonism of Louis Philippe to the measure, was by far the most formidable obstacle. Had he continued to reign, freedom of education would have still been withheld, if it be true that he had pledged himself not to sanction any bill of the kind as long as he should live. Perhaps the real ground of his obstinate resistance was the certainty that a generation brought up under the influence of religious principles would have turned a deaf ear to those solicitations of private and political corruption that formed one marked feature of that prince's reign. Upon that corruption he seems to have rested as on a firm basis of his throne: time has evinced the fallacy of his calculations. But peace be to his tomb! Providence has visited him with afflictions which have descended unto his children's children.

The contest, however, was becoming hotter and hotter on each side. The university felt keenly that the competition of the clergy in the education of youth would finally determine the fall of her influence and power, notwithstanding the numberless means which she disposed of to prop up the old system. Consequently, measures were taken in order to oppose a strong barrier to the rising tendencies: the oligarchial members of the council of public instruction were selected in such a way as to ensure the ascendancy of the university principles, even against

any minister who might show himself favourable to the cause of liberty. Within that council M. Cousin held the sway, and through him, by this small body of eight councillors, the minister of public instruction was himself kept at bay. The latter felt at last the yoke so heavily that, towards the close of Louis Philippe's reign, M. de Salvandy found himself compelled to assert his own constitutional independence, by modifying the organization of the council.

But the most pernicious effects of this system became more particularly manifest in the colleges or grammar schools. Through Cousin's influence, M. Dubois was maintained at the head of the Normal school in Paris, which provided professors for all France. He is well known to be a man of Voltairian principles, and the consequences of his direction may be traced in the fact that, when the late revolution broke out, a large proportion of the pupils enlisted under the banners of Socialism, a circumstance which filled the whole country with dismay. It stands to reason that the professors of history and philosophy generally leaned to that eclecticism which M. Cousin had introduced as the very apex of human wisdom. Under his guidance, some of his more immediate disciples such as Saisset, Jules Simon, and Franck, undertook to publish the principal works of the most celebrated philosophers, with the accompaniment of notes and introductions which seemed destined to breed infidelity within the hearts of such youths as would venture to read them. These cheap publications were ushered into the literary world with due honour and ceremony, and attended with extraordinary success.

But at this juncture, Providence brought down the whole fabric with a crash, that humbled to the dust those who were intent upon rearing it to the very skies. One of M. Cousin's most distinguished pupils, M. Jouffroy, died, leaving behind him some manuscripts on philosophical questions. He had long been a professor at the Sorbonne, and was one of the most popular teachers. His old master offered to revise these manuscripts for publication, but great was his astonishment to find whole pages, wherein Jouffroy lamented, in strong and touching language, the loss of his faith, and the utter inability of his philosophical tenets to determine anything concerning a future state, and the immortality of the soul. This was, indeed, a severe blow. What was to be done? M. Cousin, trust-

ing that he alone was in possession of the secret, boldly decided upon omitting the obnoxious passages. It so happened, however, that M. Pierre Leroux, the celebrated Socialist, and a sworn enemy to the eclectic school, had also obtained communication of Jouffroy's productions. When the spurious publication was issued forth, he immediately wrote a bitter article in the *Revue Indépendante*, in which he restored the suppressed manuscripts. The effect, as well may be imagined, was astounding, and Cousin never quite recovered from the shock. This brought to light several other circumstances of his private life, circumstances which by no means did him any credit. It is, indeed, a curious incident of this remarkable period, that M. Cousin's opponents were secretly abetted by his most favoured disciples, who generally accused him of insincerity, as well as of a constant tendency to acts of arbitrary power.

But still the university did not, in the least, abate its efforts to uphold its monopoly *per fas et nefas*. Obstacles of every species were thrown into the way of those who were desirous of founding new establishments upon the free principle. Clergymen, who had fulfilled all the obligations imposed by the prevailing system, were suffered to wait for years before they could obtain the long wished for permission, too happy, indeed, when they obtained it at all. "Under the late government," says the Bishop of Langres, in a recent publication, "I myself solicited, during no less than fourteen years, the permission to open a private school, upon a most limited scale, though the establishment offered the best possible conditions, and was situate in a part of the country where such a school was decidedly wanted." (*La vérité sur la loi d'enseignement*, p. 46.) And the venerable Bishop adds, that the university had jealously kept to herself the monopoly of these institutions, ever dispensing any exception to the rule with the most sparing parsimony. Now, if such was her conduct towards a man of parts and eminence like Mgr. Parisis, who would believe that her despotism did not weigh still more heavily upon the backs of those who could dispose neither of his means nor interest?

Yet even this was not all. The most influential periodicals and journals teemed constantly with praises of the university; its system was hailed as the offspring of a

genius, unparalleled in any time, as a legacy of that Napoleon who had conquered Europe for France; as a sacred relic of that revolution to which the whole nation was wont to cling with the most devoted fondness. Nay, religion herself was made to chime in with the general outcry against the profane invaders of the *Sancta Sanctorum*. A whole host of chaplains and religious observances within the walls of the schools were brought forward, to show that, even on this score, the university was not behind-hand. Were not the pupils taken to Mass every Sunday? Were they not solicited to go to confession and communion? To be sure, the professor of history and philosophy might have his own private opinions, but *his* was the demesne of science and learning; *his* was not the duty to reconcile philosophical tenets or dogmas with religious practices. The spirit of the age, besides, was decidedly enlisted on the side of the free-thinkers, or, at least, indifferent thinkers: no power under heaven would gainsay such a plain matter of fact assertion as this.

The courts of justice, in their turn, were set at work to protect the laws of the land. It being once admitted that the university was the state itself, undertaking to teach youth, woe to such writers who ventured to deal too roughly with the monopoly! Many an author was prosecuted and fined for publishing *brochures* upon the subject. And as the pertinacious resistance of the Catholics still gained ground, the old cry of Jesuitism and absolutism was renewed, in order to goad into fury, the passions of the multitude. Little did the blind provocators of this tempest imagine that, ere long, they would rue their efforts, by witnessing the overthrow of all they had cherished, supported, and defended. Little did they suppose that in one short year, a throne so long surrounded with approbation, so long upheld by the eminent talents of the most consummate statesmen, would fall to the ground, burying under its ruins their fondest hopes and most sanguine expectations.

The present sketch would not be complete, were we to pass unmentioned what the Orleans dynasty did for popular education. This was more particularly the achievement of M. Guizot, and the principal weight of the article in the *Quarterly Review* bears upon this part of the question. When that able minister undertook the direction of the educational department, the primary schools were in a

most melancholy condition. If one excepts the establishments headed by the Christian Brothers, it will be no calumnious imputation to affirm that the instructors of the people were almost universally below their condition. Many of them combined trades of sundry sorts and kinds with their duties as schoolmasters, sometimes leaving the hammer of the blacksmith, or the form of a tailor, nay, even the tap-room of the publican, for the alphabet and catechism. Too often, indeed, did their conduct offer a scandalous contradiction with their calling, and the author of these lines has some reason to believe that even at the present day, this is no very extraordinary occurrence. Such was the shocking state of things when M. Guizot proposed a remedy. His law of 1833 became the foundation of a better, though by no means a good system, as it enabled the university to stretch her arbitrary sway over the whole population of village schoolmasters and institutions. That such was not the primitive intention of the minister we candidly admit, but the fact shows with still greater evidence, how strongly the monopoly was linked with every part of the social body in France.

According to that law, popular education formed two divisions; the one elementary, consisting of religion, reading, writing, the French language, and arithmetic: the other, of a higher cast, included the elements of geometry, with its application to the uses of life, lineal drawing, surveying, physics, and natural history, the rudiments of the national history, singing, &c.

Every *commune* or parish was to have its primary school. But at the very outset we meet with the startling fact, that a mere youth, eighteen years old, was at liberty to open a school, provided he had undergone an examination before the proper authorities. And as if this were not enough, this stripling is declared to be free from suspension, unless he had been guilty of some gross breach of morality, and then he was brought before a committee, (*comité d'arrondissement*,) to which was entrusted the superintendence of the popular schools. Even after the decision of the commissioners, the delinquent might appeal to the Board of Public Instruction, and the reader is sufficiently aware of the tendencies manifested by that omnipotent body.

Here a question naturally arises: What influence had the parish priest over the whole system? In what degree was

he allowed to interfere? The thirteenth article of the law answers, that in each parish a local board shall be established, with the view of superintending the parish school. The *curé* is one of its members, but as the mayor, usually some ignorant boor, presided, and no less usually sided with the master, who acted as recorder and secretary to his rustic worship, the influence of the pastor was so far neutralized, that he generally abstained from being present at a meeting where he was sure of having to encounter the most decided hostility. Indeed, M. Guizot himself provoked that very hostility, by the language he used in a letter addressed by him to the schoolmasters, on forwarding the bill to them. "Should it fatally happen," says he, "that the minister of religion should abstain from giving the schoolmaster marks of proper regard, the latter is doubtless not obliged to humble himself with a view of re-acquiring it, but he will apply himself to deserve it more and more, through his good conduct, and will know how to wait for it. The success of his tuition must disarm unjust prejudices, whilst his prudence must afford no pretext for *intolerance*. He must avoid hypocrisy no less than infidelity. Besides, nothing is more desirable than union between the priest and the teacher; they are both invested with a moral authority; both stand in need of the public confidence; both may agree to exert over children, though by various means, a joint influence."

Now, disposed as the popular teachers generally were, they considered these words as establishing them upon a footing of equality with the priest, and this principle was indeed strongly inculcated in their minds, during the ordeal they underwent in many of the Normal schools. From several authentic documents in our possession, we gather that such was one of the most fatal and apparent consequences, both of the ministerial letter and the law. In regard to the superintending committees, their watchfulness was next to nothing. A confidential and highly important communication now before us, and sent up to Paris by an official of many years standing, puts forth the fact in a most glaring light. In his eyes, the committees are usually formed of men who are utter strangers to the art of tuition; they consider the masters merely as agents, whose mission is to impart a few elementary notions of instruction; but of the moral influence the latter ought to exert over rising generations, they seem



not to have the slightest idea. This is pushed so far, that a master must be guilty of a most degrading fault indeed, to elicit from the commissioners any measure bordering upon severity. As for the delegates—another class of superintendents—their interference is set down as nought. “During a period of fifteen years,” says the official we are quoting, “not one single delegate has even been elected in my department; in fact, the institution of High Committees, though a fine thing in theory, because the law supposed them to be filled with men devoted to their duties, aware of what is really wanted in popular education, and austere in their habits of life, the institution has ever been attended with the most insignificant results.”

And then the writer goes on to show that every wheel of this boasted machine is utterly powerless to work out its intended destination, so that even such teachers as were really zealous in the fulfilment of their duties, soon fall into torpor and discouragement, from the want of that efficient inspection which might have supported them in their endeavours.

Now, it must be likewise remembered, that these statements do not proceed from one single person, whose opinion may have been biassed by local prejudices. In parts of France, most distant from the place where this gentleman resided, complaints of the same kind were constantly made, and the degradation of the popular teachers had become a subject of dread and disgust for all thinking minds. In another confidential document, penned by one of the most eminent and venerable men in France, who has made the education of the labouring classes the great object of his life, we meet with observations of a similar nature. “The committees,” says he, “instead of assembling once every month, as was required, hardly ever met at all, and consequently the Prefect and his clerks had all the business themselves. Many of the official inspectors, again, were not to be trusted; their mode of inspection was distorted with pedantry and bureaucracy; the conduct of the schoolmasters such, in many cases, that the parishioners evinced the greatest repugnance to receive them, and a no less great alacrity to part with them shortly after they had entered upon duty. In regard to the examinations, the official programme was by far too extensive, as it tended to make every teacher a man of learning, and thus to breed discontent within his breast, when he was once

settled down in a sequestered country village. Besides this, the examinations were conducted in the most arbitrary manner, even when the candidates were laymen, if they did not come from the Normal schools. The teachers were also far too independent—a most alarming evil,” adds the writer, “for on the one hand it obliges a parish to keep a bad schoolmaster, and on the other, he is himself freed from a salutary dependence upon local authorities.”

It would be useless and fastidious to multiply our statements. The reader has now before him evidence sufficient to show how far M. Guizot failed in his attempt to endow France with that moral popular education which it was his view to obtain. By haggling with religion as to her interference with schools, he virtually defeated his own views; by putting the teacher upon a footing of constant defiance with the parochial pastor, he opened the door to that practical infidelity which it was his sincere wish to prevent. In regard to the legion of municipal, departmental, and central authorities, established to nurture and provide for popular instruction, we can assert with reason, that they were totally inefficient to effect their purposes, that they clogged rather than helped the extension of knowledge,—that, above all, they were a real obstacle thrown in the way of those moral influences, without which instruction is but a sham, and education nothing else but cant. Singular though it may appear, yet the several ministers who succeeded M. Guizot in his station, at the head of public instruction, continued to the very last to proclaim the efficacy of the system; and as late as 1847, M. de Salvandy hailed, in magniloquent terms, the gradual progress of the French people in point of morality, intelligence, and information. The official agents of the monarch were thus lulling themselves to sleep by the murmur of their self-given encouragement, when the storm of February, 1848, brought them but too soon back to their own senses.

At the very first outbreak of that revolution which, in a few months, spread over the greater part of Europe, every fraction of the conservative party felt the necessity of combining their efforts to restore something like rule and order. Accustomed, for a long time, to habits of severe discipline, the Catholics soon took the lead in the movement. Whilst many a quondam liberal and infidel crouched before the reigning powers of the day, the latter appear-

ed in the municipal elections, in the clubs, in the national guard, in every place where there was either danger to incur, misrule to repress, or good to bring forth. Headed by their usual and most distinguished leaders, they soon rose to a degree of political eminence, which, since that period, has been constantly on the increase. Thanks to this new incident of the revolution, clergymen and bishops were elected for the constituent chamber. M. de Falloux was singled out for the ministry of public instruction, and a large proportion of religious youths, formerly belonging to the *Cercle Catholique* in Paris, were chosen for their zeal and talent, to fill stations of high trust and importance, either in the magistracy or the public administration. The current of public opinion now ran most decidedly in favour of religious principles. The blow, indeed, had proved a severe one, and many an infidel father have we known who rued the day when he had delivered up his son into the hands of a Voltairian university, that great Moloch to whom had been sacrificed more than one generation. This state of public feeling brought again the promise of a free system of education into the republican constitution, though under the superintendence of the state, it was added, by way of precaution. That this proviso was intended by the republicans to become, in time, a starting point of enslavement for the Church, may be gathered from the strong opposition they offered to the law recently framed upon the subject, as well as from the circulars which M. Carnot, a member of the provisional government, addressed to the primary schoolmasters, previous to the general elections of 1848. His official station at the head of the department of public instruction, made him thoroughly acquainted with their moral dispositions, and he was no less aware that their pecuniary situation would make them the ready tools of those who would flatter their vanity, and show them in the distance a higher remuneration of their services. For it was one of the great errors of the then existing law, to have fixed at 200 francs, or eight pounds a year, the miserable stipend of men who had often large families to support, and who laboured under the greatest difficulties. Now there were not less than 24,000 schoolmasters in France belonging to this class. Accordingly, M. Carnot came forth in the National Assembly, on the 30th of June, 1848, with a decree, purposing to establish a schoolmaster and mistress in every village; a

house, a field, a garden, a good salary, and a pension, were promised to each of them. All the children in France should be compelled to attend the schools, and a charge of forty-seven millions of francs, (about two millions sterling,) should be borne by the state, to defray the expenses of these obligations. M. Carnot acted very wisely in not binding himself to time as to the fulfilment of these wonders.

Indeed, this fine plan was but the continuation of a series of circulars previously issued by the minister, in which he had constantly excited the passions and vanity of the schoolmasters. As early as the 27th of February, 1848, one of these performances, which are hardly less notorious in France than the celebrated bulletins of Ledru Rollin, called upon them to increase as much as possible their own private information. They were not to confine themselves to the instruction they had received in the Normal schools, but every path of science must lay open to their ambition. Mathematics, natural history, agriculture, physics, would soon become a part of their accomplishments. "The interest of the republic requires," says the minister, "that every door of the university hierarchy should be thrown open as wide as possible for these *popular magistrates*."

By another circular, bearing the date of March the 6th, 1848, M. Carnot decided that the schoolmasters should teach the children their duties as citizens, thus introducing the unruly passions of the revolutionary club within the placid region of popular education. They were likewise to expatiate among the people upon their rights and duties in regard to the Republic;—to show their fellow-citizens whom they must elect for their representatives in the forthcoming parliament. "The greatest error," continues the minister, in a well known passage, "the greatest error against which we have to guard our rural populations, is the idea that either education or fortune is necessary to become a representative. As far as concerns education, it is evident that an honest peasant, endued with good sense and experience, will represent far better in the assembly the interests of his class, than a well-informed and rich gentleman (*qu'un citoyen riche et lettré*), who is a total stranger to a country life, or blinded by interests different from those of the great body of peasantry."

This sample is sufficient, we believe, for in the worst

days of the great French Revolution, can we hardly find an instance of such bare-faced sophistry, in which the advantages of ignorance are extolled over the rights of information and good breeding. And could any one be astonished that after similar proclamations, the schoolmasters should have turned mad? Once used as political agents, they launched out into all the varieties that distinguish the roseate Republican from the blood-red demagogue. As their most influential members signalized themselves by their anarchical tendencies, the nation gradually recoiled with horror from the sight, and this contributed perhaps more than anything else, to open the eyes of the French to the glaring delinquencies of the system of national education, which had been strenuously upheld so long. The re-action was universal—and indeed, as is ever the case on such occasions, the innocent suffered along with the guilty, from the general feeling of enmity which arose against this unfortunate class. That in many places the schoolmasters showed themselves, zealous, active, and unassuming, is a fact, which we ourselves have been able to ascertain through most impartial and authentic information; but the day was now against them all. The re-action had really begun:—God grant that it may be a lasting one.

Soon after the memorable insurrection of June, 1848, M. de Falloux became a member of a new ministry, and he, a most religious Catholic, a staunch defender of freedom in education, was placed at the head of public instruction. What could be more significant? From the very first, he considered himself as being called there,—as we have heard him say—for one single object, viz.—that of framing a bill destined to realize the wishes of all sincere Christians on this most absorbing question. To lose no time, he immediately summoned an extra parliamentary commission, so formed, that every opinion was represented within it by its most distinguished members. On one side we find the bishops of Langres, Orleans, Rheims, the Abbés d'Alzon and Sibour, cousin to the Archbishop of Paris; Montalembert, Beugnot, de Corcelles, de Montcuit, de Riancey, de Melun, Michel, Cochin, all ardent defenders of the Catholic opinion;—on the other, Cousin, Thiers, Dubois, St. Marc Girardin, Giraud, who were the efficient protectors of the old university system. At the very same juncture, the national assembly had likewise

elected a parliamentary commission, which was to discuss a bill previously drawn up upon the same subject, by M. Carnot, of which M. Thiers afterwards said that he would overthrow two or three governments rather than allow it to pass. The reporter, M. Jules Simon, is a professor of Eclectic philosophy at the Sorbonne. His report, which was read at the sitting of February 5th, 1849, was but an insignificant modification of the former legislation, and this alone would show what confidence was to be placed in the liberality of the Republicans in regard to education. It is almost useless to add that the above report never became a law of the country, or that every useful clause it might contain was afterwards embodied in the bill, now forming the ground-work of French legislation concerning this most important topic.

Thus, the whole interest of the case and the eyes of the country were concentrated upon M. de Falloux's commission, over which he himself presided. It would be needless to place before the reader the sharp warfare to which the debates of that commission gave rise in the journals of the day;—but as those very debates have never yet come to print, and as we have enjoyed the advantage of perusing some important notes made on the spot, we shall avail ourselves of the opportunity to bring out such facts as may be of interest to an Englishman. Many a severe lesson may be read out of the documents we allude to; never perhaps did appear in more vivid colours, the danger of giving up into the hands of a centralizing government, the soul and intellect of youth.

A circumstance which, from the very first, struck most forcibly the commissioners, was the demeanour of M. Thiers. Instead of meeting in him with a staunch defender of the University, as he formerly had been, they heard him with astonishment proclaim at once his decided hostility to the prevalent system, more particularly in regard to popular education. Throughout the whole discussion, which lasted nearly six months, he invariably attacked it in the most bitter terms. On this new ground, he displayed all the vigour of his powerful intellect, all the poignancy of his keen satire, all the sound reasoning of a real statesman. Cousin, on the contrary, supported by Dubois, no less unflinchingly put forth his arm to defend, as was natural enough, the fond offspring of his own creation, the source of all his influence



and power. The antagonism of these two men became an inexhaustible source of interest and reflection for the by-standers, as if Providence had purposely laid before them the ever instructive lesson of a highly-gifted man, who is terrified into an abjuration of the principles which had hitherto guided his conduct, by the overwhelming tide of Revolutions.

The question was broached at the second meeting of the commissioners (Jan. 8th, 1849), by a general debate upon the subject. How were the rights of individual freedom to be conciliated with the high superintendence of the State? To what extent was that superintendence to reach? In what way again should it be exerted, and by whom? What degree of impartiality could it offer in regard to the capacity, morality, and religion of those who aspired to the calling of a teacher? All these questions and others of no less import which the reader will readily supply, were taken up in a most animated manner. To the objections raised by the champions of the University, M. de Montalembert aptly replied, that the very possession of freedom would precisely contribute to conciliate the rights of both parties, by giving to men of exclusive, nay of extreme opinions—to men who considered Christianity, whatever form it might assume, as indispensable, and as no less indispensable, the possibility of choosing for their children that education which they thought most proper.

And here it was that M. Thiers assumed the position which he ever after maintained. “The Revolution,” said he, “had given rise to new duties. Was it possible to allow a Proudhon, a communist, an Epicurean, to become a teacher of the people? I say *this*,” continued he,—“just the same as in former times, there existed a sort of philosophical hypocrisy, so now a days we have to meet a new peril of portentous magnitude, and the first thing we have to do is to begin with the schools. For my part, a conversion has come over me:—I am of opinion that the interests defended by M. de Montalembert must be respected, and hence I conclude that *doctrines* of some kind or other we are bound to have on this head. But then, has society at large a right to profess them likewise?”

This was answered in the affirmative even by M. Cousin, though he contended that the law of 1833, was sufficient to meet all exigencies. “As for religion, the schoolmaster had but to make the children repeat the catechism, and

the Scriptures, which he might likewise expound in an edifying manner. If this had not been the case of late, it was simply because the University discipline had been forcibly relaxed. But even now, when there was any ground for alarm, were not the mayor and the priest ready at hand; and supposing the proper committee once informed of the fact, could the latter not impart the remedy?"

It is easy for the reader to see through the flimsiness of this mode of reasoning. M. Cousin was perfectly aware that the very guarantees intended by the law of 1833, were null and effete; he was perfectly aware of the sheer impossibility in which they stood of doing any good, or putting an end to any harm. The late elections, in which the schoolmasters had played such a conspicuous, such a lamentable part, proved this beyond dispute.

Upon perusing attentively the documents now before us, we are particularly struck with a circumstance which proclaims more eloquently than anything else, the real state of French society. Whether Cousin, Dubois, or Montalembert, or Roux Lavergne are speaking, they all agree in one thing,—the total disruption of family ties within the body-politic, and the folly which prompted both university, government, and public or private teachers of all descriptions, to lift individuals out of their class, by showing them in a mazy distance a dazzling goal, to attain which they were to sacrifice every noble inspiration of the human heart. This, this is proclaimed the great, the momentous, the gigantic evil of the day,—and against *this* must be levelled the effort of every true patriot. On one occasion more especially, this feeling breaks out from M. Thiers, in a most melancholy tone:—

"For my part," says he, "I am much alarmed at the state of society, and our danger is far greater than we imagine. Truly we have lately won a victory, but what security is there in that against the future? Something has indeed been done, but much more still remains behind. We must be bold, very bold, as to the remedy, for bold we have a right to be. Our former quarrels are all over. Two bodies present themselves, the clergy and the university. I supposed the former desirous of encroaching upon the rights of the latter: I was against this tendency. But now, now we have been vanquished. We have no more to decide whether we are to grant, or not to grant freedom of education; liberty we *must* have, liberty we *will* have. In my opinion, I should like to see the alliance, the coalition of the above two bodies for our common

defence. Doubtless the law of 1833 contains many good things, but it is inefficient. Here are two men, the one a layman, the other a priest, who has eight hundred francs a-year, and often less. The priest is resigned to his humble competency; the layman, on the contrary, is an enemy to the priest and to society. And to be sure, he must be strong, indeed, brought up as he is, not to hate society. When M. Carnot introduced his bill, I was struck with horror, for I saw before me 37,000 Socialists, 37,000 anti-curates, 37,000 preachers of Socialism and Atheism. Our first measure must thus be to bring primary instruction within narrow limits, and if it could be imparted by the parish priest, so much the better. Reading, writing, and casting up an account, is quite sufficient. It is the same with morality as faith, it must be forced into the heart, and we should act like madmen were we to argue about morality. We ought to strengthen clerical inspection, the curate must have that influence which he now has not. We have been told that here below, everything runs according to chance—an allusion to words attributed to M. Marrast. We have been told that everything is right, provided it gains its object, that the rich alone withhold from others the enjoyment of riches; that every one will be happy when everything is overthrown. But there is another philosophy which hath said, *Learn to suffer here below*. For my part I know none better.”

In this way did the former minister of Louis Philippe reason, declaring that instruction must neither be gratuitous, nor obligatory, but reserved to those who could afford to pay for it. He inveighed with bitter sarcasm against that smattering learning which only contributes to make a man discontented with himself and others. When once on this track, he was carried so far by his feelings, that one of the most eminent Catholic members was obliged to interrupt him by saying that he would at last bring back the nation to be a set of barbarians, and that nothing could be more foreign to the spirit and opinions of the Church in all ages. The warmth of the debate reached the utmost lengths, and we do not feel ourselves authorized to repeat many an expression which would startle the reader. Suffice it to say, that the fear of present dangers, and the appalling consequences of the doctrines which had so long reigned paramount over French Society, were exposed in all their ghastly nakedness. In the midst of these heated and contending opinions, M. Dupanloup, the bishop of Orleans, interfered with the authority of his well earned influence, and greatly contributed to settle the question of gratuity.

“He was a decided partisan,” he said, “of a gratuitous education, but at the same time it ought neither to be lavished nor imposed upon those who benefit by it, and a religious education was, moreover, an indispensable requisite. Has the state really a soul, as we have just heard? It is a question I shall not determine; but at any rate, a regular authority must exist, and the men invested with that authority have their duties. And what are those duties? We must neither lessen nor exaggerate them, for by exaggeration we shall produce a bad fulfilment of those duties, and at the expense of the true duty. By exaggeration, the state will prevent those upon whom such obligations may fall from going through them. Thus, for instance, it is the duty of every individual to labour, but if the state undertakes to supply him with that labour, the individual will sink into idleness.

“Now, a fundamental distinction has been omitted. Essential duties and essential rights are correlative to each other; a duty without a right is an utter impossibility. A duty and a right are both of the same nature; if the duty be rigorous, the right is likewise so; if not, the right is not rigorous. Absolute duties give birth to absolute rights; from imperfect duties proceed imperfect rights. Whatever is essential to the nature of men and things, gives rise to absolute rights and duties; but whatever is merely useful or beneficial, to imperfect rights and duties. The former are embodied in the laws, the latter are not. When in the laws, they are introduced under the protection of the sword; the latter, on the contrary, are merely a matter of moral appreciation and propriety.

“Thus, justice is absolute, charity is not. What is essential to the very existence of society is embodied in the law, and it becomes our duty to repress any infringement upon it. Such, for instance, is robbery. If the case be otherwise, no law interferes, unless it be to offer assistance and a tutelar intervention. Now, what is the duty of the State? Is it not to maintain public order, to protect, to ensure the public service, to guard the public interest, to offer a common guarantee to private interests? Thus, again its duty is to protect our lives, not to make us live; to protect our labour, not to secure us labour. No: it is not bound to have both virtue and merit for all; the State must not substitute its own virtues, its own duties, for the virtues, for the duties, for the resources of every individual.

“But still there *are* duties not to be found in the laws, imperfect duties which we strive to fulfil with all our might, with our whole energy. Of that kind is the duty of imparting instruction. As for the Church, she never considered as one of her duties to deal out primary instruction, except in regard to the catechism; because reading and writing are not essential to salvation: yet, notwithstanding this, she was ever favourable to instruction, because she deemed it favourable to civilization, though at the same time she

studiously grounded that self-same instruction upon a religious foundation.

“And lastly, I conclude by saying, that gratuity may be a mere fact stated in the law ; but as it proceeds from no duty, so it will establish no right.”

This masterly improvisation, of which we have endeavoured to give the pith and gist, carried away all opposition, and the principle of gratuity was adopted as a boon, when feasible, but not as an obligation of the State. Shortly after, the Commissioners plunged into the practical part of the business, and as most of the dispositions adopted within its bosom, after the most mature deliberation, have now become the law of the land, it will be better to give a brief analysis of the new regime of which France is now making a trial. Besides, our chief aim in quoting the preceding debates is attained if we have succeeded in showing what deep, what ardent passions were at work behind the scenes, as also, to what a height the evil itself had at length reached.

After a serious perusal of the law upon public instruction which at present rules French society, every reflective mind is particularly struck with one strong feature that seems to pervade the whole. Its principal object was obviously to conciliate the antecedent system of a monopolous University with the new-born principle of freedom. When abuses are inveterate, it is no easy task to eradicate them completely. It is with the diseases of the body politic as with those of the human constitution,—a transitory, and, as it were, an accidental complaint, is overcome with comparative facility by the physician ; but in cases of chronic disorders, deeply rooted in the frame, and having become a sort of second nature with the patient, a long and tenacious course of medicine can alone conquer the morbid germ, if, indeed, it ever succeeds in expelling it from the system. France has been for years, nay, for ages, accustomed to look up to Government for every measure of importance which interests her moral, intellectual, or material condition. This has become such a marked trait in the French character, that what elsewhere is undertaken by individual energy and enterprize, is expected among our neighbours to proceed from the initiatory impulse of the State. So very predominant is this tendency, that we have ourselves heard M. de Falloux complain, in a large and emi-

nent assembly of Catholics, of their backwardness in supporting their religious establishments of education, and the folly which prompted them to send their children to the University schools, *because the latter enjoyed the protection of the State*. That such a tendency has, more particularly of late, been highly detrimental to France, and occasioned more than one revolutionary catastrophe, there can be no doubt whatever. But though her lawgivers and statesmen may bitterly lament this state of things, it is ever their duty to keep it in view when they are about to legislate for their country. Hence, we believe, arose those numerous impediments by which freedom in regard to education is still clogged in France. Its most fervent devotees were obliged, as it were, to inoculate liberty as a sort of curing virus, and in small quantities, into the general system, leaving to time, and to the remedy itself, to work out their own effects. This view of the subject may account for the strong opposition that the measure has had to encounter from many staunch Catholics, who considered it as being too restrictive of liberty. This may likewise afford us a clue to the hesitation which the Bishop of Langres, for instance, manifested, when he voted for a law in some respects obnoxious to his feelings as a christian and a prelate. But in this view, we have also the secret motive which prompted the conduct of those members who both proposed and defended the bill. The English reader will, therefore, do well to bear it in his mind, when dwelling upon the question.

The present law of Public Instruction contains two great divisions:—primary and secondary instruction. Within both, it introduces the new element of freedom, by infusing within the whole body numerous representatives of religion and of the family, as being the two great foundations of society.

In the first place, the Board of Superior Assessors, serving as a permanent council to the minister, instead of being formed of men solely chosen among the professors of the University, and limited to eight in number, now amounts to twenty-eight councillors, out of whom seventeen are named by election for the period of six years. They are also liable to re-election. Among them we find four Archbishops, or Bishops, two Protestant ministers, an Israelite, three Councillors of State, three members of the supreme Court of Cassation, and three members of the



Institute. The President of the Republic has a right to select three head masters of Free Schools to sit in the Board. So much for the share of liberty. On the other hand, the interests of the university are represented by eight councillors, who continue to form a permanent section.

This Board holds its meetings four times a year, in Paris, under the presidency of the minister. The whole course of their proceedings might be called, with no impropriety, the Grand Education Assizes.

“The superior council,” says the fifth article of the law, “may be called upon to give its opinion upon projects of laws, regulations, and decrees relative to instruction; and generally upon all such questions as the ministers shall submit to its deliberation. It is necessarily called upon to give its opinion—upon regulations concerning the examinations, and programmes for the course of studies in the public schools, concerning the *surveillance* of free schools, and, in general, upon all decisions concerning establishments of public instruction ;

“Upon the foundation of the faculties, and colleges, (grammar schools ;)

“Upon the assistance and encouragement which are to be granted to free institutions of secondary instruction ;

“Upon such books as may be introduced into the public schools, and on those which ought to be prohibited in free schools, as being contrary to morality, to the constitution and the laws.

“The council issues its paramount decision upon all sentences pronounced by the academical councils in the cases determined by the fourteenth article of the present law.

“Every year the council presents to the minister a report upon the general condition of instruction, upon the abuses which may arise in educational establishments, and upon such means as may afford a remedy thereto.”

The above article is highly important, for it contains the nucleus, it forms the scaffolding of the whole law. Upon this main-spring of the Superior Council depends the working of the entire machinery. With its three constitutive elements of election, deliberation, and judicature, the Superior Council may be termed a diminutive parliament, in which the vital interests of education are solemnly discussed and decided.

Another most radical alteration effected by the new law, is the establishment of eighty-six departmental academies, instead of the twenty-seven that precedently existed. The

primitive idea originated, we believe, with M. de Falloux, and gave rise to great opposition on the part of the Catholics. They imagined that it would lead to the aggrandisement of the university's power; and this might certainly have been the case, had the rectors of those academies been invested with the same omnipotent sway which they enjoyed under the former system. But here again we find an organization similar to that which characterizes the Superior Council. Every local academy is provided with a Council of Assessors, formed of the prefect, the bishop, or his delegate, of members of the clergy, the magistracy, and the council general of the department, whose influence and high station contribute to control the Rector in the fulfilment of his duties. Their decisions in regard to the local schools of the department are no less binding than those of the Superior Council, to whose supreme power recourse may be had, however, in case of need. Annual reports are addressed by these departmental academies to the minister, who transmits them to the Council.

Down to the present moment, there is no reason why this complicated machinery should not answer its purposes. The tide of public opinion on the one hand, and the fear of the Supreme Council on the other, has generally induced the Rectors to enter resolutely upon their duties in such a way as to effect a reform in the colleges, and more particularly among the popular schoolmasters. From all we have seen of their reports to the central administration, and their circulars to subaltern agents—and we have seen not a few—one can easily trace the influence of the close watchfulness of those who are placed by them to help them in their duties. Besides, as many of these Rectors are new men, and of sound religious principles, both from conscientious feelings and motives of personal interest, they are disposed to do their best. So far as this goes therefore, we may deem the great work of Reformation to be upon a good footing. The other official agents, such as the general and local inspectors, are now more or less dependant upon the Superior Council, a circumstance greatly contributive to excite their zeal and energy.

If from the upper regions of public instruction in France, we descend into the interior organization of the law, we find that the popular schools form two great classes—the communal and free schools. The former are official establishments, authorized and supported by the parish;

the latter are the result of individual energy; but the tutors in both are obliged to undergo an examination before competent authorities; both are liable to various sorts of inspection. The yearly allowance of no communal or parochial schoolmaster can be less than £30, (600 fr.), and in towns it rises to much more. If the parish cannot eke out the stipend, the department comes forward to make out the sum from its own resources, and if even this fails, government is bound to furnish the surplus. By this means, every master is sure of a decent competency; and, consequently, the law requires that he should give himself up to no trade whatsoever, though he may add a trifle to his income by acting as recorder to the mayor, and by chaunting at Church on Sundays and festivals.

Great care has been taken to subject the popular schools to minute inspection. They are visited several times a year by the official agents of the academy, and every three months by delegates chosen among the most influential and intelligent persons of each canton. We now have before us several circulars addressed to these delegates by the Rectors, who require that they shall closely investigate the religious, moral and scientific condition of each school, as well as of the man who directs it. A *curé* is always, by right, a member of this delegate body, and as it in no way is dependant upon the central administration—as again, the delegates really form a free-working agency in the whole system, representing as they do the interest of each family in the well-being of schools—it is easy to see that, if they consider their duties in a serious light, they may gain great influence over popular education at large. We should even be disposed to affirm, that the result of the experiment now going on in France, will, in a great measure, be decided by the activity and zeal of these delegates. Should they lapse, as they did before, into apathy and negligence, it will be all over, we fear, with the faith and morals of the forthcoming generation.

Another great innovation concerns women. Heretofore, they underwent a public examination, a circumstance which sometimes exposed their modesty to the sneers and smiles of those who attended the examinations, and likewise frequently made them liable to fail in their attempt from the effects of constitutional timidity. This has been done away, and at the same time the credentials granted

by superiors of religious corporations to their nuns, will be held as a sufficient proof of capacity.

Such are the main features of the actual French legislation in regard to popular education; and we must now turn our eyes to secondary instruction. The reader is well aware of the terrible evils which prevailed in this department. It was impossible to explode them at once, for the remedy lies more in the influence of religious and moral instruction than in anything else. This must be the work of time and persuasion, not of legislative intervention. The only object that could really be attained, was to put an end to the monopoly of the university, without breaking down its own establishments, which would have given rise to an accusation of tyranny. This has been accomplished by introducing one great principle within the law. Though every person intending to set up a grammar school, must undergo a certain ordeal, and have taken a degree of bachelor of arts to prove his capacity; that once done, he is totally independent of the State, unless one considers as a fetter the necessity of submitting to a sort of a sanitary supervision. Be a man a priest, a Jesuit, a bishop, or a simple layman, provided he regularly proves his capacity as a teacher, he is at liberty to establish as many seminaries as he pleases. The immediate consequence of this is, that every department may, if it chooses, deliver up its colleges or schools into the hands of any fit person who shall offer better conditions of morality, economy, or scientific acquirements than those who previously directed these establishments. We shall soon see how much good has already been wrought by this most simple measure, which restores liberty to the enjoyment of its legitimate rights.

The reader has now before him the principal outlines of the French law. It has been working and bringing out its natural consequences a little more than a year. Though this is but a short time, whether in favour or against the experiment, still there are data sufficient to throw some light upon its definitive results, should it be allowed fair play. The first thing which strikes us is the strong tide that from that moment has run in for the promotion of religious institutions. Though the French clergy was ill prepared for the exigencies of the case, the people impelled its members to open new schools, and those already existing were immediately

crowded to excess. Many of the provincial colleges have been handed over to the diocesan bishops, who are left at liberty to remodel them, and choose such teachers as they may please. The towns in which these institutions exist find a twofold advantage in this: firstly, they are secure of a sound religious education for youth; and secondly, their expenses are far less than when these schools were under the immediate sway of the university, though usually they did but little credit, even in a scientific sense, to the rule of that body.

On the other hand, the Jesuits have founded no less than thirteen schools, which are mostly open to daily pupils, and they have been obliged to refuse many offers of the kind. This is certainly a most significant circumstance, and a tolerable answer to the hue and cry which was set up against those venerable men at the close of the late monarchy.

But a fact still more glaring, is the disgust with which parents turn away from the university schools. In Paris, the latter have lost nearly one-half of their former pupils, and of course the proportion is still larger in the provinces. We could name one metropolitan college that is kept up this year merely because the government has supplied a large sum of money, in order to meet this untoward circumstance. Now, this institution has ever been famous for the proficiency of the students in mathematics, and a large proportion of those who prepared for the Polytechnic and military schools yearly flocked to its classes. But it was likewise no less notorious for the turbulent and irreligious dispositions which reigned within its walls.

Another no less remarkable fact is the removal of M. Dubois from the direction of the Normal school in Paris. The university has found out at last, that parents are frightened at the prospect of seeing every year a phalanx of infidel or even socialist teachers, emerge from that establishment, and spread their fatal doctrines through the whole country. The gentleman who has succeeded to M. Dubois, is, we learn, a man of unflinching principles in regard to religion, and intent upon effecting such reforms as he shall deem proper. It was only on this condition he consented to accept his new station.

However, no one could expect that such a powerful body as the University should tamely submit to the influx of

liberty introduced into the new legislation of France as far as concerns education. Both in the offices of the Ministerial department in Paris, and throughout the whole hierarchy of university agents, there prevails a systematical though secret opposition to the application of the nascent system. M. de Falloux himself had frequently to encounter this bitter feeling of hostility to his designs during his short-lived but useful administration; and since he resigned office, his successors have all, more or less, manifestly yielded to the suggestions of their official advisers. This is very apparent in the host of restrictive regulations which are constantly issuing from the *bureaux*, with a view, one would imagine, of crippling the new-born infant in its cradle. The University seems determined upon rendering the actual experiment abortive; so far indeed have things gone in this way, that one of the most distinguished and practical men in France wrote up lately to a member of the *Comité de l'Enseignement Libre*: "I consider the law as completely buried under the huge heap of ministerial regulations with which it is clogged. One might say that the law has been literally killed." Though there may be some little exaggeration in this, still it becomes the evident duty of the committee, to balk this pernicious tendency at its very origin; and, thank God, we may trust to the energy of M. de Montalembert and his friends to gain their end.

The above facts are certainly not the result of the law itself, but arise rather from its natural and obstinate opponents; however, it is but fair to show what are its real deficiencies, as they form the main ground of the opposition it has had to encounter from many Catholics. In this we cannot do better than follow the statements of the Bishop of Langres, in a publication bearing the title of "Truth as to the Law on Instruction." (*La Vérité sur la Loi de l'Enseignement.*)

According to the venerable bishop, the State still preserves by far too great an influence. Though the University could not be annihilated, no one can consider it otherwise than as an enemy to the Church; and, therefore, it would have been requisite to deprive that body both of its power and sway over education. This, however, has not been done, for the University maintains her ground in every direction; within the superior council, within the provincial academies, within the very sphere of primary instruction, through her different agents. Again, the



State is represented within the superior council by a permanent section of members, all belonging to the University, who alone receive salaries, who alone are constantly at work, who alone are thoroughly versed in the wear and tear of business, who alone are entrusted with the executive part of the law, and thus are sure of gaining, in the long run, a monopolising ascendancy.

Secondly, had the prescriptions of the Constitution been followed, it would have been requisite to use the word *surveillance*, instead of *inspection*, to characterize the interference of the State in schools, either public or private. But the latter expression having been adopted, it remains to ascertain how far this inspection may become fatal to liberty.

The law states, that *morality, health, the constitution, and the laws* are the objects of the above inspection. The Bishop attacks the vagueness of these expressions. For instance, is a sceptical system of philosophy to be included within the term of morals as well as revelation? Under pretence of health, (*hygiène*,) may not likewise a free establishment be subjected to such alterations as will render competition altogether impossible? Another instance occurs:—The head master of a school is aware that an inspector is about to report upon his institution; will not this induce him to court the inspector's good will, by giving to the education of his pupils a tendency much less truly Catholic than might be desirable? And if the inspector's visits are frequent, as must necessarily be the case, will he not thus exert an almost irresistible pressure over the school? The Bishop of Langres considers this as one of the great faults of the law, and particularly when one remembers that the inspectors are named by the minister, the natural representative of political parties, and not by one of the local councils as he would have deemed it expedient.

Mgr. Parisis then puts the question: What was the true motive which induced the law-giver to establish such a numerous army of inspectors? His answer explains the whole spirit of the law, and, therefore, is well worth quoting more fully

“There is no ill will,” says he, “in regard to the Clergy among the men who framed and supported the bill. Whether the feeling may one day re-appear, is a thing we leave to the secrets of Provi-

dence ; but that it *does* not at present exist at the bottom of their souls, is a fact which we can affirm, and this assertion is the result of our deep conviction and observation.

“As to suspicion, no—there is none against us ; but it does exist against the condition of the country, oh yes—indeed there it does exist, and that suspicion breathes through the whole operation.

“We have been told, and told a hundred times :—

“No,—Liberty is not to be feared in *your* hands, but we cannot give it unbounded to *you*, without granting it equally to others who do not deserve it, and would make of that liberty a use most baneful to society. You see it your own selves ; the enemies of order are numerous ; they threaten the whole world with a catastrophe which would, perhaps, be unparalleled in the annals of mankind ; and we are aware that in every condition among these enemies, there are teachers of youth, or men whose duty it is to form the rising generations for good, but who, on the contrary, direct them towards evil.

“Well now, you, the priests—you, the apostles of virtue and truth—you are bound to wish no less than we do the destruction of such a shocking evil. Help us to avert this scourge, to turn away this mortal poison from the lips of those children so dear to your hearts. And, as we can do so only by general measures, apparently destined to bear upon you, though in reality they are not, allow us to add new strength to the organization of that vigilance which has become more than ever the sacred duty of every statesman.”

Such is the plan which was set forth in order to justify the enthrallments which are still evident in the new system, and most certainly the Bishop of Langres has, by no means, lessened their weight and value. This weight must have been great, indeed, to induce him to vote, notwithstanding, for the law ; for after all, in his publication, he sums up likewise the advantages accruing from the measure, and evidently leans in favour of its adoption. Such a tendency in a prelate so truly conscientious in the fulfilment of his duties, and so prudent in the direction of worldly affairs, is very remarkable indeed. And if this be the case, is it astonishing that the Holy See should have given its approbation to a bill which does away with an enormous quantity of evil, though it neither can nor does profess to remove all ?

Were not the subject of such high interest to every Catholic reader, we should apologize for the length of the present article. But there are things which require to be exposed at full length, and in the present case the view of

the enormous difficulties, besides the bad consequences which have attended the French system of centralization and government influence over public education, may be, by no means, unprofitable to Englishmen under actual circumstances. France has been punished, through a most tremendous revolution, for all her previous delinquencies and her infidelity. Providence has been obliged, as one of her statesmen lately said, to take the government of the nation into its own hands; but how long can this continue, or is it to be expected that it should continue? In events like these we may read a lesson of what awaits ourselves, should we suffer secular instruction to take the lead of religious education; were we to allow a system of government indifference to supersede the dictates of Christian revelation; ere long, *revolution* would likewise stare us in the face.

Again, it must be remembered, that in the midst of the universal revolutionary earthquake, God had previously prepared for France a whole generation of truly Catholic patriots and statesmen, who came forth in the hour of need, facing, by turns, with their impassioned eloquence, with their personal intrepidity, with their judicious measures, the whole army of anarchists. But once more we say that resources like these are not always forthcoming, and mad, indeed, would be those who could reckon upon them.

Thus, as far as we can judge of the whole, the new law has wrought great ameliorations, and may give rise to others still more important, as the signs of the times are in favour of religion. The reader has already seen the immediate effects of the above measure upon schools in general; but another circumstance is well worth observing. The French clergy seems roused to a deep sense of its present duties; it leaves no stone unturned in order to meet the exigencies of the moment, and to bring in new reapers for the unexpected harvest. Ecclesiastical normal schools are in the way of being established in several seminaries, to prepare young professors for secondary colleges. The archiepiscopal institution, at the *Carmes*, in Paris, begins to attract great attention. The piety of the students, together with their literary accomplishments, form a high contrast with the spirit of the infidel normal school belonging to the university. This is, of course, fair play, as many an official examiner is obliged to admit.

The religious press is likewise teeming with productions

upon the same subject. Mgr. Dupanloup has lately published a work upon education, which has elicited universal admiration for its sound principles and attic elegance of taste, whilst another clergyman has also come forth with a very spirited *brochure*, in which he offers to the public his *Ideas upon Education*, ideas which are the result of long-earned experience. On the other hand, popular instruction is not forgotten. Several laymen of talent, among whom figures M. Michel, an old friend of the celebrated Father Girard, of Friburg, in Switzerland, have undertaken to publish a monthly periodical, for the instruction of the country schoolmasters. The seven first numbers are full of excellent advice on primary tuition in every direction, and throughout the whole there breathes a genuine Catholic spirit. The *Education*—such is the title of this review—seems destined to do great service to the cause, for one may say with truth, that not one single periodical of the kind existed in France. All other journals belonging to this class are merely the speculations of booksellers, more or less dependant on the university. Besides, the price of subscription is so low, as to place it at the disposal of all schoolmasters if they please.

We are, therefore, justified in repeating that the new law has generally answered the expectations of those who proposed and defended it. Notwithstanding all its deficiencies, it has put an end to many prejudices in regard to religion; it has taken advantage of the favourable impressions of the day; it has overthrown a great portion of that despotic sway which had hitherto proved so baneful to France; it has enabled new and free establishments to arise, that would otherwise have been utterly impossible; it has given birth to a system destined henceforth to grow and prosper, if the French Catholics take care of themselves; it has finally called forth a spirit of competition with the university, that no one could now extinguish, and thus prepared for another generation a ground upon which it may take a firm stand and achieve still greater, still better things. All this is certainly something substantial, something practical, and gratitude is due to those who have done so much for their country, with such insignificant means in their hands, nay, with such a warm opposition against them. That they may be rewarded with gratitude, ought to be the wish of every true Catholic, and is certainly the sincere desire of the present writer.

ART. V.—*Cases of Conscience, or Lessons of Morality.* For the use of the Laity; extracted from the Moral Theology of the Romish Church. BY PASCAL THE YOUNGER. London: Bosworth, 1851.

THIS miserable production, miserable alike in tendency, in spirit, and in execution, has, at any rate, the advantage, in the eyes of a Catholic, that it carries its refutation in its very title. Its title, in fact, is a faithful representation of its argument, and that argument, besides the many incidental flaws by which it is vitiated, is from beginning to end a fallacy; the common fallacy, we will add, of all writers who have attempted to implicate in the charge of laxity, the moral theology of the great Jesuit school. And before entering upon the exposure of the present work in detail, we shall endeavour, with as little of theological technicality as possible, to give our readers an idea of this *πρῶτον ψῆνδος*, this elementary false assumption which runs through all the popular attacks upon the Confessional, and of which even Catholics themselves, especially those of the Gallican opinions, have not been always careful to keep themselves clear.

It appears, then, to be taken for granted by these objectors, that “Cases of Conscience” and “Lessons of Morality,” are one and the same thing. They confound, that is, the moral theology of the Church, which is altogether remedial of sin already committed, with her moral teaching, which is directed to the formation of character. It is indeed wonderful, (unless the explanation of the fact be sought in wilful oversight,) that they should so entirely forget the frequency with which our ordinary spiritual writers, as well as our theologians, describe a confessor under the name of a “physician.” It is equally strange, that men professing a reverence for the text of Scripture, should wholly ignore the words of our Blessed Lord Himself: “They that are sound need not a physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the just, but sinners to penance.” Our readers will better understand the distinction we mean to express, if we put a couple of parallel cases, drawn from the practice of the world.

Our first analogy shall be derived from the quarter to which both the Gospel and the Church direct us to look for the illustration of the priests' office—we mean the department of medical science and practice. A physician, in the words of our Lord Himself just quoted, is not for the sound but for the sick and the sickly. A healthy man indeed may go to his doctor for *direction*, but this is a distinct and special department of a physician's duty. Medical treatises are but incidentally concerned with it; their *object* is to suggest methods, not for the preservation of health, but for the alleviation of disease. It is just the same in the case of our moral theology, the end of which is, the restoration of the penitent from the state of sin into which he has unhappily fallen, to the state of grace which he has forfeited. Sin, (in the language again of Holy Scripture,) is the "disease," the state of grace is the condition of spiritual health, and the sacrament of penance is the ordained means of recovery. The Confessor, like the physician, is bound by the obligations of his office to get his patient out of trouble as well as he can; and treatises of moral theology are his guides as to the most approved method of doing his work. But as the physician has bodily health for the subject matter of his profession, so a priest has spiritual health for that of his vocation, (so far as men are the objects of it,) and as the physician, therefore, is at times a counsellor of the sound, to prevent their becoming ill, a confessor is also a *director* of the spiritually healthy, so that they may be secured from a fall. Now the treatises which he consults, in his character of confessor, and which, it seems, have found their way into the hands of persons, (like our author,) for whom they were never intended, are mainly occupied with the circumstances of disease; "cases" as they are rightly called. Where they touch upon the condition of the healthy, it is in the way of a digression, or rather, a special notice. Thus, St. Alphonso, for example, has his practical instructions for directors of souls, in a form quite distinct from his moral theology; they belong, in fact, to a different branch of the science, called the "ascetic;" and it is as ridiculous to mix up the two lines of study as it would be to confound a book of culinary recipes with one of medical prescriptions. We are serious when we say, that if a gentleman in a good state of health were to propose sustaining himself upon beef tea and barley water, instead



of roast mutton and port wine, he would not make a greater *mistake* than would the Catholic who should seek for spiritual direction in the pages of Busembaum, or any other work of the kind.

To dwell a moment longer upon this same comparison. The great principle upon which the spiritual, like the bodily physician has to shape his course, is that of accommodation to circumstances. He has his particular patient to prescribe for, and he will prescribe accordingly; but that patient has this in common with all patients, that he requires a cautious as well as a gentle and considerate treatment. Besides his specific symptoms, he has the characteristic of all sick people as such, that he is delicate and sensitive. Hence his physician must provide, not for what he himself might desire, but for what his patient can bear. But his object, above all, must be that of hindering despondency. In the pursuit of this object, he will practice a prudent reserve in speaking to his patient; he will make the best even of serious disease, not from any love of dissembling, still less any habitual untruthfulness, but simply in pursuit of his object, which is to lighten, not to aggravate, to heal and not to wound. A pretty kind of doctor would he be, who should go about frightening his patients in their first respite after danger, and ere they were well out of it, by telling them in their feeble state, all which he would say of their maladies to their friends in health, or to themselves when recovered! When he sees them too easily elated, ready to presume upon a momentary amendment, or to calculate upon years when he knows their days, and perhaps their hours, to be numbered, then cautiously indeed, and kindly, but still firmly, he advises them of their danger, or at least moderates their too sanguine hopes. But in a case where calmness and confidence are the very conditions of recovery, to speak to a sick man of his disease, after the fact, in the same terms in which you would speak to a sound man of the same disease before it, would be a course of action for which worldly men would very soon find a suitable, and that no very complimentary description, were it to be practised in regard to themselves and their families.

The penitent, moreover, has a claim upon his confessor for tenderness, which is peculiar to himself. A sick man does no violence to his natural feelings in having recourse to his physician; on the contrary, he acts in obedience to

them. He *feels* his malady, which all sinners unhappily do not. And even when sinners are moved by the promptings of divine grace, to go to a Confessor, and disburden their consciences, what a victory must they not gain over their self-love! They may, if they please, keep their secret to themselves, so that even their best friends shall not know of it. Unlike the man attacked with illness, they have neither natural inclination within, nor kind friends without, to force them on using remedies. They may stay away from confession if they please, but they actually prefer, for their souls' health, to do a thing most repulsive to their natural self-love. Are such the persons for a sinner like themselves to frighten and discourage? Is it for him to exaggerate, or even to exhibit in formal shape, the sin which, as it is, appals them by its hideous appearance? Does not human kindness, as well as sacerdotal duty, suggest to a confessor the course of gentleness and moderation? And has not his Lord warned him against bruising the broken reed and quenching the smouldering flax? We repeat, it is one thing to warn from mortal sin as a danger, quite another to deal with it as a fact; and it would be just as unchristian to use in the confessional the language of the pulpit, as to tell men whom we wish to maintain in innocence, of all the excuses which might be made for them if unhappily they should fall into sin.

It may be said, indeed, that a sin is as much a sin at one time as at another, and that the course we are now advocating is favourable to hypocrisy and falsehood. But how different is the fact! The preacher, or spiritual director, speaks of sin in the abstract, as hateful to God and destructive of the soul. The confessor, on the contrary, who deals with sin as a fact, has to view it in connexion with all its circumstances in the particular case; such as the amount of knowledge or deliberation with which it was committed, and the degree of completeness to which it was carried; its place in the series of which it is one; its relation to the temperament and situation of the penitent, &c. It will be hard, indeed, if there be no extenuating circumstances in the particular instance; one fact to move compassion and suggest tenderness there must always be—the fact of the confession itself. A penitent always deserves mercy, but a hearer does not even claim it.

Hence it is that so great a part of moral theology con-

sists in framing excuses for sinners. The consideration of favourable circumstances in every variety of form, or in their effect, whether upon the intention of the agent, or the character of the act; the possibility of reducing the sin to some less aggravated class of transgressions, or of accounting for it, upon some indulgent hypothesis; the admissibility, without compromise, of some lenient construction, or the adoption of some moderate opinion of a divine of weight, upon which the confessor, desiring to be lenient, might safely act—these and the like are topics which receive so prominent a place in our authorized treatises on confession, that it is no wonder if hasty observers should carry away from the perusal of them, notions at variance with the strictness of Catholic morality, though a wonder it is that men of credit should persevere in misrepresentations which have been so often and so completely exposed. The consolation however is, that the servant is not greater than his Lord, and that if our Divine Master was called the Friend of sinners, it is no reproach to His priests to be thought lax and unscrupulous. The principle of indulgence upon which our most approved decisions in moral theology are based, is, after all no other than that upon which our blessed Redeemer absolved the woman taken in adultery, and her, who merited to have many sins forgiven by reason of her much love.

The other parallel by which we shall illustrate the difference between the duties of a teacher and confessor, shall be found in the practice of human tribunals. Who would ever think of mistaking the principles upon which a judge or jury decides the case of a criminal, for those which should guide a moralist in reforming a nation? Let us suppose a just judge, or an impartial jury, having to deal with a prisoner who pleads guilty, and who appears before them under the disadvantage of no antecedent conviction, and no personal blemish. Surely they will start with a bias in his favour; a bias warranted not merely by his previously unsullied reputation, but by the fact of his throwing himself upon mercy, when he might possibly have evaded justice. If the stern requirements of the law will not allow them to pronounce in his favour, still what efforts will they spare, to what harmless expedients will they not have recourse, in order that they may temper the effect of a verdict which they cannot avoid, and mitigate a penalty which they cannot but inflict! What weight, nay what

preponderance, will they not give to every favourable feature, to constitutional infirmity, to the strength of temptation, to the influence of example! How anxious will they be to wrest each doubtful precedent, to determine each faltering authority, towards the side of clemency! how much less fearful, if their way be not clear before them, of error in an abstract opinion on the side of indulgence, than of the misapplication of a true one on the side of rigour! Yet the office of a Confessor, as every phrase denoting or referring to it expresses, is strictly and essentially *judicial*.

We have thus attempted to demonstrate by a recourse to no fanciful analogies, but to those to which the very definition of the confessorial office directs us, the nature of the duty which a confessor, (*quâ* confessor) has to perform, and the character of the materials upon which he has to draw for his decisions. And it will be at once apparent how unfair it is to confound the adjudications of "cases" with the delivery of "lessons;" or in other words, the office of a confessor, (which is entirely passive,) with the positive duties of a preacher or director. The distinction indeed is so obvious, and so well understood by all Catholics, that we should have to apologize for inflicting upon our readers an elaborate proof of it, were it not that educated men have been found to pin their faith upon books like that before us, in which this distinction is not so much as imagined. This writer, whoever he may be, that takes upon himself to instruct the world on the subject of our theology, under a name which proves that he claims a relationship of object with the celebrated author of the "*Lettres Provinciales*," seems to have formed somewhat of the following conception of our sacerdotal practice. He seems to think that our priests, among their many duties, have this office in particular; that they have certain hours in the day during which they receive all the "loose fish" in their parishes, who come to them for instruction as to the most approved manner of committing sin, so as to gain the largest amount of personal gratification with the least sacrifice of ecclesiastical standing. The nice distinctions which our theologians draw between sins that destroy and such as only wound the soul, (for instance,) are apparently believed by this gentleman to be devised for the special purpose of enabling young Mr. A. to murder his enemy with only a venial quantity of deliberation, or Lady

B. to play her cards so neatly as to commit a decided *faux pas* without forfeiting the good opinion of her spiritual adviser. Such an imagination, we confidently aver, is not a whit less ludicrous than would be that of supposing all the vagabonds in Hampshire to subscribe, in order to get Mr. Justice Coleridge to go down to some central spot in the county, that they might repair into his presence, and consult him as to the approved method of housebreaking, or other such practices, so as to come off with the least quantity of punishment at the next ensuing Winchester Assizes. The law, they might say, is exact in defining the difference between murder, manslaughter, and homicide ; between robbery and petty larceny ; between criminal assaults and venial misdemeanors. We come to your Lordship, as to a judge learned in the law, and to you rather than to another, because you will be the very judge at whose tribunal we shall have to appear, and who will direct the jury to their verdict ; your own labours will be lightened by a previous knowledge of the cases which will come before you, and the character of our county will suffer should those cases be of an unnecessarily aggravated hue. With the benefit of your instructions, and under the sanction of your authority, we shall commit our intended crimes in the most scientific manner, and with all the security which the case admits. Guarded by an exact knowledge of the law from the danger of blind excitement, and protected by your authoritative sympathy against the possibility of a crushing verdict, we shall gratify our wishes so cautiously, and transgress the law so neatly, that when the time of trial arrives, you will be rather moved to admire us as models of dexterity, than led to punish us as ungainly criminals ; and so regard us less as the victims of your judicial severity, than as the monuments of your legal success. While neighbouring cities are infested with crime, and your learned brothers are burdened with heavy cases, Winchester shall have the distinction of a light calendar, and all but a virgin assize. The hangman may take his vacation, and the turnkeys may kick their heels ; murders here shall melt into misdemeanours, seductions subside into gallantries ; for surely a judge will not be so uncourteous as to sum up to the disadvantage of those who have transgressed in conformity to his instructions, or overlook in each case the extenuating circumstances, which are the result of his own advice.

Now this proceeding, which looks so grotesque, is literally, and without any exaggeration, that which "Pascal the Younger" supposes to have place in the Kingdom of Christ on earth. This credulous individual has actually been deluded into believing that such a scene as the following is the representation of a fact not unusual in the Catholic Church.

"Father O'Flannigan keeps the conscience of two lords, a score of squires, and some three thousand of her Majesty's supposed lieges in the parish of Ballinadrum. 'Father O'Flannigan, Mat D'Arcey won't hear a word about fighting. He swears by all the saints its a horse-whipping he'll give me the first time we meet. Father O'Flannigan, what's to be done *with a clear conscience?*' '*It's not a thing I should like to advise, Mr. O'Shaugnessy, but it is quite in the line of your duty to shoot him.*' 'By —, Father O'Flannigan, it is just what I have been satisfied of all the while, and I have challenged him three times, besides once on the floor of the House!' 'You misunderstand me, Mr. O'Shaugnessy; sending a challenge is a delicate question in morals, upon which I understand from yourself we were not now to touch. This is a case of defence against aggression; not of life, indeed, but of honour, *bonum præstantius*, Mr. O'Shaugnessy; and now we shall see St. Liguori. Here it is, chapter and verse: 'For a mere contumely, for example, an honourable gentleman is told *that he lies*; it is not allowable to put the offender to death, for there is another way of wiping off that, and one sanctioned by custom; but the thing is quite different if one should offer to lay a whip or the palm of his hand on any particularly honourable gentleman, and there is no other way to avert it.' Diana,—not the heathen divinity, Mr. O'Shaugnessy, but one of the great lights of the Church,—Diana, Lessius, Hurtado, and twelve other doctors, teach that it is lawful to slay the aggressor on the spot. There is no sinning in such company; and though holy Liguori has found out a certain Sylvio, who stands by himself in his singular opinion, who says that it is very *rarely* that this opinion should be put into practice, *his own (the Saint's) opinion* is quite clear,\* on the side of authority, and I hope, Mr. O'Shaugnessy, *you are provided with one of the patent revolvers.*'" "That day week," continues the narrative, "Father O'Flannigan *celebrated a solemn requiem Mass*, for the repose of the soul of poor Mat D'Arcey, who died of a gun-shot wound, inflicted by some person or persons unknown!"—pp. 21—22.

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\* Vid. infra.



We must inflict one more specimen of this trash upon our readers, in order to bear out our assertion :

“ St. Liguori's next practical commentator is ‘square’ Father Kilmany, living in what is very properly called one of the ‘disturbed districts.’ Of his ‘penitents’ there are now three seated on a bench in the passage, waiting as patiently as any Italian born and bred to ‘far l’anticamera.’ One by one they are let into the sanctum of the Father's study. ‘Your Reverence,’ says Phelim McLaughlin, squeezing his indescribable head-gear into ‘no shape at all,’ please your Reverence, Lord Skelter's ‘gentleman’ has just got down at the Star and Garter, and before three days it will be all over with most of us. It is no use to talk of defence, for we have not the means. But what I'm thinking of, your Reverence, is to ‘anticipate him.’ ‘You must mind what you are after, Phelim McLaughlin,’ says Father Kilmany, ‘by the law of God, his life is a forfeit ;’ and after a stirring outburst against the curse of bad landlords and bad agents, he ends by assuring Phelim, on Liguori's authority, that, barring the risk, there is nothing to hinder his ‘anticipating’ the gentleman with a ball or a slug.”\*—pp. 25—26.

It is, we think, sufficiently plain from these quotations, that the author confounds the office of *confessor* with that of *teacher*. But if any doubt upon the point still remains, the following passage is of a nature to remove it. Summing up the evils of the system upon which he supposes the Church to act, the author observes :

“ To be a member of a cabinet or of any corporate body, is a ~~sa~~ snare for individual conscience. To be a corporate body oneself, (a Bishop, for instance,) often proves still more so. But what must the case be where the great polity in which priest and people are alike incorporated, avowedly takes the charge and responsibility of all consciences, and, by a sort of moral communion, *makes the very lowest level the universal standard* ?”—p. 28.

This charge then which we bring against the author, of totally mistaking the object of the Confessional, (for a “charge” we must call it, considering the serious moral fault which such a blunder implies,) would hold good, even supposing that his statements were as fair, and his citations as accurate, as we expect to prove them the contrary. Let it be remembered, then, that the work of St. Alphonso,

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\* Vid. infra.

upon which these statements are founded, is in six octavo volumes, which "Pascal the Younger" undertakes to represent in the foot-notes of a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, not half of which is directly occupied with the subject of Moral Theology. To this fact it should be added, that the work of the saint, from its nature, is one which is little likely to fall into the hands of ordinary readers, and still less likely to be understood by them. We venture to say that there is no subject in the world but one affecting the Catholic Church, in which educated men would not see through the unfairness of founding a judgment of a work like that we have described upon a few extracts, even were these extracts fairly made and rightly translated. That in any case they could form even a plausible, and much less a fair specimen of the theology of St. Alphonso, we entirely deny. But in point of fact, they are not even correctly made, and the errors both of quotation and translation which they exhibit are, we hesitate not to say, simply disgraceful in a case where the charge is so sweeping and the inaccuracy so difficult to prove. Even the Catholic laity, to say nothing of Protestants, have no access to the work of St. Alphonso, for they are far too well instructed in their duty to exercise an idle, and it may be, even a vicious curiosity, upon a subject with which, as a body, they have no concern. Our priests again, are far too busily engaged, as a general rule, to enter upon the office of controversialists, and many of them, we can well understand, might treat a publication like that before us as below their notice. It is solely because we happen to know that even excellent Catholics have been distressed by this book that we yield our own judgment of its pretensions, upon which we should have left it to fall by itself. Yet, at last, we have no hope of covering by our notice of it, the ground to which its influence has probably extended; still less of reaching the particular class of readers into whose hands it will have fallen. While it is contributing to swell the current of the great "Protestant tradition," and is the parent of a swarm of calumnies which will outlive itself, and become themselves the source of future misrepresentations, our comments on it, (be they worth more or less,) will be meeting eyes which never lighted upon the subject of them, and possibly introduce the work itself into quarters as yet unconscious of it. This is an inconvenience; but one which is surely not sufficient to compensate for the

duty of removing a scandal out of a weak brother's way, or of curing the distress of one faithful son of Holy Church.

From the quotations already made, the reader will have gathered that the object of this author is to embody the substance, or supposed substance, of St. Alphonso's doctrine upon certain points, in the form of conversations between the Priest and certain of his penitents, held, whether in the confessional or in the Priest's private apartment. The specimens we have given will not, perhaps, have disposed the reader to desire much more of the same kind; and we must therefore attempt, at whatever sacrifice of fulness, to compress these dialogues into a form which we hope and believe will involve no unfairness towards the writer under review.

One of the cases runs as follows. A servant claims to take secret compensation for her services, which she chooses to consider ill-paid. Her plea is, that she receives but £10 a-year wages, whereas Susan, next door, has £15 for the same work. And the Priest is made to allow her claim. 'This decision is justified out of St. Alphonso, who says, that servants do not commit sin who (all other means failing,) have, *upon the refusal of their master to give them the just compensation*, compensated themselves to the precise amount of the wages necessary for their sustenance, or for which they compacted. His words are, "*Famuli non peccant si sustentationem vel mercedem justam domino negante, utantur compensatione occultâ, dummodo tamen alius modus non sit impetrandi, nec plus accipiatur quam debetur.*" (iv. 39.) Hereupon this writer jumps at the conclusion, nowise grounded upon the words of the Saint, that a Confessor may *teach* a servant-girl to pay herself, out of her master's property, the difference between her wages and those of a servant in another place, *who happens to receive more*, and this for all that appears, without endeavouring to establish her claim in any other way. A very little reflection will show the unfairness of the inference. The master, in the case supposed by the Saint, is guilty of a direct fraud in withholding from his servant her *due*; and hence the servant has as much right to the difference between the wages agreed upon and those actually paid, as to the same amount if she had been robbed of it. All the requisite conditions being supposed, she commits no more sin by compensating herself to the exact amount, (if she do no more,) than if she were to take out of her master's

room her own watch, or other article of her property, which he might happen to have purloined. Here the Church comes in aid of the Scripture maxim, "The labourer is worthy of his hire;" and defends the oppressed against one of the worst forms of tyranny. St. Alphonso, moreover, (let it be continually observed,) supposes the act *done*, and gives no warrant, as is plain, for *teaching* a servant, before the fact, to compensate herself according to her own mode of rating her own services, and upon her assumption, (without proof,) that other modes of obtaining justice are impracticable. It will be answered by Englishmen that this allowance of secret compensation is dangerous. But here comes in the old difference between teaching and deciding. St. Alphonso is determining the law, not writing a sermon. Now, on what count can this servant be tried at the bar of conscience, but that of injustice, and how can she be condemned for that which is in fact the rectification of an act of injustice? That such a mode of compensation is *undesirable*, and *not to be advised*, St. Alphonso shows, by the limitations with which he guards his doctrine. The case supposed by Pascal the Younger, is not that justified by St. Alphonso, but that *condemned* by Innocent XI. in the following proposition. "Famuli ac famulæ domesticæ possunt occulte heris suis subripere ad compensandam operam suam quam *majorem judicant salario quod recipiunt*." It is just the way with these popular speakers, and even writers, (whose condemnation will be greater,) to overlook the minute distinctions which separate innocence from guilt. But it is for him who administers justice with mercy, to weigh and act upon them.

St. Alphonso, like all our great writers, is apt to draw a marked line between breaches of the *moral*, and breaches of a mere *positive* law. Were it fitting to transfer to our pages his full doctrine, for example, on the subject of the sixth and ninth (in the Protestant decalogue the seventh and tenth) Commandments, it would speedily appear on which side, the Catholic or the Protestant, the laxer notions prevail as to breaches of the great law of purity. It would be found how easily sins of thought in that, as well as other matter, to which Protestants are surely not less exposed than other men, may undermine, and at length destroy, the foundations of divine life in the soul; nay, how even one such sin may debar a Christian from heaven; and how,

again, the same great law may be fatally violated by actions which are considered in the world to be fully justified by circumstances, or by the relation in which the parties are placed towards one another. These, and the like to these, are (not lessons taught, but) facts implied in the treatises of moral theology; although, to judge of these treatises by Protestant exhibitions of them, one would fancy that they were mainly occupied in devising methods for the suggestion of evil to innocent minds, or in constructing cases of guilt altogether beyond (as if that were possible,) the actual range of human iniquity. Now upon these subjects, St. Alphonso, lax as he is represented, is strict to a degree which renders the inflexible application of his principles exceedingly difficult here in England, apt though we be to boast of our superior morality in the comparison with Catholic countries. On the other hand, to apply any but a most easy and pliant rule to the interpretation of *positive* laws, (such as that which enjoins fasting and abstinence,) would be to go the direct way of justifying the very charge which Protestants so freely bring against us, of substituting formal for spiritual religion. Faithful to Him who says, "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice," the Church sanctions the practice of the utmost leniency and forbearance towards those who, whether by health or other such circumstances, are prevented from complying with her rules in external matters. As to fasting, indeed, its use is less in promoting the spirit of mortification, than in exercising the habit of obedience; hence the end of the institution is not defeated, often, indeed, it is furthered, by a suspension of the practice which it enjoins. A priest is not bound to go minutely into the reasons for which a penitent asks to be dispensed from an observance which, while all but indifferent in itself, may so easily conflict with duties which are of natural and eternal obligation. To preserve life, (and health, as tending to it,) is one such duty; to hinder breaches of charity, or domestic peace, is another. Now it is evident from the very nature of such circumstances, that a confessor is very much in the hands of the applicant for a dispensation, and must act in the spirit of confidence and generous dealing. His mistakes, if voluntary, and the effect neither of culpable ignorance nor of a worldly mind, will never, he knows, be imputed to him.

We have made these remarks in introduction of a story

which is brought in the work before us, to illustrate the charge of laxity in the matter of ecclesiastical dispensations. A lady is supposed to ask for leave to eat meat on fasting and abstinence days, on the ground that a meagre diet spoils her appearance, and makes her disagreeable to her husband, and her confessor is supposed to admit her plea upon the authority of St. Alphonso, who gives excellent reasons why it is better that such a law should be relaxed, than the peace of married life disturbed, and its ends defeated.

We shall not be expected to follow this writer into the examination of all the cases which he selects for discussion, especially when it is understood that the class of subjects upon which St. Alphonso never touches without obvious pain of a most acute kind, and upon which he does not even enter without an apology, is precisely that which supplies the most numerous and the most effective points of attack to critics such as Pascal the Younger, and that the same considerations which lead theologians to approach such subjects with reluctance, should much more compel reviewers to abstain from enlarging upon them. In one respect, "Pascal, the Younger" is not unlike other writers of the same class, in that he has contrived, in his own pages, to commit material violations of that very law of delicacy which he is seeking to vindicate. We might contrast, in illustration, the tone in which he treats the subject of female dress, compared with that of the Saint, whose decision he charges with laxity, because it stops short of declaring that a lady who adopts the style of dress common in the high society of England, commits "mortal" sin, i.e., puts herself, *ipso facto*, in the state of damnation; and this, too, after a protest so solemn as the following, against the very misconstruction with which his words have met. "*Quum ego munus concionatoris gessi, pluries etiam hunc perniciosum usum fortiter conatus sum exprobrare.*" We wonder how many of the Protestant clergy can say the same. And this is he, of whom a writer of their communion can bring himself to slander as a "loose priest," nay, as a "holy pander!" May he himself be judged at the great Day by another measure than that which he deals out to his neighbour!

And here we must not forget to notice his ignorance of the nature of a venial sin. Of the practice of those females who dress loosely without evil intention, and with the view of



pleasing where they are bound in duty to please, St. Alphonso says, “*nullo jure naturali, divino aut humano, saltem ad mortale obligante, vetatur.*” This is translated in the work under review, (p. 32.) “no natural law, human or divine, at least *that is obligatory.*” The important words “*ad mortale,*” are omitted. Now a writer so free in his judgments of our theology, ought to know that a confessor who, with his eyes open, should counsel his penitent to commit a venial sin, would himself commit a mortal one.

We may observe that there are other instances of mistranslation in the work, which bear the appearance rather of ignorance than of malice, although of ignorance most highly culpable in a writer who brings sweeping charges against a whole body of men. For example, at page 19, (note,) the exact meaning of the word “*reus*” is overlooked in the application of the passage in which it occurs. Again, (p. 23, note) the technical meaning of “*discrimen inculpatæ tutelæ,*” is evidently not understood. At page 31, (note) we have the words “*hæc videtur positiva inductio, sive ad peccatum cooperatio,*” (plain enough to any tyro in Latin,) which has its English counterpart in the following nonsense, (p. 32,) “this seems a positive *induction whether there is co-operation to sin.*” After such serious inaccuracies, the reader will be prepared for a mode of translation flowing and inexact even when not positively erroneous, and this too in a subject where the whole force of passages depends upon scientific precision.

And now recurring to the case of Father O’Flannigan, and Mr. O’Shaugnessy, which the reader will find *in extenso* in a former part of our article, let us take the following as a specimen of this writer’s accuracy. He says, it will be observed, that the opinion of St. Alphonso is “quite clear,” on the side of Lessius, &c., who excuses a man for taking away the life of another who insults his honour, and against Sylvio, who contends that this opinion is “most rarely” to be carried into practice. Who would expect to find, that, on the contrary, St. Alphonso is *with* Sylvio, and *against* the rest? His words are, “*Sed in praxi rarissime uti licet prædictâ opinione, nam Sylvius RECTE sic ait : etiamsi honor sit bonum præstantius quàm divitiæ, AUT NULLUM AUT RARISSIMUM arbitramur esse casum quo pro defensione solius honoris liceat Aggressorem interficere.*” The latter part of this sentence the author before us comprises under an *et cetera!*

A similar piece of garbling occurs in the case before cited, of Father Kilmany and Phelim Maclaughlin. The story, it will be observed, relates to the interpretation of the law of self-defence, and the question it determines on the affirmative side is, whether under certain circumstances, a person may be executed for killing, by anticipation, another, whom he knows to be prepared to kill him. Certain authors it appears, are of opinion, that the rule which allows a man to defend his life by killing an actual aggressor, allows him also to defend himself, by the same means, against one who is prepared to attack him, supposing, of course, that he acts not upon suspicion, however well founded, but upon a moral certainty that his life will be attacked. The author before us appears to quote this as the opinion of St. Alphonso himself. Let us, then, hear the words of the Saint, which "Pascal the Younger" suppresses.

"His non obstantibus," (that is, notwithstanding, we must suppose these authors to imply a moral certainty of danger to life, and nothing short of it,) "censeo, secundam sententiam," (the opinion in question) "hâc etiam distinctione suppositâ," (i.e. the distinction between moral certainty, and mere suspicion or apprehension,) "*vix in praxi aliquem posse sequi, propter hallucinationis periculum quod in hujusmodi re adesse possit.*" "Which opinion, even after giving due weight to the distinction supposed, I decidedly pronounce can hardly ever be admissible in practice, on account of the risk of hallucination incident to such a subject." St. Alphonso will not go so far as to assert, that in every conceivable case a person must be determined to have sinned mortally, by taking away the life of one whom he knew to have prepared the means of death against himself; still, looking to the great risk of misapprehension in such a case, he judges, that whatever the theoretical value of the decision, it can hardly ever be carried out in practice.

We have now, as we flatter ourselves, established some claim to public confidence, when we assert that there is not one of the cases set forth in this work of which we could not satisfactorily dispose, if we had space and leisure, and if we could believe that our readers would have patience for the discussion. Instead, then, of going through all the cases which this writer produces, we shall content ourselves with throwing out certain leading con-

siderations, which if applied to them in detail, would be found to explain whatever has, *prima facie*, an unsatisfactory appearance. For our object, we repeat, is not so much to satisfy Protestants, as to remove any distress which pious Catholics might suffer, under the dread of that being unanswerable, which their own experience or line of reading does not enable them at the moment to refute.

It must then be borne in mind, first, that even St. Alphonso, though certainly a safe, is not an infallible guide, the gift of infallibility not being guaranteed to any individual divine, on any subject, least of all on one where, as in moral theology, truth depends upon the adjustment of a balance of practical considerations. This alone is certain, that a writer in whose favour the Apostolic See has so unequivocally pronounced, must be supposed to have committed himself to no opinion at variance with essential morality, and that no confessor can fall into anything worse than a mere material error, by deciding in conformity to the judgment of such an authority. But since St. Alphonso himself, without living much beyond the age of man, came to the conclusion that some of his earlier judgments were mistaken, (which is the fact), it is possible, that had his life been still further prolonged, the catalogue of “*Questiones reformatæ*” which he has appended to the later editions of his work, might have been enlarged; although, since Almighty God, who directed him in all that he did for the Church, did not permit such an event, we may piously believe, that the work as it stands, with its actual corrections, is a safe and sufficient guide. But objectors are very apt to make St. Alphonso responsible for every opinion advanced in the earlier editions of his Theology, even for those which he has retracted in the later.

2. It is important to observe that propositions attributed by Pascal the Younger, and others of his class, to certain Popes, are propositions, not always sanctioned, but often contrariwise condemned, by those Pontiffs.

3. And as we have all along insisted, it is one thing to find excuses for conduct after the fact, and another to counsel the same course before it. A Catholic *teacher* points out the way of avoiding sin; a confessor has (among other things) to relieve a contrite spirit from the pressure of a discouraging and unhealthy *remorse*.

4. Let those who criticise the decisions of the *Church*

on moral questions, advert, for a moment, to the standard of morality which prevails *in the world*, and then, let them recollect, that the Church has to deal with the world as it is, and not as she would have it be. She *teaches* according to the strictest standard, but she *decides* according to the most equitable.

5. St. Alphonso formed his judgments upon the exhibition of human nature in a southern country. No one pretends that he had a revelation upon the actual state of society in England, nor does any prudent Catholic deny that his rules admit of certain modifications applicable to our own country. He had no conception, because he had no experience, of the conventional morality of a Protestant country; of the allowances, for instance, sanctioned or tolerated, in pecuniary and commercial transactions, the tricks of trade, the fictions of law, or again (to go to an entirely different matter), the license permitted in the social intercourse of the sexes. On the other hand he had no idea of the high doctrines broached in England on the virtues of plain dealing and veracity, and of the little care exercised in our unscientific nation to adjust those great social qualities with the claims of our duty to God. It is thus that in Catholic countries the first place is given to the supernatural, and but the second to the merely neighbourly virtues; while with a Protestant people the rule is reversed. Among the poorer classes in England, and (still more) in Wales, purity before marriage is the exception; cross the channel to Ireland, and it will be found the all but invariable rule.\* On the contrary, the irascible and headstrong passions are developed to excess in southern countries; in our own they are held in check by prudence and calculation. Irish and Italians are proverbially hot-headed, Englishmen prudent, Scotchmen "canny." Hence we may expect to find, and we do find, that a writer like St. Alphonso, who has a southern experience only, appears to Englishmen over indulgent in the matter of the irascible, and over strict in that of the concupiscible vices. As to the matter

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\* We choose Ireland as a more acknowledged instance. Missionaries who are intimately acquainted with the relative spiritual condition of Italy and England, report that the disadvantage is equally on our side in comparison with the Italian poor.

of fair dealing, we really believe that there is in England a very real and a very valuable appreciation of it; all we hope is that we Catholics may come in for a little more of the benefit of its exercise. The other subject (of veracity) we cannot dismiss without one or two passing observations, which we consider to the point, although they are obviously inadequate to a question which a volume would hardly suffice to elucidate.

A journal which is understood to represent the opinions of the highest Church party in the Establishment, and which is loud in its professions of English fairness, has lately charged the Catholic Church with what it calls, a “theory of lying.”\* We are almost tempted to reply, that if we have the theory, Protestants are conspicuous for the practice. Let any one but reflect, for an instant, upon the lies, palpable and enormous, of which Catholics and their religion have been the subject in England during the year now drawing to its close—lies oft repeated and as often exposed, and again for the hundredth time uttered by grave dignitaries in Church and State; by bishops, deans, archdeacons, canons, rectors, curates, members of parliament, mayors, aldermen, sheriffs, magistrates; embodied in addresses to the throne, in petitions to parliament, in pamphlets, in reviews, in tracts, in platform speeches, in parliamentary debates, in police reports, in leading articles; flung around, in short, with the authority of every name which can afford them sanction, and through the medium of every channel which can give them currency—and then, with the full force of this fact upon his mind, let him pass judgment upon a writer, who upon the strength of a representation which he receives through an imperfect if not a distorted medium, can bring a sweeping charge against what he professes to believe the Church of God, or a portion of it, of erecting falsehood into a system; while, as to the unblushing practice of this odious vice, (and that too, not in self-defence, or in defence of religion, or established government, or anything else that is good and great, but) in the exercise of the most unchristian hatred against God’s Church and its members, and those

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\* See the “Guardian” newspaper of August the 27th, of the current year.

members his own compatriots, neighbours, and former friends, he either ignores facts, or frames apologies.

We have already admitted that Englishmen as a nation are undoubtedly alive to the virtues which concern the intercourse of man with his neighbour; we also think, that, on the other hand, their protests against Catholic "amphibology," are not a little pedantic and unreal. Despite all their eloquent invectives against our doctrine on equivocation, which of them is there who hesitates to act on that doctrine in the ordinary affairs of life? How many excellent people positively sanction, how many more indolently tolerate, how few unequivocally condemn, the conventional fictions "Not at home," "Not guilty," and the like? Who of them would encourage in practice, however he may seem to sanction in controversy, a view of morality which would give all the Paul Pry's of society a right to ask any impertinent question they might please, with the certainty of receiving either a true answer, or such an one as at any rate they might construe into a virtual acknowledgment of the fact at which they desired to arrive? Such a doctrine as these men *profess* would in fact amount to a complete premium upon impudence; no final objection to it we admit if it were sanctioned by the law of God, but any how an antecedent difficulty in its way; while in fact it is found to derive no countenance whatever from the practice even of our Blessed Lord Himself, to say nothing of Saints of the Old Testament. Was Sir Walter Scott, for instance, bound to avow himself as the author of *Waverley*, to every coxcomb who chose to put the question to him? Was he bound to give an answer which would have been tantamount to an avowal? Will Protestant moralists do us the favour of devising for an author in such circumstances, a reply which will at once give, and suggest, no information whatever to an impertinent questioner, and yet stop short of a denial? Or will he take the opposite line and argue that an author has no right over his own secret? Carry the same consideration from the province of authorship into that of law, of medicine, of commerce, and see whether everywhere you are not obliged to tolerate, and even allow, a practice at variance with your fine theory; or, if you will not go so far as this with us, candidly acknowledge that the whole subject is so beset with difficulty, as to make any scientific analysis of it a gain, and at any rate to deprive of the right of



objection to what pretends to be such, those who have no counter theory to produce. If you choose to say that Protestants tell fewer lies without a theory than Catholics with one, we take leave to deny your assertion, and beseech you to bear in mind, that there are men on our side who have tried both systems, and have therefore a better right to be heard than those of you who have tried but one. Nor let it be forgotten that those Protestants are not many who would be prepared to assent to the uniform teaching of our theologians and spiritual writers; viz., that *it is not lawful to tell one venial lie, though a man might thereby ransom all the souls in hell.*\*

In the pamphlet to which we have already given too large a share of our attention, there is one insinuation which we must not altogether overlook, because it has lately found an echo from a quarter where such a response might least have been expected. At page 19 of this pamphlet, we meet with words which can mean nothing less than to imply that priests are to be found, who would, upon occasions, violate the seal of confession. We Catholics know not when and where we are secure. We had thought that if there were any charge which, by consent even of our enemies, was supposed too monstrous to bring against us, it had been that of an indifference, on the part of priests, to the sanctity of this particular obligation. We had believed in our simplicity, not that any supposed respect for laws human or divine, any sentiment of honour, any sense of the duties reciprocal to an act of reposed confidence, or other creditable motive, but that our character for prudence, our proverbial eye to the security of priestcraft, to the maintenance of ecclesiastical power and influence over subservient flocks and too confiding disciples, would have saved us with the world from the effect of *this* peculiar calumny. But it seems we were mistaken. All against which we have actually been protected in the pages of "Pascal the Younger," has been the overt charge of this especial baseness. An innuendo definite enough to

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\* The words of St. Ignatius (the Founder of the supposed school of lax Theology) are "*Tantum ac tale est malum,*" (*peccatum veniale*) "*ut, teste Sto. Auselmo, nec pro salute omnium angelorum atque hominum expediret fieri vel unicum peccatum veniale.*"

awaken suspicion, not so distinct as to provoke retort, was a masterpiece of controversial ingenuity too effective to let go. A more ingenuous and high minded writer, whom it is painful even to name in such company, has openly brought the same charge against a portion of the clergy in a foreign city. Perhaps he was too artless to observe the slip in controversy, more probably he was too candid to care for it, but at any rate disputants more subtle and more determined, will hesitate, for once, to borrow a calumny against the Church, because they will see it to involve a self-contradiction. They will be quick to discern that the whole power of the confessional, as a spiritual engine, hinges upon the inviolability of the Seal.\* Even Protestants, we should think, will admit that from the very nature of the case, no evidence can be producible (as none is produced), sufficient to overcome the antecedent improbability, to say the very least of any confessor, who had once so abused his trust, having future opportunities of repeating his offence. On the other hand, as every well instructed Catholic knows, there is the strongest antecedent probability, that (supposing the story to have any foundation at all) what looks like a revelation of secrets learned in confession, although essentially other and altogether innocent and lawful, might, where the recipient of the tale is not a Catholic, or the informer a bad, or ill-instructed one, be mistaken for that most dreadful, even among sacerdotal crimes.

And now, in conclusion, let us once more guard the reader against mistaking this article for what it is not. That which it is not, is an Essay on the principles of Catholic Morality; a conceivable, perhaps a desirable work, but one, at any rate, which does not fall within the scope and profession of this attempt. All which that attempt undertakes is, to review a book, which, although a single and a small one, is an average specimen of its class. This book professes, in a triumphant strain, to shew up the current morality of the Church, as sophistical and wicked. What we have undertaken, and, as we claim, with success, is to convict this book itself of the dishonesty and wickedness which it imputes to us; a grave accusa-

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\* We find, however, that the "Guardian" apparently credits the statement in question.

tion indeed, but one from which the utmost latitude of Christian charity will not suffer us to take refuge, save in the supposition of an amount of ignorance and dullness, which would involve, of necessity, no fault at all if combined with modesty, but which, when committed to the cause of swelling a senseless and wicked outcry against the Christians of north, south, east, and west, with their ecclesiastical rulers, from the Supreme Pontiff, down to the humblest missionary Priest, assumes the character of such inexcusable presumption, as is separated by but a faint line, from more subtle forms of iniquity. But we rather fear that the hypothesis upon which charity, as regulated by truth, must compel us to settle, is that which subjects the work before us to the charge of moral perverseness and intellectual incompetency together; of malice combined with ignorance, which, while in no degree forming its apology, is abundantly sufficient to supply its antidote, with all readers who do not start, like the great majority of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, with assuming it as a first principle in the controversy, that the Catholic Church is more likely to be in the wrong, than any man, woman, or child, who chooses to assail her.

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ART. VI.—*The Lady and the Priest.* An Historical Romance. By MRS. MABERLY, Author of “Emily,” “Leontine,” “Melanthe,” “Fashion,” &c. 3 vols., 8vo. London: Colburn, 1851.

WHEN some of Foote's friends were expressing their regret at his having been kicked in Dublin, Dr. Johnson declared that, on the contrary, it was rather a subject of congratulation. “He is rising in the world,” said the doctor; “when he was in England, *no one thought it worth while to kick him.*” If Catholics needed anything to console or cheer them under the manifold abuse, insult, and misrepresentation, of which they have been the object for the last twelve months, they might well apply this

philosophic observation to themselves. If the past year presents, in this respect, a striking contrast with those which had preceded it, the true reason is to be found in the increasing numbers, influence, and activity of the Catholic body. If Catholics are beaten and abused now, it is because they have become formidable. If the storm of violence with which they have been visited, was not earlier raised against them, it was not because there was any want of disposition on the part of the assailants, but because it was "not worth while to assail them."

There are very few, we imagine, who will not now admit that the so-called Papal Aggression was but the pretext, or, at most, the occasion, for this fierce and sustained assault upon Catholics and Catholic principles, the consummation of which seems now to have arrived. The real source of the heart-burning lay far deeper. The real aggression upon Protestantism came from within. It lay in the revelation, which the events of the last ten years have made, of its own internal hollowness and weakness. When those who had been accustomed, from earliest youth, to look upon their Church as one of the institutions of the empire, which, however it might be assailed from without, at least rested securely upon its own foundations, and held by unchanging tenure the allegiance of its own subjects, discovered upon a sudden that doubt had begun to arise and to become diffused; that doubt was deepening into distrust, and that distrust was rapidly turning to discontent, and even to disaffection; when they found disaffection assume a definite form and purpose; when they saw distrust of the authority of England gradually shape itself first into respect, then into reverence, and eventually into submission, to that of Rome; above all, when they saw piety, learning, reputation, rank, earnestness, and influence, withdrawing from their side, and ranging themselves with her whom they had hitherto despised, or rather, in the fulness of their contempt, ignored altogether; then it was that the natural decay of Anglicanism was assumed to be a result of the aggressive policy of Rome. The discontent, and jealousy, were the same, and had long existed; but they now found a new object. The bitter ingredients so long fermenting in the caldron, at length reached the boiling point, and the overflow was but the more fierce and more universal, that it had been so long delayed.

And thus it is really wonderful how skilfully and how

successfully the current has been diverted from its true and natural channel. With the exception of the brief and casual episode of St. Barnabas, the real source of the tumult has been entirely ignored. A few faint and faltering protests against the "concealed Romanism" of the Tractarians, have occasionally lent a little variety to the proceedings of the country meetings; but the brunt of the violence has uniformly fallen upon old Popery; and here, as elsewhere, this traditionary scape-goat has been made to bear the sins of the real offender.

Still it is impossible, even for those who have been most earnest in urging forward the movement, to shut their eyes to the fact, that it has been a hollow and ephemeral one. There is not a symptom of reality about it. Not one great principle of its own growth has been evolved in its progress, not a single new element has been introduced into the contest. The topics of declamation have uniformly been the same old and hacknied bugbears by which the terrors of the past generation were wont to be kept alive. It has, perhaps, helped off the old stock, which was growing mouldy upon the shelves; but not a single fresh fashion, or a single new material, has been produced for the occasion.

Indeed it is, to some extent, amusing, to turn over in any of the published catalogues, the lists of the new polemical publications, which have literally flooded the market within the last ten months, and to see how large a proportion among them, if you except those which bear upon the purely legal question, are utterly without reference to the immediate cause of the excitement. New editions of anti-Roman Theology, *rifaccimenti* of lectures upon Popery, hacknied sketches of papal and priestly domination, tirades against the Inquisition and the *Index Expurgatorius* familiar to the ears of our forefathers since the days of Lord George Gordon;—these, and such as these, will be found to make up the staple of the No Popery literature of the past season; and the very titles of the majority of the publications, will sufficiently shew that Catholicism in itself, and not the aggressive step into which it is sought to torture the decree, for the establishment of the hierarchy, is the true object of this fierce attack.

And yet there are some writers who, even in works of a more general character, have taken occasion from the excitement itself, to address themselves to the

prejudices and passions aroused in this crisis. No Catholic who had watched the progress of light literature in England for the last few years, could have failed to observe a slight but growing improvement in its general tone, in reference to our religion. If we except a few books of the Hawkstone school, hardly any professedly anti-Catholic novels had appeared of late years; and there seemed to be far less of bitterness in the views and language of the few which occasionally did appear, than used to mark the novels of the olden time. And hence it is that we regard as one of the least pleasing signs of the times, and as one of the most formidable evidences of a return to the ancient feuds, and to the bigotry on which these feuds were founded, the revival, and we are sorry to add, the reviving popularity, of one of the oldest, and, for the general public, most pernicious, enemies of truth,—the “no popery novel,” in its very worst form, even such as it existed in the days of “*Monk*,” Lewis, and the kindred panderers to the prejudices of Protestantism. The novels of the last season display more malignity than we ever expected to see again exhibited, at least in works destined for the perusal of the educated and enlightened.

There are some, we are aware, who may feel disposed to look with utter indifference upon this class of literature, to regard as of very little importance the influence which it is calculated to exercise, and to consider it entirely below the serious notice even of the most nervous observer of the signs of the times. But we have more than once expressed our own sense of its importance. Contemptible as it may be for its own sake, no impressions, we feel assured, can possibly prove more pernicious than those which are skilfully conveyed through its medium; and the influence which it may be presumed to possess at all times, is naturally increased in a period of excitement like the present, and at a time when the diffusion of cheap literature, and the immense multiplication of readers, especially in the least suspicious and most impressible classes, have enlarged a hundred-fold the sphere of its action.

However heartily, therefore, we may ourselves despise the tawdry and ill-conceived sketches which, for the most part, characterize religious fiction, yet we are far from underrating their effect upon others; and we do not hesitate to own to a certain admixture of regret with the shame and indig-



nation which have been stirred within us by more than one of the publications of the past season. We could not but remember that, silly and malignant as they must seem to Catholics, and to those who know anything of Catholics or their principles, there were, nevertheless, thousands of unsuspecting readers by whom they would be received without doubt and without question, and on whose minds the impression made by them would be just as fatal and as permanent, as though it were founded on truth and justice itself. We shall be excused, therefore, we trust, if we devote a few pages to a subject which, however frivolous and unworthy of serious notice it may appear in some respects, involves, nevertheless, many and most important interests, especially at a time like the present. Our object is rather to show, by example, to what an extent the evil has gone, than to enter into a serious consideration of the work to which we shall have occasion to refer.

We have selected, as a type of the class, the work which stands at the head of these pages, chiefly because it appears to have attracted more notice, and to have obtained a wider circulation than any of its competitors in the race of bigotry. It must be recollected that the "*Lady and the Priest*" belongs to a branch of the novel-writing art, in which the calumnies against Catholics, but too common in the whole class, are at once most dangerous and most inexcusable. It professes to be an *Historical Romance*, and to deal with real characters well known in the history of the times in which they lived. We need hardly say that this species of fiction, while it leaves a great part to the fancy and invention of the author, has certain laws of its own, just as well as serious history; and that the violation of these conventional laws may involve, and often does involve, as grave a violation of historical justice, as a departure from truth in the ordinary narrative of history. The historical novelist is as strictly bound to represent fairly the character, the principles, and, in so far as it involves either of these, the conduct, of the personages whom he introduces, as is the historian himself. The license of fiction, wide and unrestricted as it is in all else beside, stops short here. There is a strict compact to this effect between the author and the public for whom he writes; and to violate this compact is to sin not merely against the rules of art, but against those of truth, justice, and honesty itself.

Unfortunately, also, there are but too many in these days whose impressions of history, if they be not altogether derived from these slippery sources, are at all events shaped and modified by them. For the young and unsuspecting, for the imperfectly educated, for the countless multitudes, of whose mental aliment the circulating libraries and cheap book-clubs form the chief and almost the sole depository, the historical novel is all but an oracle. It offers a sort of compromise between light and serious reading; and, on that understanding, is but too often accepted without hesitation and without enquiry. Nor, however we may condemn and deplore the weakness of such a confidence on the reader's part, can we conceive anything more base and cruel than a literary or historical deceit practised by an author under such circumstances, and upon victims so defenceless and unsuspecting.

The romance before us makes special profession of historical truthfulness. It not only purports by its title to delineate faithfully and truly the historical characters which it introduces, but to such a length is this profession of fidelity carried, that the author thinks it necessary to apologize, in the preface, even for her departure from the ancient forms of speech in recording the conversations which are introduced into the narrative. If for the substitution of the modern conversational tone in the place of these quaint and obsolete addresses, a formal explanation is deemed necessary, it can hardly be supposed that a writer thus scrupulously alive to the necessity of maintaining the proprieties of the language of the period, should not exhibit equal, or rather far greater, delicacy of conscience in all that concerns the integrity of the history in its more essential bearings.

Now we do not hesitate to say, that in all these really essential bearings, it has never been our lot to see the truth, the propriety, and even the probability, of history more recklessly and more disgracefully disregarded, than in the "*Lady and the Priest.*" A book so blindly bigoted in all its views, so reckless in its statements, so crooked in its perversion of facts, so unscrupulous in its imputation of motives, so revolting in its exaggeration of diabolical wickedness, so ingenious in its invention of black and malignant schemes, so regardless of virtue, of delicacy, and of moral principle, in the pursuit of its object,—so fertile, in a word, in all the worst expedients of misrepresentation, we

have never suffered the pain of perusing. It carries us back into the very darkest and blindest days of the fanaticism over which all good men weep. Instead of the year of grace 1851, we should naturally expect to find upon its title, the imprint of the fiery days of Lord George Gordon, or we should rather say, of the disgraceful years when calumny and falsehood were enthroned and worshipped in the person of Oates and Bedloc.

It is painful to write thus of a book which comes before us with a female name upon its title-page. But to write otherwise would be a weak betrayal of our trust. Truth is stronger than gallantry. Morality must be heard before politeness. And, in truth, it would be but an equivocal homage to the purity, the modesty, the delicacy, and the other qualities of which the sex is the ideal impersonation, to suffer them to be outraged and insulted with impunity, under the undeserved protection of its name. The author of the "Lady and the Priest" has unsexed herself by its very conception. The title-page, indeed, displays a female name; but the character, and even the pretension, ceases there. We miss, in the very choice of the subject, in the delineation of the characters, in the selection of the incidents, in the portraiture of the actors, in the whole tenor of the work, the modesty, the gentleness, the womanly tenderness, the delicacy, even the decent reserve, which we are accustomed to associate with the idea of woman; and there are opinions, incidents, expressions, and insinuations in the book before us, which disentitle the author to the privileges of her sex, just as plainly as if, like a well-known foreign contemporary, she had discarded the female garb altogether. It is impossible in reading the book to close one's eyes to these reiterated disavowals of the character to which the title-page makes claim. It is impossible not to feel that this title is but a mask wherewith to cover a hard, acrimonious, ungentle spirit; and, feeling this, it would be a false delicacy not to deal with it accordingly.

Perhaps we should apologize for bringing these things before our readers at all; and, undoubtedly, at another time, we should have shrunk from the unpleasing office. But there are times when it would be wrong to judge by ordinary rules of action. The excitement from which the country is just beginning to recover, was an extraordinary and unnatural one; and its very excess is at once the explanation and apology of any extraordinary course to

which it may give occasion. It is well that Catholics should know the means by which the mind of England has been stirred against them. It is well, still more, that the eyes of Protestants should be opened to the black and malignant arts by which they have been deceived into their fanaticism.

“The Lady and the Priest” professes to be the story of the great contest between the crown and the mitre, in the persons of Henry II. and Thomas-a-Becket. Becket is “the Priest.” His history is shaped so as to bear upon the prevailing topic of controversy during the late momentous year; and in order to give point and interest to the story, his fortunes are mixed up with those of the celebrated Rosamond Clifford, better known as “Fair Rosamond,” the most famous of the mistresses of Henry II. Fair Rosamond is “the Lady.”

At the opening of the tale, “the Priest” is an obscure monk,—the prior of the monastery of Severnstoke. The Lady, during the absence of her father, Lord de Clifford, in the Holy War, is a half novice, half ward, of the convent of Godstowe, of which Becket is the director and guiding spirit. The fortunes of both are traced to their close; those of Rosamond to the crisis of a series of foul intrigues, of which she is represented as the object,—those of Becket to his bloody death at the altar of his own cathedral.

The characters throughout are professedly historical. The king Henry,—his queen Eleanor,—Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury,—De Montfort,—De Essex,—Ranulph de Broc, and many minor agents, are selected from among the actors in the real drama of the time; and everything is done to give an appearance of reality to the events out of which the narrative is woven.

Now what will the reader guess is the tale which this writer, so squeamishly alive to the most minute proprieties of language, deliberately places before her readers as the “romance of the history” of the great papist saint and martyr, Thomas of Canterbury? It is as follows:

He is introduced to the reader as the prior of the monastery of Severnstoke, profoundly ambitious, fully conscious of his great natural and acquired gifts, but artfully disguising this consciousness and the proud hopes built thereon, under the appearance of humility, meekness, austerity, and zeal for the interests and honour of religion. Among the many occupations to which his life is devoted,

the spiritual direction of the convent of Godstowe is brought prominently forward, manifestly with an intended bearing upon one of the incidents of the past year. The Superior-ess of this house is drawn after the true Protestant idea,—harsh, bigoted, acrimonious, tyrannical, hating the youth and beauty which are no longer her own, devoted to silly and superstitious observances, and seeking only to enrich and aggrandize her convent, which in her contracted view, is identified with religion and the Church itself. In the exercise of this hateful vocation, Rosamond Clifford is one of the chief objects of her intrigues. Her father's long absence in the Holy War has rendered it more than probable that his broad lands will speedily pass into the hands of his only child and heiress; and the scheme by which it is sought to entrap her against her will, and thus to secure her inheritance for "the Church," is but one of several episodes incidentally introduced into the book to suit the events of the time, and for the purpose of adapting it to the bad excitement to which it seeks to pander. Becket, to whose guardianship this fair young girl had been entrusted by her father, and whose heart, cold and self-wrapt as it is, is not insensible to her beauty and innocence, is for a time a party to this nefarious scheme. He is only induced to discourage it by the hope of turning the benefits which it is intended to secure to a greater personal advantage; and, to the infinite mortification of the lady abbess, "the heiress," through the agency of her youthful lover, Ranulph de Broc, is withdrawn from the convent and restored to her father's castle.

It is here she is first seen and loved by Henry. It is here also that Henry first learns the capacity and the acquirements of the hitherto obscure monk, and calls him to his service;—and it is here that the ambitious priest first gives full reins to his ambition, and lays the first lines of that web of mingled craft and daring, to the weaving of which his after life was devoted.

We can hardly prevail upon ourselves to pursue the foul and hateful tale. From the first moment that Becket sees the prospect of advancement open before him, he throws aside every principle of honour and of justice. He first intrigues for the ruin of De Montfort and De Essex, his rivals in the affections of his master; next he secures, by adroit management, the withdrawal from England of Lord Clifford, Rosamond's father, and De Broc, her devoted

though unrequited lover ; and thus removes every impediment to the atrocious scheme by which he seeks to make her the instrument of his favour with the king, whose passion he was not slow to discover, and to whose guardianship, notwithstanding, he induces her father to consign her at his departure. In all these preliminaries, he manages to conceal his agency altogether ; and these obstacles being removed, he allows the plot to develope itself. Rosamond, conscious of her love for the king, by an impulse of instinctive modesty, seeks to withdraw from the court ; but Becket, her confessor and guardian, overrules her scruples, interposes his authority, *as her spiritual director*, to prevent her retirement, and, in a word, becomes a pander to the illicit love of his master ! And this, while he himself, though unavowedly even to his own heart, loves the very victim whom he thus basely sacrifices to his bad ambition !

Rosamond, even though fallen, is tormented by remorse. But Becket, who has been sent to France upon an embassy, had taken the precaution of *prohibiting her from applying to any other confessor during his absence* ; and upon his return, consummates his infamous scheme by *absolving her from the sin and declaring it not sin*, on condition of her *bestowing all her wealth and all her lands upon the Church, and swearing to exercise all her influence with the king for the interest of religion* !

It is to these base arts, and such as these, as much as to his extraordinary powers, that the author traces his favour with the king, and especially his elevation to the See of Canterbury. He surrenders himself without reserve, as the pander and confidant of Henry's passions. He prostitutes his sacred ministry by baptizing the children of this unlawful love ; he sullies his honour and self-respect by lavishing caresses on them ; he maintains the most affectionate relations with their fallen mother : but having at last, by thus flattering the vices of the king, accomplished the great object of his ambition in securing the archiepiscopal throne, he turns upon the master to whom he owed all his fortunes, and by a mixture of hypocrisy, daring, and intrigue, openly proposes to subject to himself, as bishop, the very power to which he had before prostituted all the spiritual gifts at his disposal.

The history of Becket's "aggression" upon the rights of the crown, is a wretched compound of ignorance, mis-



representation, and malignity. It displays the most deplorable unacquaintance not alone with the facts of the case, but even with the grounds of the controversy. As a sample of the writer's accuracy in this particular we need only say that she represents the bishops, as claiming the right of judging in all cases of murder (ii. 251.), and passes over altogether among the "customs" against which St. Thomas protested, the very worst and most objectionable of them all;—that of appropriating the revenues of vacant sees during the time of their vacancy—a direct premium upon the fraudulent practice of prolonging such vacancies, introduced by William Rufus.

These, and many similar misrepresentations, however, we pass over, to come to the blackest and foulest of the imputations upon Becket. Having thus, with diabolical craft and hypocrisy, looked on and assisted in the ruin of this confiding girl, he avails himself of the terror and alarm into which she is plunged by the prospect of her father's return, and the fear of his anger, to offer her his own unhallowed love, as the price of the protection which he professes that he alone can afford her! And on her indignant rejection of this profligate proposal, his love turns to undisguised and implacable hatred. He pursues her, her children, and her friends, with every species of malicious cruelty; he employs the most terrible of the arms of the church as the instruments of his fiendish malice; and by an unscrupulous use of these weapons, closes up against her, through the superstitious fears of the slaves of the Church, every refuge, even that convent of Godstowe, where her youth had been spent. Nay, so elaborately has the author drawn out this hateful sketch, that she even attributes the inveteracy of Becket's hostility towards the king, to the rage and jealousy of disappointed love!

We blush at the thought of polluting our pages with these hateful and disgusting details: but we cannot help thinking that they are necessary, as a portion of the history of the great protestant movement of the past year. The idea conveyed by this hasty summary of the tale, however, would be quite incomplete. It is necessary to read the book itself in order to understand the full measure of its malignity. And painful as it is to ourselves to transcribe, and distressing as it will be to the reader to peruse them, we feel it our duty to submit a few extracts as specimens of the class of representations of Catholics and Catholic

opinions, which have become popular in England, and upon which the fiery exhibitions which have astonished and disgusted all the nations of the continent are mainly founded.

Take for example the following sample of Catholic morality and moral teaching. Rosamond, conscious of her own weakness, seeks to fly from the dangers of Henry's court, and consults her confessor, Becket.

“ ‘Reverend father, you know that I have ever obeyed you in all things. I would do so now, but that I cannot, I cannot remain here,’ said Rosamond, in a tone of deep distress.

“ ‘Thy duty, my daughter, comes before thy wish.’

“ ‘My duty,’ said Rosamond, sinking upon her knees, and crossing her hands upon her breast, ‘my duty commands me to be gone—my duty to God.’

“ ‘The King and the Queen are thy protectors, my child,’ said Becket, with an air of paternal benevolence; ‘thy father placed thee in their charge. Hast thou consulted their wishes? Hast thou obtained their consent?’

“ ‘I have not dared to speak of such a thing,’ replied Rosamond, timidly.

“ ‘And why not?’ asked Becket, austerely.

“ ‘Because,’ said Rosamond, ‘I knew they would not consent. I would be gone without their knowledge; but,’ she added with humility, ‘not without yours, my father, and not without your blessing and your pardon.’

“ ‘Pardon!’ echoed Becket.

“ ‘Yes, my father, for I have sinned—sinned in thought; but I repent me of my sin.’

“ ‘It shall be forgiven thee, my daughter, if thou confessest.’

“ ‘I will—I do, my father, though shame makes me dumb,’ said Rosamond, in a voice of agony, as the blood, rushing to her face, in a moment dyed it crimson. She then added, in a low tone, ‘The King has spoken to me of love.’

“ ‘Ha!’ exclaimed Becket, with a well-feigned gesture of surprise.

“ ‘Such words,’ continued Rosamond, gathering courage from her despair, ‘as a maiden may not hear from one already the husband of another.’

“ ‘And is it for this that thou wouldst fly?’ asked Becket, with an intonation that, slight as it was, made Rosamond start.

“ ‘And it is not enough, my father? Why should one speak of love to me who cannot be his wife?’ said Rosamond, with an air of simplicity touching in its sadness.

“ ‘The King is young and thoughtless,’ replied Becket, apologetically; ‘he could not mean thee harm, my daughter.’

“‘Father,’ said Rosamond, more gravely than before, ‘I am very young—almost a child, and unskilled in this world’s ways. Of right or wrong I know no nice distinctions; but this I know, that when I listened to the words of love from one already wedded, it seemed to me as though it were a deadly sin; and yet I would not cause displeasure to the King. It is for this that I would leave the court.’

“‘To pine and wither in the convent’s gloom,’ observed Becket insidiously. Rosamond shuddered from head to foot.

“‘I know it, my father,’ she said in a low voice.

“‘Daughter,’ resumed Becket, after a few moments of consideration, ‘thou hast not told me all; there is another reason, stronger than the King’s love for thee, that urges thee to fly.’

“Rosamond started, as if some sudden sting had reached her heart.

“‘And that is,’ continued her pitiless tormentor, ‘thy love for him.’

“A faint cry, which she could not suppress, burst from her lips, and she covered her burning face with her hands, as she actually writhed at his feet. The rectitude of her heart was, however, stronger than the terrible feelings of shame she endured; and the conviction of pardon and safety lying solely in the fulness of confession, which from her infancy had been impressed upon her, gave her an unnatural courage. She raised her head once more, and, although her voice was low and tremulous, she said distinctly,

“‘Yes, my father, you have said it—it is my love for him.’

“‘Fear nothing, my daughter,’ answered Becket, encouragingly; ‘thou hast nought to fear.’

“A light, like a sunbeam breaking through the winter cloud, passed over the agitated countenance of Rosamond, and was gone. The look of doubt and terror came back upon her face, and her large blue eyes were fixed with touching earnestness upon him whom she firmly believed could guard or annihilate both body and soul.

“‘Fear nothing, my daughter,’ he continued; ‘thy heart is in thine own keeping. Thou wouldst not so love the King didst thou not think his love was equal to thine own. Thou believest in his love?—answer me truly.’

“‘I believe,’ answered Rosamond, with a frankness that showed the purity of her intentions, ‘that he loves me even as he has sworn to me—better than his kingdom or his life—that he has no will but mine—no wish but that which I should tell him to obey.’

“‘And hast thou no pride, my daughter, thus to rule and govern the heart of a King?’

“‘By reason of his being a King, none, my father,’ replied Rosamond coldly.

“‘The destinies of nations might lie at thy command,’ said Becket

gently, as he slowly scanned the beautiful and ingenuous face that was now upraised before him. But it remained unmoved ; and then he added, '*And all the holy church throughout the world might bless the day that gave thee power to turn a mind so fruitful to her glory. Great deeds of honour to the Lord, and to the holy saints, might spring from a word of thine.*'

"Rosamond, whose religious and somewhat superstitious feelings were deeply interwoven with all others, seemed for a moment struck by these words. The same expression of hope and joy flitted across her face ; but it sank again into melancholy, and a deep sigh broke from her lips as she said,

"*'But to do evil that good may come is equally a sin ; is it not, my father ?'*

"*'All may be forgiven, if done to the glory of God. The welfare of his holy church is gracious to his eyes ; and the desire to serve her truly sanctifies many a means,'* replied Becket ; and then he continued in a more hurried tone, '*but these are temptations, my daughter—I would not have thee think of these.*'—vol. ii. pp. 120—127.

Again, nothing could be more revolting than the contrast which the following scene is intended to exhibit, and which of its own nature must be meant to have an application.

"But not even the goodness of her motive, the honesty and simplicity of her faith, and submission to that which she conceived to be her duty, could still the vile passions of man ; and a demon in human form, still deeper dyed in infamy by the sacred garb he wore, was there with ready hand to pluck the support from her trembling foot, and precipitate her into the gulf below. Ambition is the troubled ocean of wickedness. It sweeps before it all that would oppose its progress. The mighty mind of Becket had now opened its flood-gates. What to him was a crime more or less ? What to him was a single life—above all, a single soul ? It was as nothing—a leaf upon the autumn blast—a grain of sand upon the shore. The darling passion of his heart had burst forth,—the cherished maxim of his secret thoughts had budded in the first gleam of the prospering sun. Shall its fruit be blighted ere its luscious flavour has steeped his senses in delight ? So weak a thought never had entered his mind

"*'The whole world is not enough for one great man,'* was his constant exclamation when communing with himself. It had been the dream of his youth, as it was now the business of his manhood. So rapid had been the strides he had made towards his goal, that it seemed to him already half attained ; but, as the last steps of an ascent are ever the most steep, so the wary Becket knew that double vigilance was necessary in order to keep what he had gained, and to speed on his upward path. As every whole must be

worked out by detail, he suffered nothing, however trifling, to escape his notice. He liked to gather up the thoughts of every mind around him, and hold them in his hand like the ends of a skein of silk."—vol. ii. pp. 135—136.

There is more of baseness, however, in the imputation conveyed in the passage which we are about to transcribe. Nor has it even the poor excuse of passion to palliate its malignity. We hardly know in what terms to express our reprobation of the cowardly slanders with which every paragraph teems.

"‘Holy father,’ replied Rosamond, thoughtfully, but very steadily, ‘I repent me of the sin—that is, I repent me of having given offence to God and broken his law ; but of the love that led me to that sin. I do not repent.’

"‘The honest simplicity with which poor Rosamond unveiled the secrets of her heart, almost provoked a smile from Becket ; but having satisfied himself of all he wanted to know, which was whether the love of Rosamond was strong enough to endure, he began to grow weary of the part he was playing. *The ceremony of confession had value in his eyes only in proportion to the secular advantages to be gained from it.* He hastened, therefore, somewhat to shift his ground. Making a sign to Rosamond to rise from her knees, he took two or three turns up and down the room ; then sitting down at the table, he said in a kinder tone than he had yet used,—

"‘My daughter, your fault is too strong for your mind. The voice of earthly passion has so darkened your sense, that you cannot form any wholesome judgment of what is true repentance and what is not. The spirit may truly be willing, but the flesh is weak. Our Holy Church, however, in its great mercy and loving kindness, has decreed that atonement may also wash away sin ; but if the sin be great, the atonement must be greater. Such is the law of our good and glorious Mother, the Holy Church of Rome, which has never erred, but gathers her pious and obedient children closely beneath her wings. Inasmuch as you have truly confessed, you, my daughter, have partly obeyed ; but what atonement are you ready to make to an offended God, if your sin be remitted to you ?’

"‘Father, in all things I will be guided by you ; but ask not ——’

"‘Refrain,’ interrupted Becket, hastily, ‘refrain, my daughter, from such impious thoughts of love. Lift up your heart to Heaven, and pray the Virgin Queen to mediate between the Holy One and you. *Say, what upon her altar will you lay, if, through her intercession, you are pardoned now ?’*

“ ‘Take all that I have—all !—all !’ exclaimed Rosamond, rapturously, ‘Take what you will, my father, so that I go not hence ! Tell me what prayers and penance to endure, what fasts and vigils to observe ; leave me but breath enough to live and love, and I will bless and worship you, even as I bless and worship the Saints above !’

“Again Becket felt sadness creeping over him as these wild words burst from the lips of the half-frantic girl. But he turned once more to his worldly gain :

“ ‘Prayer and penance shall you have,’ he said, slowly and sternly ; ‘for by it is the heart purified, and the spirit lifted from the grosser things of earth. Therefore, my daughter, listen to my words, and so shall you be cleansed from your sin. Three times each day before the image of the Blessed Virgin shall you stand barefooted, and pray, with ashes strewn upon your head, one hour each time ; and till the last prayer is said you must not break your fast. Will you do this ?’

“ ‘I will, my father,’ replied Rosamond, kneeling down.

“ ‘*And for sacrifice, much will be needed for a sin like yours. The anger of the Lord must be appeased. Are you prepared, at any cost, to buy the absolution of which you stand in need ?*’ asked Becket, with an anxiety he could not wholly conceal.

“ ‘Father, I am prepared. Say, what must I do ?’ asked Rosamond, eagerly.

“ ‘*You must give to the Holy Church everything you possess. Not only in alms, and jewels, and in gold must such an offering be made, but all your lands, castles, and retainers must pass at once into the keeping of the see of Rome. All that you now have, and all that you may one day possess, must alike be dedicated to the glory of God. I, as His poor minister here upon earth, will receive it at your hands. Say, he added, insidiously recalling to her thoughts his former threat, lest the enormous sacrifice demanded might in any degree raise a doubt within her mind, ‘if I absolve you of your sin, thus rendering it no longer sin, and suffer you to remain within the palace of the King, will you fulfil all that I have said ?*’

“ ‘My father, I will fulfil it ; and from this hour I have no one possession on this earth. All, all is yours !’ said Rosamond, as joyously as before she had spoken with grief.

“ ‘Then swear it !’ pursued Becket, solemnly ; ‘and swear, more over, in all things to be obedient to my will, and never to know aught that may concern the Holy Church without instantly apprizing me of it. All that the King may say or do wherein her interests may be affected must you confide to me. *All that you can do, by persuasion or advice, to advance her welfare or her power, must be fully done ; else is your sin and that of Henry unatoned and unabsolved.* Swear then, my daughter ; and remember, if you break faith with me, even to the shadow of a thought, you shall be accused here and hereafter ; you shall straightway be driven from the King ; and in



the darkest depth of purgatory your soul shall lie for ever!—and for ever!”—vol. ii. pp. 282—287.

It is easy to perceive that in this and many other passages, the picture drawn of the ambitious and unscrupulous priest, is intended as a representation of a class rather than of an individual, and that the maxims put into his mouth are put forward as fundamental laws of popish morality. The effect of the picture, however, is heightened by the unscrupulous and all-absorbing ambition ascribed to Becket himself. In the following passage he is described, as upon the eve of the first great and decisive step in his career of unscrupulous intrigue.

“The vanity of Becket was gratified beyond measure by this conduct of the Queen; and when, sated with incense, he had taken his leave of her and retired to his own apartments, he threw himself upon his couch—but it was to think, and not to sleep. All that night he meditated upon his plans. What were vigils to him, compared to one hour of triumph or of power? Watchful was his nature; watchful had been his life; and the future might be, less than all, the season of repose. The iron strength of his mind towered above all physical wants or wishes; and although ease and luxury were the delights of his soul, ambition and vanity could o’ermaster both.

“The hours of darkness passed on; and Becket, motionless as a statue, retained the position he had at first assumed on entering his chamber. The gorgeous dress he had worn at the banquet gleamed in the dim light of two large waxen tapers, placed at the opposite end of the room, towards which he kept his bright eyes turned with a fixity that made them appear as though the eyelids never closed. It was the deep, abstracted look of one whose thoughts are far away, soaring to the future, or sinking in the past; yet never did these absorbing visions, even for a moment, cloud the intellect they bore upon their wings, so as to make it forgetful of the present. An hour-glass stood upon the table near his couch. Not once had the hand of Becket failed to turn it ere it was too late. Mechanically as he appeared to perform this action, each passing hour had been carefully noted by that ever vigilant brain; and the last time, as he turned the glass, he arose from his bed.

“No symptom of weariness escaped him. On the contrary, he traversed the room with the elastic step of youth; and, pushing back the hair from his forehead, he seemed to clear away thoughts of the past. A look of determination was on his brow; he knit his lips so firmly together, that they were totally concealed by his long black moustache.

“On reaching the opposite end of the room to that where he had

been lying, Becket took a key from the table, and lighted a small lamp that stood upon it. He then extinguished the tapers, and drew back the heavy cloth curtain that shaded the window. A faint blue light streamed in through the narrow panes of the casement; the clouds were breaking in the east. Becket walked to the hour-glass, and shook the sand: more than three-fourths remained in the upper part of the glass.

“‘It is the time,’ he said; ‘in an hour the sun will rise.’”  
—pp. 112—115.

And in accordance with this character, he is made to disregard every consideration, no matter how solemn or how sacred, in the pursuit of the one great object. “The ceremony of confession was to him but as an empty form, save in so far as it forwarded his views.” (ii. 282.) He is represented as employing every instrument to compass his ends. In the whole circle by whom he is surrounded he can only see tools to work out his own aggrandisement, and the achievement of his own objects. “The life of woman was as nothing in his eyes, save as it conduced to his own security or advancement.” (ii. 109.) His hypocrisy is described as knowing no bounds: his hatred, as no less implacable than his pride was unmeasured. Under an outward clothing of sanctity, he covered a heart which, had he but looked within, might have made him shudder at its depravity. (i. 301.) In his brief career, he crowded together whole “years of deceit and villany.”

From all this, the reader will perhaps be prepared for the last revolting scene, to which we alluded in the summary. Rosamond, in her alarm at the reported return of her father, flies for counsel to Becket, her friend and counsellor, and above all, her confessor. He but confirms and exaggerates her alarms, by assuring her that her father would not fail to wipe out in blood the shame of her fall.

“‘Shame!’ echoed Rosamond, with a shudder; and then, as she looked up steadily into the face of Becket, she continued, ‘if there is shame, why then there must be guilt? And yet, my father, how often have you told me I was absolved from every sin—and that in loving Henry, I was but fulfilling a Divine mission to work out, by my unworthy help, the welfare of the Church?’

“‘It is true,’ answered Becket, without quailing before this home charge: ‘that is, it *was* true; but things remain not as they were.’

“‘But truth remains, my father,’ said Rosamond, with simpli-

city,—‘the pure and beauteous truth, the guiding star of our weak wanderings here. Truth stays with us, my father, does it not? Till now, you told me that my course was sinless, inasmuch as its end was good. If this was truth, my father, even as I held it from your words to be, why should I tremble now?’

“‘The eye of prejudice or of malice looks askance,’ replied the Archbishop evasively; ‘it may not see all things even as we do, who only view in all the glory of the Lord Most High. Walter de Clifford is a stern proud man.’”—vol. iii. pp. 41—42.

At last all concealment is at an end.

“The exultation with which these words were rapidly uttered, and the passionate excitement of Becket, so different from his usual cold and collected manner, fell upon the heart of Rosamond with a chill for which she could not account. She looked wonderingly up into the face of the Archbishop;—it was as altered as his tone. His dark eyes flashed fire; and the paleness of his cheek was replaced by a brilliant glow, which, with the profusion of dark hair he had suffered to grow round his face, gave him the appearance of being much younger than he really was. He was a splendid specimen of manly beauty; but Rosamond, as she looked upon him, saw it not. She only felt that he was changed,—and changed so completely that for an instant it occasioned her a feeling of alarm. An impression of fear suddenly rushed over her; and, spontaneously impelled by it, she loosened her hand from the grasp which Becket still retained of it. The movement recalled him to himself; for at that moment, maddened by ambition, his thoughts had wandered for an instant to other scenes. The endeavour of Rosamond did not succeed; he clasped her hand still closer than before, and with increasing fire went on.

“‘Yes, Rosamond, now you know all. I have unveiled before your eyes the secrets of my heart. To no other mortal ear have such words been given. I have trusted you with my very soul,—for I love you, Rosamond,—yes, I love you; but with a love so fierce, so ardent, that all other pales before it.’

“The passion with which these words were uttered, left no doubt upon the mind of Rosamond of the sense they were intended to convey. Shocked and terrified beyond all power of control, she started to her feet exclaiming,—

“‘This to me! from *you*, my father.’

“It was the last time she called him by that name.

“‘Yes!’ he replied, without heeding the dismay her looks expressed, ‘I love you, Rosamond, with a depth those only know who have not piecemeal squandered out their heart. Till now I had forsworn love.’

“‘Your vow! your vow!’ cried Rosamond, horrified almost beyond the power of speech.

“ ‘Is nothing,’ he replied, with a laugh of scorn. ‘I need but speak the word, and Rome dissolves all vows, all oaths, all obligations. The Pope is lord of Heaven, and earth, and hell,—and more than God on earth. We that make laws, can unmake them at our will, for our will is the world’s law. Fear not, Rosamond; be mine in peace—for mine you must be—mine you are; body and soul I claim you as my own.’

“ ‘Never!’ was the answer of Rosamond; but the vehemence with which she spoke the word made it sound like thunder to the astonished ear of Becket.

“ ‘How?’ he exclaimed, rising in anger as he beheld the indignation which shone on every feature of the beautiful face before him. ‘You refuse? you do not love me?’

“ ‘Love you!’ echoed Rosamond, with a look of loathing that filled his proud heart with fury, ‘Heaven is my witness,’ she continued, and at every word she seemed to gather courage from the horror the thought inspired; ‘I have loved you—you, who from my cradle I have looked to as a father and as a friend—I have loved you with a daughter’s love. I have honoured and obeyed—obeyed, alas! alas! even to my own destruction.’

“ ‘Call not that obedience,’ said Becket angrily, ‘which was but the headlong following of your own vile passion.’ Then suddenly changing his tone, as if to give her an opportunity of at least palliating the harshness of her refusal, he said, ‘All that is past may not be undone; but, for the future, I offer you happiness and power—power such as no other upon earth can ever bid you share. And what do you resign? I ask you but to give up a lover already weary of your charms: one, too, whose power trembles in his grasp; and, safe and far above the reach of harm, to dwell with me beneath the sheltering wings of Rome, all-powerful, uncontrolled. A mighty sacrifice I ask!—and yet you turn away. Rosamond, listen to me! think upon my love. and grant the prayer of one who never prayed till now! Angel in woman’s form! I kneel and worship you. Give me but one soft look,—speak but one gentle word,—one word of love is all that I implore.’

“ As he spoke, his voice sank into tones of the deepest tenderness; and, throwing himself upon his knees before her, he attempted to take her hand, but she started back more in horror than in fear, and boldly answered,—

“ ‘No, no, I tell you, no! In vain you pray. No word of love for you shall ever pass my lips. The thought is hateful to my very soul. I may have sinned; I *have* sinned; and too late I see how deep and deadly was that sin which even you counselled and approved. I gave my heart with honesty and truth. I gave it once, and that once was for ever. I may not take it back, and even if danger threatens, even if he I love prove false, sooner than be the vile thing you would make me, let me die! Let me,’ she continued, passionately clasping her hands and raising them to

heaven, 'oh, gracious God! oh, Virgin Mother! who from thy throne lookest down upon my sorrow and my sin, let me be sooner numbered with the dead than break the vows I truly made before thee. Let me die faithful to him I love.'

" 'Impious girl,' cried Becket, starting to his feet and drawing his cloak closely round him, 'profane not the holy name of God by thus calling upon Him to sanction your crime.'

" 'A crime!' answered Rosamond steadily, and turning her eyes slowly and even calmly upon the face of Becket, 'till now it was no crime. False priest, vile counsellor, I know you now! I scorn and hate you from my very soul.'

" 'If Rosamond was beautiful in her native tenderness, that beauty was increased ten-fold under the influence of the exciting passions of anger and contempt. Her eyes flashed, and her form actually seemed to dilate, as she stood erect with one hand pointed towards her hearer, as though passing sentence upon a culprit. The magnificence of her beauty had never before so struck upon the vibrating senses of the baffled and unmasked traitor before her; and in a voice where the passion of love strongly contended with that of rage, he exclaimed,—

" 'Rash girl, if not on me, have pity on yourself. Listen to me, or dread my vengeance, and despair.'

" 'Never! the one I loathe, the other I defy,' was her undaunted reply, with a look of aversion that cut Becket to the soul.

" 'Once more,' he said in a deep and solemn voice, 'I bid you pause ere you decide.'

" 'I have decided,' answered Rosamond firmly, and folding her arms upon her breast; 'vengeance is yours; you can but take my life.'

" 'Ha! say you so?' he exclaimed, maddened to fury by the unutterable scorn with which, from the first, her every word had been spoken. 'Then is your doom decreed. Nor heaven nor hell shall turn me from my path. The world shall crumble into dust ere my avenging hand be stayed. Others shall feel its weight, but drop by drop your heart's blood shall be poured upon the wound you have made here.'

" He struck his breast violently as he spoke, and his face was livid with rage, as he added in a voice of thunder, 'Look to thyself, King Henry! Thy throne is tottering beneath thy weight! Queen Eleanor, I release thee from thy vow! And you, unhappy girl, author of all this woe, you have defied my power, scorned my love, and called down Heaven's vengeance on your head. May it light upon you, and there rest for ever. I bade you once 'beware,' and now I bid you 'tremble.'"

" The tone in which he spoke these words fell upon the heart of Rosamond with a fearful chill; but she did not move or withdraw her calm and steadfast gaze from his face, which had assumed the most diabolical expression of rage and malice.

“ In a moment after he had spoken, he folded his cloak around him, and disappeared in the forest.”—vol. iii. pp. 55—62.

But the charge against this writer does not end here. Thus far, perhaps, it might be contended, that no one is bound to accept the Catholic view of the character of Thomas a Becket, and that to attribute to him motives such as those imputed by the passages which we have extracted, is but to exercise the privilege of free criticism to which every student of history is entitled. But what shall be said if it appear, that not only is the narrative such as it appears in her pages, not founded upon the real facts of the case, but on the contrary, is a gross and wilful misrepresentation of them in every important particular, especially in those which are most unfavourable to the memory of St. Thomas.

We shall not dwell upon the part of her statement which regards his personal character. Many other protestant writers before her have charged him with ambition, with spiritual pride, and with the design of elevating the Church above the State. But there is none whom she has not far outstripped in her imputation of the base personal motives, and of the sordid and grovelling hypocrisy to which she ascribes all his exercise of religion. Even Hume, the most unscrupulous of them all, confesses that “no man who enters into the genius of the age, can reasonably doubt this prelate’s sincerity,”\* and avows that even his most secret and confidential letters display, “in all his retainers, no less than in himself, the most entire and absolute conviction of the piety of their cause.” This however, is but a minor injustice in comparison with the foul and hideous accusation which the above extracts disclose—the charge of having prostituted his sacred office for the purpose of pandering to the bad passions of the king; of having employed the influence of the confessional itself, in order to betray into the lustful hands of Henry, a young and confiding girl, his ward, and even his penitent; and in the end of having sought to seduce her, fallen as she was through his arts, to his own unhallowed love! Now will the reader believe that this entire story is not only utterly without the shadow of historical probability, but is clearly opposed

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\* i. 457.



in all its parts to the plainest facts of the history—facts which it is impossible to suppose unknown to the writer of these hideous calumnies.

I. There is not a shade of reason for connecting St. Thomas at all with the history of Rosamond, nor does any writer of the time, even those who were most opposed to his policy, even hint at the idea.

II. This connexion is not only unsupported by evidence, but is utterly at variance with the known and unquestioned facts of the case.

(1.) Thomas a Becket never was prior of Severnstoke; and what is far more important, he never, prior to his elevation to the see of Canterbury, could have acted as the director of a convent of nuns, or a confessor in any capacity whatsoever, for the simple reason that, until that time, *he was not a priest at all*. It is as notorious as any fact could possibly be, that during the time of his favour at court, he was simply a deacon, and there is the less excuse for ignorance of this prominent fact, inasmuch as it was made an objection to his elevation even by himself. The assertion, therefore, that he was the confessor of Rosamond Clifford, is a pure invention, which can have no object except to blacken his name and render it odious.

(2.) It is well known that Becket was not *named chancellor till the year 1157*; and it is during his occupancy of that office, that he is represented as having sought by this base compliance to secure himself in the king's good graces. Now Rosamond's connexion with the king was several years anterior to this date.

(3.) For Rosamond was the mistress of Henry, and the mother of his children, *years before Thomas a Becket appeared at the court at all, or even was known to the king*. Her eldest son, William, was born not only before Becket's introduction at Court, but even before Henry's accession itself, and while he was still Duke of Normandy. Even the youngest, Geoffrey, must have been born about the time of his father's accession, for he was older than Prince Henry, the son of Eleanor, who was born a few months after his father's coronation.\*

(4.) The direct charge of immorality against Thomas a

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\* Lingard, ii. 304.

Becket himself, one, too, of so hateful a character, is equally opposed to all the evidence of history. Even the most inveterate of his enemies never ventured to cast the shadow of such an imputation upon him. And in this work it is the more unjustifiable, inasmuch as it is used for the purpose of palliating the crime of his murder, by representing it as an act of vengeance on the part of the lover of Rosamond, Randolph de Broc. The noble and generous character ascribed to this De Broc, by-the-bye, who is described by the contemporary historians, as *hominem scelestum totius malitiæ incentorem*, is another example of this writer's flagrant dishonesty. It is meant, of course, to heighten the infamy of the Archbishop by the contrast.

And this is given to the public as history, or, at least, founded upon history ! First, that Becket was the confessor of Rosamond Clifford ; secondly, that, as her confessor, he, for his own base ends, persuaded her to become the mistress of Henry ; thirdly, that at the price of the surrender of her estate, he absolved her, and permitted her to continue to live with the king ; fourthly, that he afterwards attempted to attach her to himself in unholy love ; and fifthly, that in revenge of her rejection of his suit, he sought and compassed her ruin by the basest and most sacrilegious measures, whereas not only is there no evidence, or seeming evidence, for any such assertions ; but on the contrary, it is perfectly certain that he never could have been her confessor at all ; that she was the mistress of Henry for many years before Becket was ever known to the king, and that the rest of the charge is confuted by the unanimous admission of even the deadliest enemies of the Archbishop's fame !

If such be this writer's arts for the purpose of blackening the character of St. Thomas, we may easily anticipate that equal pains are taken to exalt Henry in the contrast.

“ Well had that most sagacious prelate, Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury, decided, when he pointed to Becket as the man of the day, and gave him to Henry, in order that the King should no longer see with his own eyes ;—for, in his heart, Theobald dreaded both the talents and decision of Henry ; and to guide is sometimes surer than to subdue. The monarch, whose only weaknesses were those of the heart, fell at once into the snare. The peculiar nature

of Henry was chiefly the cause of this. Courteous, civilized, and refined, he stood as it were alone in advance not only of his followers, but of his nation, and of his age. Learned, accomplished, and clever, he shone as a star before the world at a time when brute force and personal bravery were the qualities on which alone the mass of society prided itself. Added to this, Henry had beauty, grace, and wit, and a softness of manner which endeared him to all who knew him ; and formed a striking contrast in a character possessing such undaunted courage and quick determination. The one weak point in his nature was his too great attachment to favourites,—a foible very natural to those whose rank isolates them, and, in a great measure, deprives them of the social ties that, to a loving heart, make up the sum of human happiness. To a great warmth of affection, Henry united a steadiness of friendship and tenderness, rarely to be found in impetuous natures. Passion influenced every feeling ; and in love, friendship, or hatred, he equally abandoned himself to the full force of the sentiment. There was, however, a generosity in his very faults, that endeared him to all ; a trustfulness that could not fail to raise the object of it in their own estimation, and which none but a vicious heart could accept and then betray.”—(vol. i. pp. 216, 217.)

Who will recognize from this charming portrait the man who is described by his contemporaries, and even by his friends, as *leo, aut leone truculentior* ; whose “equal in lying was never witnessed ;” who professed without disguise, that it was “better to be guilty of falsehood, than to fail in a favourite object ;” whose “eyes, in the paroxysms of his passion, became spotted with blood ; his countenance seemed as a flame ; his hands, in impotent fury, sought to destroy every object within his reach, and when he was not able to do more mischief, would sit down and gnaw the very straw upon the floor” ? To have thrown in these, or any similar shadows, would have been to deprive the hideous and revolting portrait of his antagonist of the advantage to be derived from the contrast ; and therefore Henry is represented all that is perfect, endued with every grace of person, and ennobled by every eminent and attractive quality of mind !

It will readily be believed, too, that the monks and the monastic institute are not allowed to escape without a lash. There is a coarse and disgusting copy of the well-known scene in *Ivanhoe*, between *Cœur de Lion* and the Clerk of Copmanhurst, so coarse, that we could hardly have believed it came from a female pen. But as it is

evidently a favourite with the author, it would not be justice to suppress it.

“Not one of them recognised the King, who, enjoying their surprise, and the stealthy looks they cast upon their half-finished feast, advanced quite close to him who seemed by his age and the golden cross he wore to be the chief amongst them, and said,—

“Holy brothers, if it be not too bold to intrude thus into your greenwood refectory, I would fain crave the courtesy of a cup of wine?”

“Wine!” echoed Brother Boniface,—who, although no less a person than the prior of the order, was by far the most inebriated,—“we have no wine! have we brother Anselm?”

“Wine!” glibly replied Anselm, “the saints forbid! Holy Mother of God, protect us from such a sin! We are poor monks of Saint Swithin, bound to fasting and to prayer. By the Holy Rood, we have no wine! A little water from the rock, and a crumb of bread, is all we have to offer, most worshipful knight.”

“The lying knaves!” exclaimed Henry, in a low voice to Leicester, as he fixed his keen glance upon the portly form of Anselm, whose small grey eyes were twinkling in the hope of having deceived his hearer. “If not wine then,” added the King, in a louder tone, “a cup of ale, or a little hippocras, or mead, holy brothers, if permitted by your laws?”

“Alas! alas! we have neither,” answered the unblushing Anselm. “Hippocras and mead are for the dwellings of the rich; we poor sinners must fast and pray. By the Holy Star of Bethlehem, what I tell you is the truth. We have no wine; unless, indeed,” he added, quickly, as he marked the movement of Gaultier de Saint Clair, who, with malice in every laughing feature, was stealing towards the only one of the leathern bottles that still remained upright, “unless there should remain some drops of the mulberry juice with which we sometimes temper the water for the good father Boniface, who is old and feeble.”

“Feeble, very feeble!” mumbled Boniface, catching his own name; and he rubbed his hands and folded them on his enormous stomach, and hung his head with a helpless expression of drunken stupidity.

“Noble knight,” said brother Basil, one of the younger of the friars, who now advanced close to the King, and looked intently upon the beautiful hawk that he carried, “if it be not too bold, might we crave your assistance, or that of some of your valiant followers, in a little matter that we have on hand?”

“Speak on, my brother,” replied the King, laughing, as he turned his eyes upon the well-fed, but somewhat more candid-looking countenance now upraised to his; “the mulberry-juice, I see, has done you no harm. We soldiers of the Cross are ever ready to help or comfort you holy men of God. Speak on, and say in what

we may serve you. But first tell me—what do you here in this lone angle of the forest ?’

“ ‘ We are poor monks of St. Swithin,’ replied brother Basil, with the habitual whine ; ‘ and we go to Woodstock to deliver a petition to the King. We did but tarry here for a few moments to eat a morsel of bread ; for the body needs strength to do the work of the soul. We would crave of you, noble knight, to tell us which way his grace may be most easily approached, for the ear of King Henry is never closed to the voice of his faithful subjects ; and we, the poor monks of St. Swithin, yield to none in reverence and devotion to our good King. May the holy Saints keep his soul in safety here and hereafter !’

“ ‘ My good friend,’ said Henry, whose patience began to wax short ; ‘ if this is all your care, we are well met—I am the King !’

“ At these words, the consternation of the friars became ludicrous. Those who were standing, attempted to kneel ; while such as were lying down, tried to get up ; but almost all failed in the endeavour, and the ground was immediately strewn with the ill-fated monks thus suddenly called upon to display their loyalty in the midst of their potations. They struggled and scrambled ; their bald heads knocking together as each endeavoured to support himself by his neighbour. Very few, however, succeeded in raising themselves to a becoming position ; and Henry, whose good-nature in such cases was equal to his severity in others, put himself in his usual attitude half on one side of his horse, and laughed till he made the woods echo to his voice.

“ At last, addressing brother Basil, who alone seemed to have retained his composure, he said,—

“ ‘ It is well, my brother ; but since we already know some of each other’s secrets, tell me at once the prayer of your petition ? The merry greenwood may serve us this once for a council-chamber, as well as our castle walls.’

“ ‘ Father Boniface hath the petition, so please you, my lord,’ observed Anselm, very uneasily,—at the same time seizing tight hold of the gown of the prior, in the vain hope of keeping him steady on his feet.

“ ‘ Speak !—one, or all of you,’ vociferated Henry impatiently, and with a slight tone of contempt ;—then, turning to Basil, he added, ‘ if you know for what you pray ; for I see good father Boniface could scarce read his lesson. The mulberry-juice this hot day was over sweet for the holy prior !’

“ ‘ My lord,’ said brother Basil, without hesitation, ‘ we, the poor monks of St. Swithin, are aggrieved and oppressed. Penitence and privation are our portion ; but we cannot exist upon air. Our daily food is withdrawn ; and cruelly we are left to starve. Henry, bishop of Winchester, is our oppressor ; he has taken from us three of our dishes. Gracious monarch, restore to us our dinner,—we ask no

more ; and the poor monks of St. Swithin will pray for your kingly soul !’

“ ‘ And how many dishes has the bishop left you, good brother ?’ asked the King, gravely.

“ ‘ Twenty-seven, and no more,’ replied brother Basil, in a tone so doleful and despairing, that Henry again laughed in his face.”—vol. ii. pp. 198—205.

Caricatures such as these, however, coarse and offensive as they certainly are, may be treated with indifference. They bear with them their own antidote, and at the most they can affect but weak and prejudiced minds. But it is the artful and circumstantial slander, dressed out in elaborate detail, and presented with all the parade or pretence of history, this is it that excites our indignation. From this there is no escape, or, at least, escape is very difficult. It is by such slanders as these, put forward time after time in every variety of form, and with every variety of circumstance, in history, poetry, romance, and philosophy, that the mind of England is held closed against the admission, or even the very contemplation, of the truth.

And for a certain class of minds the plausible romance is perhaps the most dangerous weapon. The constant and unvaried repetition of the same statements of a serious character, a hundred times refuted, and repeated for the hundred-and-first time as confidently as though they had never been called into question, has a tendency, no doubt, to blunt and harden the power of perceiving the truth when presented ; but the effect of these hacknied calumnies is faint and inconsiderable in comparison with that of a sustained and elaborate lie, invested with all the attraction of romance, and carried out through all the details of an exciting story. Even the Catholic mind may hardly find itself proof against such an influence, and in the case of those whose knowledge of Catholic principles is derived entirely from without, it is impossible to estimate the strength and permanence of the false impressions which cannot fail to be produced. Nor, however lightly we may be disposed to think of the influence of such a book as “ *The Lady and the Priest*” upon the educated and reflecting, is it without sincere and sorrowful anxiety we can contemplate the startling fact, that in a time of such excitement as that through which we have just been passing, this book has run, within the



course of a few months, through several successive editions. This fact alone will suffice to shew of what material the anti-papal agitation of 1851 was composed.

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ART. VII.—*Essays Critical and Miscellaneous*, by an OCTOGENARIAN.  
2 vols. Printed by G. Nash, Cork, 1851.

SOME of these Essays are old acquaintances, having already appeared in our pages. Others are contributions to several of our literary cotemporaries. Many of the pages consist of matter entirely new, but all are worthy of being read and read again, and we are rejoiced to see them collected and preserved in their present form, even though it be but for private circulation. The lot of those who contribute to our periodical literature, is one attended with numerous disadvantages, not to the public, but to themselves. The secrecy which shields an author's mediocrity or faults from censure, deprives genius and erudition of their merited applause. We know that to minds of a high order, and influenced by high motives, the applause of men is either unheeded or despised, as a motive of action, but as an indication that their labours have not been unattended with success, it must ever be an object of interest and anxiety. The great majority, however, of those who write for the instruction or entertainment of the public, expect the meed of its approbation, and are sustained under the pressure of their intellectual exertion, more by the cheering hope of fame, than of pecuniary reward. The public knows them and admires them, and to many an author's ears there is no music so sweet, no stimulant so exciting, as the expression of its praise. But except in a few rare instances, or in a very small circle, the anonymous contributor to the pages of our periodical literature will seldom receive the reward of fame. The public will seldom seek to raise the veil with which the writer conceals his person and character, from

all except the responsible editor of the journal; and the author of the brilliant article, or the crushing argument, or even the touching strain of poetry, must often remain unknown, unless the person most interested be himself a party to the discovery. We do not deny, indeed, that anonymous writing has not also its advantages. Into the general question it is by no means our intention to enter. The subject has been very ably discussed in France within this last twelvemonths, and a law passed by the National Assembly now obliges all authors to sign their names to such articles, at least of a political tendency, as they shall insert in the public journals. Whether the experiment shall attain its object, and curb in any degree the licentiousness of the Parisian press, remains yet to be discovered.

It is fortunate at least for the young aspirant of literary fame, that such a regulation does not exist among ourselves. It is a bold and hazardous attempt enough for the adventurous tyro, to present himself as a candidate for public acceptance, and enter the field where fame and perhaps fortune are to be won, even with his vizor closely drawn, and marshalled in the ranks with others like himself. If he had to march boldly and singly into the arena, with his name and armorial bearing openly engraved upon his scutcheon, it is more than probable, that gallant and gifted though he be, he would shrink back with terror from the very publicity of his first appearance. But when he has tried his maiden pen, when he has been accustomed to see himself in print, when he has heard the whispered compliment or the open eulogy, and been encouraged by those whose opinions he values and whose character he reveres, the attempt to claim a place in the literary ranks will be made with more confidence and energy, and therefore with a greater probability of success. It was thus that Brougham, and Jeffrey, and many others equally illustrious, whom we could name, began, and trained themselves for that high degree of eminence which they subsequently attained.

It is time that we come back to the author of the *Essays* before us. Whatever timidity may have attended his first efforts, and we take it for granted that he was not exempted from the common failing (if it be a failing) of humanity, has long since disappeared, the incognito which it suggested has been long more than half laid aside. A

real and distinct personage we get a glimpse of, though still in a kind of crepuscular obscurity, in the "J. R. of Cork," whose most interesting correspondence has often riveted attention in some half-dozen periodicals, and though in the literary world his name and real character have been no secret for many years, yet now that he has reached the period of life granted to so very few, full of years and labours, we see no reason why those who have been instructed and delighted by his writings, should still be ignorant that they are indebted for them to Mr. James Roche, of Cork, now, as the title of his book declares, a venerable octogenarian.

Mr. Roche was born in Limerick eighty years ago, and of a family that ranked high in wealth and worth amongst their fellow-citizens. Whether they were connected with, or descended from the Lords Roche of Fermoy is not clearly ascertained; it is certain that they are descended from the Hon. Mr. Roche, who was one of the assembled delegates at the confederation of Kilkenny. A good deal of his family history and connections is made known to us in his *Essays*, as, for instance, speaking of the family of Stackpole,

"The Stackpole family of Strongbonian origin, has long stood in the first line of respectability in the county of Clare. Indeed the Count was usually distinguished as Lord George, having some pretensions to the peerage of La Zouche. My father's maternal descent was from the same stock. The husband of his granddaughter, Mr. Cornelius O'Brien, was one of the members for the County: and its late High Sheriff, her son, my great nephew, Mr. John O'Brien, represents the city of Limerick, succeeding in that position my brother, Mr. William Roche."—Vol. ii. p. 227, note.

During the last century, and indeed from the period of the treaty of Limerick, all posts of trust and emolument were closed to Irish Catholics at home, and those who believed, or knew that they were fit for something else than hewing wood or drawing water, had to repair to other countries in search of honour and distinction. Several of Mr. Roche's family entered into the military service, and placed their swords at the disposal of the French and the Austrian governments. At the battle of Kunersdorff, the great Frederick had a narrow escape of being made prisoner by an uncle, Thady O'Brien, then an officer under the Austrian Commander, Landon. O'Brien seized

his majesty's horse, as he fled in terror from the field of battle, and held him firmly by the bridle, until his arm, disabled by a pistol shot, the ball of which was never after extracted, was forced to loose its hold, and with it the honour and emolument of bringing in the monarch captive.

It was not alone that places of trust and honour were withheld from Irish Catholics in those times, but it is quite unnecessary to say that the knowledge which would have fitted them for these places was withheld also. An eminent writer has observed "that in order that the Irish should be oppressed with impunity, it was necessary that they should be first degraded." Hence the schoolmaster was deemed the enemy of the State, legal enactments were made against him, and a price was set upon his head. He and the priest were both outlaws and criminals together. A respectable clergyman, vicar-general of the diocese in which the writer of this article resides, and who is not many years deceased, was wont to tell how, when he was at school, learning the classics and preparing himself for the priesthood, it was always the custom for one of the boys to stand sentry upon a neighbouring eminence, lest any of the agents of power in those days should come upon them unawares. Each boy in his turn stood watchman, while the other were employed in study. It is not wonderful that Providence should visit upon the English government and people the crimes of their forefathers, and that by a just retribution, the question of Education in Ireland should be one of its greatest difficulties, and one of the most difficult problems of its legislation.

At the period of which we now speak, there was no educational establishment in Ireland for respectable Roman Catholics. The guardians of Mr. Roche, therefore, determined to send him to France, as was then the custom, and where he had numerous acquaintances and fellow-countrymen. The college of Saintes was selected for the purpose. This town is charmingly situated on the banks of the Charente, about twenty-five leagues north-east from Bordeaux. Though it has been long neglected, and is verging slowly to decay, it was once the flourishing capital of the Santones, a warlike people of Aquitain, from whom it derives its name, and even to this day boasts of one of the choicest specimens of Roman antiquity in tolerably fair preservation. It is an arch, erected by the Santones, in memory of Germanicus, and as, from the change that time

has made in the river's bed, it now occupies the very middle of the bridge, though it formerly stood upon the bank, every traveller who enters the town is afforded an opportunity of seeing its fair proportions. The college of Saintes was conducted by the Jesuits, but on their suppression was transferred to other hands. It was still, however, efficiently conducted when Mr. Roche was sent there for instruction. He was also placed under the care and private tuition of the Abbé Casey, of Irish birth, as his name abundantly testifies, but long resident abroad. Here he remained about two years, and made great proficiency in the several branches of knowledge that were usually taught. If we may judge by the studies to which his attention was especially directed in after life, we may say that Classical literature, and the history and languages of modern Europe, were those most congenial to his taste. Of the very great proficiency which he attained in these, we have abundant evidence in the volumes before us. There is scarcely a classical or even a Latin author with whose works he does not seem familiar, and from whose pages he does not quote, with taste and judgment. Witness the following remarks suggested by the words of Father Paul Sarpi, "*Esto Perpetua.*"

"Sarpi's dying ejaculation, in words since of such frequent use and various application, *Esto Perpetua*, allusive it is supposed to Venice, has not received the sanction of heaven, for

" 'The spouseless Adriatic mourns her Lord,' and  
 ————— Venice lost, and won  
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,  
 Sinks like a sea-weed into whence she rose.'

CHILDE HAROLD, iv. 11, 13.

"Or in the Classical strains of his countryman, Sannazaro (*Elegia in oper. Ald., 1535, 8vo.*), so consonant in object and expression to the deeply affecting letter of consolation from Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on his daughter's death. (*Epist. ad fam. Lib. iv. Epist. 5.*)

" 'Et querimur cito si nostræ data tempora vitæ  
 Diffugiunt! Urbes mors violenta rapit:  
 Fata trahunt homines; fatis urgentibus, urbes  
 Et quodcunque vides auferet ipsa dies.'

"What a contrast with the proud and palmy days of Venice, which her citizens vaunted as the special work of the Most High, 'Opus Excelsi,' and superior to Rome herself!

" 'Si Pelago Tybrim præfers, urbem aspice utramque;  
 Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse Deos.'—Idem Sannaz."

ESSAYS, vol. i. p. 271.

And again, with reference to the well known line of Lucretius, “*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*”

“To this often cited line, and the evils it refers to, Cardinal Polignac, in his *Anti Lucretius*, opposes the desolating effects of the Roman Poet’s inculcated Atheism, and antithetically concludes the contrasted enumeration (lib. i. v. 839) thus :

“*‘Efferatantum igitur potuit suadere malorum  
Impietas non Religio quæ prava coercens  
Corda metu, spe recta favet’ . . . . .*

“The poet’s philosophy was that of Des Cartes ; but he highly praises Newton’s Optical discoveries, for which our illustrious countryman addressed him, ‘*plenam urbanitatis epistolam quâ se affirmabat maximo cum desiderio moriturum si Anti-Lucretium totius Europæ tantopere expetitur legere sibi non contigisset.*’ The gratification was not however reserved for Newton, whose death preceded the publication of the volume by about twenty years, nor did it appear till after the author’s own decease ; though he had often recited many brilliant parts of it, which made it long celebrated over Europe. At his last moments, he repeated those affecting lines of the first book :

“*‘Ceullectum peragrat membris languentibus æger  
In latus alternis lævum dextrumque recumbens  
Nec juvat,’ &c.*

“It was similarly that Lucan ‘*profluente sanguine ubi frigesceore pedes manusque, et paullatim ab extremis cedere spiritum . . . . . intelligit,*’ (says Tacitus, in relating the Poet’s death inflicted by Nero, *Annal xv.*) ‘*recordatus carmen a se compositum, quo vulneratum militem per ejusmodi mortis imaginem obiisse tradiderat versus ipsos retulit, eaque illi vox suprema fuit.*’ The verses here adverted to by the great historian, are generally supposed to be those of book iii. of the *Pharsalia*.

“*‘Scinditur avulsus ; nec sicut vulnere sanguis  
Emicuit lentus ; ruptis cadit undique venis,’ &c.*

“While other commentators consider the lines, 811, of Book ninth more apposite :

“*‘Sanguis erant lachrymæ : quæcunque foramina novit  
Humor, ab his largus manat cruor,’ &c.*

“Dante is likewise reported to have applied his own language to express his dying feelings :

“*‘Vedrai te simigliante a quella’ nferma  
Che non puo trover posa in su le piume ;  
Ma con dar volta su’ dolore scherma,’ ”*

PURGATORIO, Canto vi. 149.”—vol. i. p. 199.

But it is in the department of French History and literature that our author made most progress. This was to be expected from his early associations; and the



opportunities then afforded him have certainly been turned to good account. The most out-of-the-way authors he seems to have made acquaintance with, and is perfectly at home in all the literary gossip and anecdote of the Parisian world of the last and present century. For a thorough and intimate knowledge of the French tongue we may be prepared, but it must have required great reading and great powers of memory, to have got thus the mastery of all the minute details, and to have dates and texts almost at his fingers' ends. His faculty of accurately remembering these particulars is very remarkable, and is exemplified in a striking manner in the several essays of this publication. We shall take occasion to refer again to this branch of our subject. After completing his studies he returned to Ireland, and after a brief stay he went back again to France.

This occurred exactly at the period of the first, or as it is often called, the Great Revolution. France was in a perfect fever of excitement. The nation, big with the impending changes which were then beginning to make themselves felt, was troubled for the past, and still more troubled for the future, which was presenting itself amid the brightest hopes of some and the gloomiest anticipations of others. It was, as events proved, a most adverse time for the quiet and steady pursuits of industry. The part of the kingdom which Mr. Roche selected as his abode, was the birthplace of the once powerful political party of the Gironde, which promised in the beginning to guide the stormy and fitful gusts of the revolutionary spirit with a skilful and steady hand, but which, unfortunately for itself and the country that looked up to it with hope, proved unequal to the task, and was ultimately annihilated on the scaffold. It is not our business nor purpose here to pronounce an opinion on the Girondins, nor to discuss the principles of their policy, if such they had; but we must reluctantly avow, whatever our admiration of their abilities may be, which were of a very high order, that we look on their fall as a striking and terrible lesson for any political party at home or abroad, that may be at any time disposed to compromise the principles of honour and consistency, much less of truth and justice, at the suggestion of political expediency, or the dictate of popular fanaticism. Passing events in our country may give this lesson a more pointed significance, and prove, that in politics as in com-

mon life, the old adage holds good, that honesty is always the best policy in the end.

Mr. Roche became intimate during his residence at Bordeaux, with many of those who were subsequently the most distinguished leaders and members of this party; among others, with Vergniaud and Gensonné, with reference to whom the following recollections will prove interesting. The latter incident is a striking proof of the uncertainty of life in the Parisian world of the day.

“On the king’s trial, the Girondists, those I mean of the special department, ten in number, had nearly all declared their firm resolution to protect the royal life, while they sacrificed the regal dignity; but when brought to the test, in the hour of danger yielding to fear, that terrible demoralizer of the human spirit, they, with the single exception of Grangeneuve, who nobly defied the threatening glance of Robespierre, betrayed their internal conviction, and voted for their sovereign’s death. Vergniaud, too, by far the most eloquent of them, or of the Convention at large, and who had energetically opposed and denounced the atrocious commune on all occasions, pronounced, as president, the fatal sentence. Deeply did I, to whom in my early days he had shown uniform kindness, on my visits to him at his residence in the ‘Rue St. Catharine,’ at Bordeaux, regret this failure of heart on so critical an ordeal of his fortitude. His colleague, Gensonné, with whom I had also been on terms of acquaintance at his house in the ‘Rue de trois Conils,’ was equally pusillanimous, and followed Vergniaud’s example. The two youngest, Ducos and Fonfrède, had been mere fops. The former, I recollect, wore false calves, to make his legs correspond with the comparatively greater fulness of his body; but he was an excellent dancer, as was likewise his brother-in-law, Fonfrède, whose uncle of the same name, (Boyer Fonfrède,) stood pre-eminent in that accomplishment until surpassed by my friend Trénis, who knew no superior save the ‘Dieu de la danse,’ as he was distinguished, the younger Vestris. M. Trénis was a gentleman of fortune, destined for the bar, but the spoiled child of society, from his eminence as a dancer, which eventually turned his head, and made him an inmate of a lunatic asylum, where he died. To these few personal details I shall only add, that on the 28th of May, 1793, I dined at the house of M. Vandenyer, my family’s banker, in the Rue Vivienne, near the old Bourse, (or Exchange,) in company with twelve of the deputies known under the general designation of Girondins, and chiefs of the class, constituting all together, including the Vandenyers, father and son, with myself, the number of fifteen, and before the year closed one of the Vandenyers and I alone survived. Thirteen had fallen under the revolutionary axe! On the 31st of May and two succeeding days, Robespierre’s terrific

ascendency was established, though on the 28th, his adversaries the Girondins, exulted in the assured prospect of their approaching triumph, as I witnessed.”—vol. ii., p. 193.

Our author was witness of some of the strange events, and often of the horrors, that disgraced the French capital during the reign of terror, as for instance :

“ As *part* of a single day’s ensanguined execution, we beheld the sacrifice of eleven nuns to the revolutionary Moloch. Martyrs to their faith, surely, for their alleged crime was hearing the Mass of a nonjuring priest. Mournful in the extreme and deeply affecting was the sight, yet sublime in the contemplation of its inspiring cause, which lent to humble beings, essentially weak in their nature, an elevation of spirit and fortitude, as we saw, of endurance unsurpassed, we may truly affirm, by what philosophy could effect or pride assume,

‘ Prodigæ vitæ, cruore  
Purpuratæ martyres ;  
Auspicatæ morte vitam  
Pace guadent perpeti.’ ”

In 1793, Mr. Roche was arrested in Paris as a British subject. It was during the reign of terror, when scores of victims were each day led forth from the prison to the scaffold. It is well known that innocence under Robespierre and Fouquier Tinville gave no security to the accused, and that many a noble spirit and gallant lover of his country had to lay his head upon the guillotine through the fanatical hatred of England. Our author would never have attained his octogenarian honours, nor would his literary labours be the subject of our present notice, if the Parisian public had not been amazed one morning with the astonishing and unexpected intelligence that Robespierre was dead. The public, incredulous at first, when convinced of the truth became almost delirious with joy. Every one felt as if a great load that had been long pressing upon his heart was taken off, and that at last he was able to breathe freely, without the withering apprehension that that breath may be his last. And if the public at large felt thus delighted, how much more must those have done who for many a long hour, made yet longer by the constant apprehension of the impending judgment, for trial there was none, had been pining in the crowded dungeons of the capital. That was a glo-

rious morning, indeed, that brought them the cheering news that Robespierre was dead. Our author felt it, as did many besides, whom it restored to life and liberty again.

After his liberation, he remained for some time in Paris, and was a witness of several of the stirring scenes that each day brought with it. Among others Buonaparte's first appearance in public life,—the defeat of the Sections.

“Of his first public manifestation in that capital, in October, 1795, when he overthrew the Sections armed in opposition to the Convention, I was witness, and well remember the prognostics raised on the fearful energy of his conduct on that occasion, when I had the good fortune to secure a refuge to one of the discomfited generals and his aide-de-camp, who were concealed at my house in the south for some days. The general, a connexion of my family, did not long survive, but the aide-de-camp, since also deceased, had subsequently served with distinction under Napoleon, and commanded the third division of the invading army against Spain, in 1823, when he was created a peer of France. I mean the late General Count Bourke, the son of an officer of the Irish Brigade, who was made prisoner with his countryman, the unfortunate Lally, at Pondicherry, for the surrender of which Lally was executed, in 1766.”—vol. ii., p. 187.

During the few years that followed his liberation from captivity, our author seems to have passed his time, probably in the pursuit of his mercantile profession, between Paris and Bordeaux. An anecdote of his personal history during his residence at the latter place, will give our readers a remarkable instance of the vicissitudes of popular favour, and show them how the hated of one generation may become the hero of the next. The subject of the anecdote is no less a personage than General Washington.

“The citizens of the United States never fail, it is known, to celebrate the 4th of July, the anniversary of their declared independence of the British Crown. In 1796, we assisted by special invitation, at Bordeaux, to commemorate the day; when after a few early toasts a round of rascals was proposed, not then an unwonted practice, and at their head, with curses loud and deep, was pronounced the name of George Washington! A French general and ourselves were the only alien guests. He made some observation expressive of surprise, which was answered by the chairman in terms of insult; fortunately not sufficiently understood to cause the usual consequences, which we averted by a very soft-

ened interpretation of the words. We had ourselves declined the toast, but unnoticed. The chairman, a Mr. Russell, was subsequently employed in various diplomatic missions."—vol. ii., p. 77.

About the close of the last century, Mr. Roche deemed it advisable to transfer his capital and business to Ireland; and after some time, spent probably in making the necessary preparations, he commenced business in Cork, as a banker, in partnership with his brother. When the Catholics, after the disappointment of the Union, and of the hopes of emancipation held out to them at that period, began to agitate the question, our author took a very prominent part in every effort for the purpose. His character, position in society, and mental acquirements, pointed him out as one who was fit to give efficient aid to his fellow-countrymen for this purpose. He was a frequent if not a constant chairman at all the public meetings held in his neighbourhood, to agitate and promote the measure of Catholic emancipation, and one of the oldest reminiscences of the writer of this notice, is to have seen him in this capacity at a Catholic meeting in the chapel of SS. Peter and Paul, in the city of Cork.

It may be very well supposed, from what we have already said, that our author did not, during the whole of this period, neglect his literary pursuits. Neither the engrossing nature of his professional engagements, nor the exciting moments of political exertion, prevented him from those more agreeable enjoyments which he derived from his favourite authors. His residence in one of the most beautiful situations of the many that constitute the delightful scenery of the Cork river, was well stocked with the choicest treasures of literary genius. His selection of books was made with great taste and judgment, and there were few sales of literary works of excellence at which he was not a frequent and often a successful bidder; and it was not by the mere rarity of the volume which has so often led the buyer to extravagance, that his choice was determined, but by the intrinsic value of the article. An anecdote is related by himself of an incident that occurred at an auction of books in Dublin, which, as we are treating on this matter, is worth mentioning:

"In the year 1800, immediately after the sale of Mr. Stevens's library, where were first exhibited, I believe, those emulative contests for the early 4to. editions of Shakspeare, which succeeding years

have rather inflamed than moderated, I met Mr. John Kemble in Dublin, at the auction of Provost Murray's books, by Mr. Mercier, in Anglesea Street. While waiting for Mr. Mercier's arrival, the *Gentleman's Magazine for May*, just then received, was looked into by a person present, who astonished at the prices therein stated to have been given for six detached plays of Shakspeare, (£158. 4s.) exclaimed, 'Who were the madmen guilty of such extravagance?' 'I, Sir,' said Kemble, rising from his seat 'toro sic orsus ab alto,' with the solemn dignity of mien and lofty assumption of manner that characterized him: 'I, Sir, am one of those unhappy wights who appear so insanely indifferent to the value of money.' And resuming his seat, he scarcely noticed the anxious apologies of the unwitting and abashed offender."—vol. i., p. 286.

- We should have stated, that Mr. Roche married, in 1793, a daughter of Mr. John Moytan, of Cork, and a relation of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork of that name, by whom he had two children; and amid the enjoyments of home, devoted to his amiable and interesting family, and dividing his time between his professional engagements and his literary pursuits, our author would have been content to spend the remainder of his life. Though not an old man, he yet had seen and suffered too much of the world not to value the priceless blessings of happiness and repose. And yet, though he had suffered much already, he was still doomed to suffer more, and a dark cloud, big with misfortune, was already breaking over his hopes and home. The year 1819 was one of much mercantile embarrassment. It is not for us to enter into the detail of the various causes, financial and social, which produced or accelerated the crisis. It was most calamitous for Mr. Roche and for his brother; and through their failure it was calamitous for thousands. To satisfy the necessities and legal claims of his creditors, his personal and other property was sold. His books, that formed the solace of many a tedious hour, were all brought to the hammer. We know not but a small portion was preserved by the kind care and solicitude of his friends, but with this exception all was disposed of, and the owner, who a few days before was in the enjoyment of every worldly happiness, was left penniless, and comparatively a pauper. It was well that he had read the philosophers of Athens and Rome to some purpose; and better still that he accustomed himself during life to the hopes and consolations of that gospel



without which the philosophy of Athens and of Rome would be of very little service.

For some time after this occurrence, Mr. Roche had to bear up with all the difficulties usually consequent on reverses of fortune. But time, that great healer of human maladies, mental and bodily, the aid of kind friends, and his own energies, gradually removed the pressure of affliction, and though not in affluence, he is at present, we believe, in a position of comfortable independence, and able to devote himself, without impediment, to those intellectual pursuits which have been the great solace and enjoyment of his leisure hours. It is since then, also, we believe, that he has written nearly all the essays contained in the two volumes before us. Some of these have already appeared in our own pages, and the remainder have been addressed to other periodicals; among the rest, that most venerable of them all, "*The Gentleman's Magazine*." They are principally devoted to subjects of literary and historical criticism, and in their present form we are glad to find that several points have been re-considered, some remarks suppressed, and much new and valuable matter added, where necessary, in explanation or in proof. We have, on the whole, rarely seen so much of valuable criticism and of interesting historical matter contained within the same compass. It is our intention to leave such of our readers as are not familiar with our author's style and writings, to judge for themselves, but where or what to choose, or where to begin, we know not. The variety of topics is so great, and the choice is so embarrassing, that we begin almost at random with the following particulars of the French philosopher, J. J. Rousseau.

"To the unerring proofs of a diseased intellect, his admiring friend adds several more, affirmative of the melancholy fact. Thus, told that his opera, '*Le devin du village*,' had been applauded, he imagined that it was the more firmly to fix on him the impeachment of some ideal plagiarism, and to aggravate the imputation the value of the theft is exaggerated, he said. When about to leave England, the wind happening to be adverse, he thought it a mere device for detaining him there, at the request of the French minister, Choiseul. '*Les soupçons*,' says his friend, '*se multipliaient, et prenaient un caractère de véritable folie*.' He even suspected his wife: '*D'être du complot et de s'entendre avec ses ennemis*.' Indeed, he was conscious afterwards that his reason had then fled; but that the latter years of his life were clouded more or less by recurring insa-

nity is beyond contradiction. Just before embarking, on his departure from England, he harangued the assembled populace in French, of which they were as ignorant as he was of English.

“ Viola la Science  
Immense  
D'un Savant de France  
Qui rêve en plein midi !

“ In fact, at an earlier date, Madame D'Epinaÿ in her ‘Memoires’ tells us, that observing him seemingly absorbed in some remorseful retrospect, she attempted to console him by the assurance that his errors were not those of the heart. ‘Where, good Madame, have you discovered that?’ bluntly replied Rousseau. ‘Know then once for all, that I was born, and am of a perverse nature (vicieux). You can hardly conceive the pain it costs me to do good, and how little to act wrongly; and to prove that I speak the truth, learn that I cannot help hating my benefactors.’ And yet, as already seen, this unhappy being challenges mankind to produce at the last great day his superior in virtue! But his mental and bodily infirmities concurrently affecting his frame, the growing debility attracted general notice, and excited deep commiseration for the obvious decline of so gifted a person. Invitations would have flowed in on him, if it were expected that he would accept them, but his medical friend, Doctor de Presle, induced him to embrace that of M. de Girardin, whose son, the General of that name, was the father, but not by marriage, of Emile de Girardin, the well known proprietor of the Newspaper, ‘La Presse.’ This gentleman possessed a charming residence at Ermenonville, within a dozen miles to the north of Paris, where Rousseau, accompanied by his wife Thérèse, arrived the 20th of May, 1778, and for a short interval antecedent to his decease, appeared delighted with the place, as well as with his host, to whose son he gave some few lessons in Botany, suited to a boy of ten. In after years, this son fondly boasted of having been Jean Jacques's pupil, which however could not have extended much beyond a month, for on the 3rd of the ensuing month Rousseau died. At first it was rumoured by suicide, but the medical report pronounced and apparently proved, the death a natural one. The body was, by his own desire, interred in a romantic spot of the domain called L'île des peupliers, where M. de Girardin raised a mausoleum to his memory; but on the 11th of October, 1794, the remains, in despite of M. de Girardin's remonstrances, were transferred to the Pantheon by a decree of the National Convention, and still repose there, together with those of Voltaire and other ‘great men to whom their grateful country,’ as the inscription on the pediment expresses it, has devoted the beautiful edifice, originally a Church dedicated to the patroness of Paris, St. Genevieve. The inscription just mentioned was suggested by M. Pastoret. A statue has also been erected to Rousseau at Geneva, in expiation, we may

presume, of the persecution he had to endure from its governors, during life.”—Vol. i. p. 155.

Bonaparte seems not to have had any exalted opinion of Rousseau, nor of his fellow-labourer in the same cause, Voltaire, as we find from the following remarks.

“ ‘ Vous aimez Voltaire,’ said the Emperor to my accomplished friend, the grand Master of the University, Fontanes,—‘ vous avez tort ; C’est un brouillon un boutefeu, un esprit moqueur et faux : il a sapé par le ridicule les fondemens de toute autorite divine et humaine, il a perverti le siècle.’ And of Rousseau we are told by M. de Girardin, who, when a boy, as previously stated, had received a few lessons in botany from him at Ermenonville, in June, 1778, that on visiting this final retreat of Jean Jacques with Bonaparte, whilst First Consul, the latter said, ‘ il aurait mieux valu pour le repos de la France que cet homme (Rousseau) n’eût jamais existé. Et pourquoi Citoyen Consul ?’ asked Girardin, ‘ C’est qu’il a préparé la révolution Française.’ ‘ Je croyais Citoyen Consul,’ replied Girardin, ‘ que ce n’était pas à vous à vous plaindre de la révolution.’ ‘ Eh bien,’ rejoined Bonaparte, ‘ l’avenir apprendra s’il n’eût pas mieux valu pour le repos de la terre que ni Rousseau ni moi n’eussions jamais existé.’ He had, when this singular conversation occurred, just returned from Egypt and become the Ruler of France. Girardin was a man of veracity, otherwise his recital would hardly be credited. On their return to Malmaison, then Bonaparte’s domestic residence, they found his wife seated at the dinner table waiting for their arrival, when the great warrior’s countenance at once displayed the highest dissatisfaction at Josephine’s presuming to take her seat before himself. Yet he was a fond and indulgent husband, though perfectly cognizant of her ante-nuptial irregularities ; but like a sovereign, he would not permit any one to precede him, not even a lady—as kings do not permit their queens to take precedence of them.”—Vol. i. p. 158.

The following remarks, taken from our author’s notice of Mr. Hallam’s *Literary History of the 16th century*, and addressed to the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, contains matter of some national interest.

“ At page 63, of the second volume, Mr. Hallam observes, that it is questionable whether any printing press existed in Ireland before 1600, but we have the distinct assertion of Sir James Ware, (*Annals*, p. 124, ed., 1705, repeated in 1746,) that the English Liturgy was printed in Dublin, by Humphry Powell, in 1551, at the command of the Lord Lieutenant Sentleger (sic), and the Council. Powell, as may be seen in Dr. Dibdin’s *Typographical Antiquities*, (vol. iv

311,) had exercised his profession in 1548 and 1549, at Holborn-Conduit, in London, whence he removed to Dublin; and, in the history of this latter capital by Whitelaw and Walsh, (vol. i. p. 195,) it is stated more particularly, 'that on Easter Sunday of the year 1550, the Liturgy in the English tongue was first read in Christ Church, in pursuance of an order from the king (Edward VI.) for that purpose; and the following year was printed by Humphry Powell, who had a license for so doing, to the exclusion of all others.' 'It is probable,' those compilers add, that 'this is the first book printed in Ireland.' In a subjoined note, it is moreover affirmed, that the Bible had also appeared the same year; for which, reference is pointed to Ware's Annals; but that antiquary is silent as to the Bible, though positive in regard to the liturgy; and the Dublin annalists have, therefore, transgressed their quoted authority. Indeed, it is perfectly certain, that no Bible of so early a date issued from the Irish press; for I do not recollect any trace of it in our bibliographical records. It exists not, as I have ascertained by enquiry, in the royal collection of Wirtenburg, nor the library of the Duke of Sussex; and the former, it is well known, is the largest repository of the sacred code ever formed. See Bibliotheca, Wurtenburgensium Ducis (Grandfather of the reigning monarch) Olim Lorkiana, auctore F. G. Aldero, Hamb. 1787, 4to, and Allgemeine's Bibliographisches Lexicon, Leipsic, 1821-1830; as also Dr. Diblin's Tour, iii. 21. Were it to exist, a copy would doubtless be in the Dublin University Library, as that of the liturgy is, but it does not contain such a volume, though Mr. Robert Shaw, representative of the University, has asserted that it did, but he, like others, mistook the liturgy, which of course he could not have seen, and only accepted the fact on report for it. This occurred in parliament, where there was no one competent to prove his error. In 1566, the London printer, John Day, sold in Dublin, according to his statement, seven thousand copies of his *octavo* edition of the English Bible, which he was the first to publish in that minor form, in 1549; and these, we may presume, were the earliest copies that circulated in Ireland. Dr. Heale, Archbishop of York, had presented to the two Deans and Chapters of Christ Church, a large folio Bible each, in 1559. (Ware's Antiquities, *ibid.*)

"But as for the alleged Bible in 1551, if we could discover any vestige of it to support the statement of the Dublin annalists, its extinction might naturally enough be imputed to the intolerant spirit of the succeeding reign; for similarly, scarce does a complete copy appear to survive of the first English Bible printed, it is supposed, at Zurich, in 1535, so successful had been Henry VIII. in suppressing it; and Mary, on the death of Edward, may be presumed not more indulgent in regard of the first Irish edition. Copies, however, of other editions, printed in London previous to her reign, are not so rare as to indicate any strenuous efforts on her part for their destruction; and, however sanguinary her rule was

in England, it is an incontestable fact, that the persecution in blood did not extend to Ireland. On the contrary, Sir James Ware, whose assertion is unquestioned, states, anno 1554, page 135, 'that several of the protestants of England fled over to Ireland, by reason of Queen Mary having begun to prosecute (sic.) them for their religion, viz. John Hervey, Abel Ellis, John Edmonds, and Henry Hugh, who bringing over their goods and chattels, lived in Dublin, and became citizens of this city.' " Vol. i. p. 171.

In noticing, however, the general, and indeed the often surprising accuracy of our author, we must take the liberty of drawing attention to some of the errors into which he has been drawn, by too implicit a reliance on what he deemed most trustworthy authorities. Of this kind is the following account of the divorce of Napoleon and Josephine. The narrative of the facts is substantially correct; but the supposition that the renewal of the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine by Cardinal Fesch, *under the authority of Pius VII.*, could have been invalidated by the absence of their parish priest, is entirely without foundation.

"Of Napoleon's separation (for the Roman Church acknowledges no divorce) from Josephine, there are some circumstances connected with the subject not familiar, I believe, to the general reader. The civil marriage took place on the 9th of March, 1796, a few days before he entered on the first field of his glory, the campaign of that year in Italy. That ceremony of course could not operate as a religious bar to the subsequent and more sacred union with Marie Louise. It however has transpired that though primarily neglected, the religious solemnity had at a later period been performed. In fact, it has been ascertained, though long kept in mysterious secrecy, that on the eve of the day appointed for the coronation, that is, on the first of December, 1804, Josephine, urged by some residuous scruple, having communicated to the Pope that the religious rites, or nuptial benediction, had not consecrated her union with Bonaparte, the Pontiff at once intimated to the emperor his fixed determination not to sanction, by the part he had been called upon to act in the contemplated ceremony of the following day, what he now learned was an unhallowed cohabitation. Napoleon, greatly irritated at Josephine's disclosure, yet well aware of the Pope's invincible adherence to a conscientious principle, yielded to the requirement, rather than forego what he had been at such pains to obtain, 'his coronation by the sovereign Pontiff.' The marriage was then accordingly solemnized by Cardinal Fesch, in the presence of Talleyrand and Berthier, the sole assistants, who were bound to the strictest secrecy. It became however necessary to.

satisfy the conscience of the emperor Francis on this point, before he could, in accordance with his creed, consent to the proposed marriage of Napoleon, with 'la fille des Césars.' But the difficulty was of prompt adjustment, on discovering that the Cardinal who had officiated, had omitted to obtain the presence or sanction of the special parish priest, as indispensably enjoined by the Council of Trent, and all ecclesiastical hindrance to Napoleon's legitimate union with his second Empress removed. On this ground, the officiating or ecclesiastical authority of Paris, to whose jurisdiction the case was submitted, pronounced the marriage null."—Vol. ii. p. 174.

In the first place, we must observe, with respect to the foregoing account, that when his Holiness, being made aware of the previous neglect, gave directions to have the defect supplied, his authority as supreme pastor was quite enough to legitimate the union, without any recourse to the pastor of the immediate locality in which the parties lived, or the ceremony was performed: and we may rest assured, that when, as is mentioned here, he was made aware that no marriage was previously performed, he took every step necessary for its being done in a proper manner. When the marriage with Maria Louisa was contemplated, a formal petition was presented to the ecclesiastical tribunal of the diocese of Paris, to have the marriage with Josephine declared null and void. The petition alleged two reasons, one that it was clandestine, and the other that Napoleon only pretended to give his consent to the union. Either of these would, if existing at the time of marriage, be an impediment to its validity. The diocesan court pronounced sentence on the 9th of January, 1810, and this sentence was confirmed by the metropolitan tribunal shortly after. Now in this decision the subject of clandestinity is altogether passed over. Not a word is said about it, which shews that there was no ground for the allegation; and the sentence of separation, and the declaration of the invalidity of the marriage, are grounded entirely on the want of the necessary consent in one of the contracting parties.

It is unnecessary for us to remark on the improbability of this impediment, particularly when alleged after so long a lapse of time, and for the attainment of such an object. The competency or the propriety of such a tribunal to decide on the question at issue is yet more questionable. The universal practice of the Christian world has consti-



tuted the supreme Pontiff the sole judge of such questions, where the honour of crowned heads and the interest of nations are at issue. The united weight of these several reasons for questioning the decision, led thirteen cardinals to refuse to sanction the second marriage, or even to be present at the ceremony. The account of the protest may be seen in Cardinal Pacca's memoirs, and the particulars of the proceedings in the marriage process, in the 81st volume of the "*Ami de la Religion*," from the pen of Rudemare, who was the promotor of the diocesan Court of Paris at the time the circumstances occurred.

The following quotations which we shall give, must prove interesting from the nature of the subject.

"At page, 116, O'Connell states that he was the only boy not beaten at Harrington's School. 'I owed this,' he adds, 'to my attention.' The fact admits of no contradiction; but I have been assured that, if not beaten by the master, he was by the scholars, for his unsociability, apparent shyness, and preference of study, or secluded reflection, to play. Nor yet was he, I have been equally assured by his schoolfellows, particularly distinguished amongst them for superior capacity, at that early period, though shortly after, during his foreign tuition, he gave unerring promise of future eminence; as he also became one of the most joyous, pleasant companions in social intercourse, when at the bar, mess, or in Society."—Vol. ii. page 99.

"With the Duke of Wellington, O'Connell (p. 196) found two faults.—'One,' he says, 'is that I never yet heard of his promoting any person in the army from mere merit, unless backed by some interest;—the second fault is, that the Duke has declared that the only misfortune of his life is his being an Irishman.' And merited, indeed, would be the reproach, were this statement strictly true; but in refutation of the first, I could adduce more than one contradictory proof, were the circumstances susceptible of easy abridgment; while in reply to the second, I can affirm, that at a St. Patrick's charity dinner in London, where he presided, I heard the Duke most distinctly express the pride he felt in being an Irishman, and glory in the achievements of his countrymen under his command. It is very possible that his declared sentiments were not of uniform tenor, or controlled in utterance on all occasions, no more than O'Connell's, when he snuk the great warrior into a 'stunted sergeant,' or reviled the Saxons in language which reflection could surely not sanction. Fault, indeed, may be found, and no excuse can be pleaded for the absence of Wellington's name from the list of subscriptions for his starving countrymen, during the fearful visitation of the past years. It is a stain, and a deep one, on his

memory, otherwise destined to shine so resplendently in the annals of the empire.'

"O'Connell told me, in confirmation of what is reported in page 204, that when he first addressed a public meeting, he scarcely knew what he said, so timid was he then. His earliest exhibition as an orator at Cork, was on the 2nd of September, 1811, at the first great Catholic meeting held there, and of which I was Chairman. He made a splendid speech of two hours' duration, which he passed the night in preparing for the press, and which I saw the next morning, fairly written in his bold flowing hand, exactly as he had pronounced it, though he certainly could not have gotten it *entirely* by heart, for he adverted in his course to various incidental matters of the discussion. On reminding him in later years of the circumstance, he observed that he had long been saved the trouble of transcribing his own speeches.'

"Many years since, O'Connell related to me his meeting with the two brothers, Sheares, on his return home from St. Omar, and Douai, in January, 1793, and his horror at the language of these unhappy men, in reference to the execution which they had exultingly witnessed of the ill-fated Louis XVI. Just then emerged from the doctrine and discipline of a college deeply abhorrent of the proceedings of the period, of which the establishments were the victims, he participated in the impression and sentiments, and indeed ever continued unaltered in these early views, and cordial preference of Constitutional monarchy to any other form of government. Mr. John O'Connell, in the biography of his illustrious father, by some oversight, or lapse of the pen or memory, post-dates the royal execution by eleven months, placing it in December, instead of January (the 21st), 1793. The day will ever be present to my deeply impressed recollection.

"Before the outbreak of the insurrection in 1798, during the assizes of Limerick, Lord Clare desired to have an interview with the two Sheares, to which my father, in the hope of a pacific result, invited them at his house; but it ended, unfortunately, in more intense and exasperated irritation, as was discernible in the young men's flushed features and defiant bearing, as they parted. Yet the Chancellor's object was certainly benevolent and conciliatory: but they were intractable. The interview was close and private; still I marked their aspect on leaving the house, inflamed and indignant in every lineament. Possibly overtures repulsive to their feelings may have thus excited them. Happening the following year to occupy, in Dublin, apartments where the younger Sheares, John, had resided, I discovered in a recess, a parcel of his correspondence, which, on finding it to be from a female, I instantly burned."

"Often and complacently has O'Connell repeated, that the in-born ambition, the first conscious aspiration of his soul, which his memory could retrace, was, 'that his name should be written upon the pages of Irish History.' And most fully, we may say, without

any presumptuous claim of prescience, is that desire destined to be accomplished ; for to none of her generation will the annals of his country owe, or more justly devote, a large, a grateful, and brilliant page. His mortal career is now closed, inauspiciously, indeed, and unseasonably, as succeeding events have shown, whilst, in whatever light his political course, which alone can be open to controversy, may be viewed, there can exist no variance of opinion, as to the surpassing energies of his mind, which, in their direction, if not the approval, must command the admiration of all.

“ As hostilities amidst scenes of national discord can, we know, be as fiercely pursued, and often with no less personal risk, as at the point of the sword, surely those who at home, in defiance of all danger, have perseveringly and intrepidly combated the enemies of Ireland, are entitled to similar commemoration. And if so, what name can supersede, in due expression of his country's obligations, that of O'Connell, who devoted his long and glorious life to that sacred cause? For although the struggle, which, during an uninterrupted series of forty years, he maintained against the combined selfishness, deep-rooted prejudices, and fanatic intolerance of the English people, aggravated in its rancour by the still more embittered Orange faction at home, had for its object, in the assertion of justice, to prevent, not to excite the effusion of blood, yet the contest of adverse interests and passions which he had to encounter, placed him quite in as hostile a position, and demanded equal boldness of spirit, and capacity of mind, as if engaged in mortal strife at the cannon's mouth. His final triumph, accordingly, over the multiplied obstacles he had to surmount, revealed in him, with unerring demonstration, all the faculties of a great commander. To have held in control a well-trained army, is far easier, and calls into exertion less energies of our being, than to maintain, as he did, submissive to his every behest, a nation of warm temperament, or at least, several millions of an uneducated, undisciplined population, to whose gratitude for their religious enfranchisement, and confidence in his uprightness of purpose, he owed this boundless sway, and endured possession, beyond all example, of the popular favour—that delusive phantom, which, while sunk in seeming subjection, can abruptly seize and fearfully wield the tyrant's sceptre, suddenly burst what appeared indissoluble in adamantine hold, and capriciously crush or enchain the idol of its own creation. History, I repeat, discloses not to our view a tenure comparable, in duration or intensity, of that proverbial symbol of inconstancy, which far exceeded what we read of Pericles, of Chatham, or any other competitor for fame in the power of ‘ruling the fierce democracy.’ In a word, O'Connell's command of the human will, ‘that spell upon the mind of man,’ as characterized by Byron, in application to Napoleon, sufficiently proves his genius, evinces the master-spirit, and proclaims the extraordinary man. Even the unmeasured abuse which, in the

opposition of political feeling assailed him, it belonged not to characters of common mould to excite, but which, in its source and consequences, will reflect to the future historian, the most vivid image of the age, and ensure to its object the commensurate but more dispassionate notice of posterity.'

"The portrait of the elder Cato, as we find it in Livy (lib. xxxix., Cap. 40), appears so apposite in many features to O'Connell, that, though referred to by me elsewhere, I am induced here to reproduce it. 'Si jus consuleres, peritissimus; si causa oranda esset eloquentissimus. Orationes et pro se multæ, et pro aliis, et in alios; nam non solum accusando, sed etiam causam dicendo fatigavit inimicos. Simultates nimis plures et exercuerunt eum, et ipse exercuit eas; nec facile dixeris utrum magis presserit eum nobilitas, an ille agitaverit nobilitatem. Linguæ proculdubio acerbæ, et immodice liberæ fuit.'"—Vol. ii. p. 120.

We shall give no more extracts. Those we have already given afford a fair specimen of our author's style and turn of thought, and also of his habits of study. In our opinion, the papers that have been contributed to our own pages are by far the most studied, the most regular, and the most finished productions of his pen. We would instance particularly those on Voltaire, in reply to Lord Brougham's work on that subject, on D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation, and on the Bible and the Reformation. All of which are works of great ability and research, and evince a complete mastery of the several subjects. From the quotations we have already given, the reader will perceive that the author's habits of reading are rather of a discursive than of a profound character, and that he has earned the reputation rather of knowing a great deal more than ordinary persons on a vast variety of subjects, than of a deep and thorough knowledge of any particular department; and, also, that without any pretensions to beauty or superior excellence, his style of writing is always clear, methodical, correct, and strikingly expressive. The language is indeed occasionally quaint and old-fashioned. We encounter now and then a long word, or a latinized form of sentence, that we will in vain seek to find in the recent editions of Blair's Lectures, or Murray's Grammar, or Walker's Dictionary, but which is eminently suggestive of ponderous folios, and vellum quartos, and rare works of the mediæval times, extended in long rows, in close proximity to the writer's elbow. It needs no great effort of

intellectual sagacity to discover that the author is an old man, so full and flowing is the stream of his literary gossip, and so charming is the garrulity with which he discourses, apparently without effort, and certainly without fatigue, of times long since past by, and of men who have been famous in story, and of books which have been written on curious themes, or published with strange titles ; or when he tells how a clever bon mot, that has got one man a name, belonged in reality to another, or a book that has all the charm of novelty, is in truth but an old work, published many a long year ago, and with which he was familiar in his youth, or shows how a volume ascribed to such a date, and said to have been printed in such a city, was indeed long antecedent, and first saw the light in a place five hundred miles away. We get so much and such instructive information, and it is imparted in a manner so engaging and so interesting, that we would be content to sit from morning dawn till night, silent and attentive listeners. From what we have now said of the nature of his style and the discursiveness of his matter, it may be easily inferred that many of the productions in the volume before us are of an epistolary character. In our opinion that style is best suited to his peculiar talents, though it is one in which excellence has been rarely attained amongst us. Hence we find in these pages a great number of letters to several periodicals. Though intended for publication, they have all the charm and freedom of a private correspondence. It would be difficult to find a correspondence more instructive and interesting, and on more out-of-the-way matter, than in the letters addressed by him to the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We may instance particularly the letters on the French Ambassadors at the court of England. In the matter of dates, and quotations from the classic authors, and the value of the several editions of the more celebrated authors, and almost in every particular regarding the literature of France during the last century, we know no one on whose authority we should with more confidence rely, than on our venerable and respected octogenarian.

Of the literary merit of these volumes we shall say no more ; but of the author a few words remain to be said before we conclude this notice. For some years past Mr. Roche has occupied a most distinguished position among his fellow citizens. Independently of his age and experience, the devotion which he has always manifested to the

cause of literature, and the zeal he has shown in every well-directed effort to promote the education of his country, has secured for him the respect and esteem of all to whom the intellectual state of the people is an object of solicitude. He has taken a leading part in every educational movement in the south of Ireland for some years past. When the British Association held its meeting in Cork, he was unanimously appointed president of the local committee, to make the necessary preparations for the reception of that body. He has been for many years president of the Royal Cork Institution for the promotion of science, and also of the committee for the management of the public library ; and only those who are in the habit of taking part in the proceedings of those bodies, can possibly know or appreciate the regularity, the diligence, the efficiency of his valuable co-operation. We may judge the estimate in which his long and eminent services are held from the fact, that this very year a public subscription has been entered into, to have his portrait taken, by an artist of high repute, for preservation in one of the public institutions.

Even at his advanced period of life, Mr. Roche still continues to devote himself, with the most unremitting assiduity, to his favourite pursuits. There is scarcely a new publication that appears that is not perused by him. With every one of the literary periodicals he is familiar, and there is not an historical book of any consequence that is not made the subject of his criticism. After the professional labours of the day, he regularly makes the round of the public libraries of the city, and may be seen wending his way homeward, like the bee returning to the hive, well laden with literary treasures. Nor is the volume he peruses the worse for having passed through his hands, for on the margin will be often found the result of his labours, in some valuable correction of the text, or, perhaps, in some more valuable suggestion.

We have but little more to add, and that little is in praise of the very excellent style in which those volumes have been printed. They are not inferior to the very best specimens of typography that have issued from the presses of the metropolis, and reflect great credit on all the parties that have been engaged in their production. We rejoice that it has been so ; for we rejoice that the literary labours of an old friend should be worthily and creditably preserved ; we are glad that the intellect of one that has



grown old in the service of literature should be fitly honoured; that the mind so stored and gifted should be reflected back upon us as it deserves to be, long after the bodily frame in which it dwelt shall have passed away. It is thus it ought to be; yet we trust that the labours are not yet over, and, though the hope may seem presumptuous, that the series will not be finally concluded until another volume, for which we know there is abundant matter, be added, and thus complete the Essays of an Octogenarian.

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ART. VIII.—*The Catholic Florist. A Guide to the Cultivation of Flowers for the Altar: with a list of such as are appropriate to the several Holy Days and Seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year; the whole illustrated by Historical Notices and Fragments of Ecclesiastical Poetry.* With a Preface by the Rev. FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A., Oxon. Richardson and Son: London, Dublin, and Derby.

THE title page of this beautiful book sufficiently explains its end and object. It offers itself to Catholics as “a guide to the cultivation of Flowers for the Altar;” and it is enriched with historical notices, often of no common interest, as well as with fragments of ecclesiastical poetry, illustrative of the several days and seasons of the Christian year, and of the peculiar flowers appropriate to each. Altogether, it furnishes a calendar for the year, enumerating the saints to whom every day is specially consecrated, and adding also in brackets the names of other saints appointed to be remembered on that particular day. But this is not all; it is really and practically *a manual for the gardener who chooses to give a religious and Catholic direction to his favourite pursuit.* It tells him what flowers are in bloom during each month, and gives him directions for the purpose of ensuring their blossoming, as nearly as possible, at the exact time when they are required for the Altar. It also adds a vast amount of useful and interesting information, as to the ideas which

are popularly and traditionally connected in England with many of our flowers; and it opens a wide field for further enquiry to such as are fond of antiquarian lore. Interspersed with these observations, is a judicious selection of ecclesiastical poetry, culled from a wide range of writers, which our readers will find suggestive of many practical and devotional reflections.

After all, however, we feel that we have by no means done justice to the book itself, until we have drawn out, to some extent at least, the real *devotional character* which it is intended to wear. As to those who unhappily are reared external to the one true fold, and are consequently brought up in a cold and imperfect faith, we cannot expect to find in them any power or faculty capable of appreciating the idea which, if we may so speak, underlies the entire work. They cannot comprehend how matters so simple and so trivial as the flowers of the field or of the garden, can be turned to a devotional use, and made to minister to the honour and glory of Almighty God. But it is otherwise with the Catholic. He has been taught from his earliest infancy to believe that nothing is small or trivial which can be made to bear upon redeemed souls, or brought in any way into connection with the service of God. Accordingly, what seems so strange in the eyes of others, appears to him in the light of something natural and obvious: and so he loves to indulge the spontaneous feelings of his soul within, and as he has been ever wont to associate the ideas of joy and gladness with the flowers of the field or of the bright parterre, he naturally offers them as presents upon the sacred Altar, where He, whom he adores, really and truly dwells. Just as the untaught heathen, led by the voice of nature, rejoiced to crown with flowers the Altar which he reared to his false deities; so with an equally natural impulse the Catholic Christian hastens to deck the Altar of his true God and Saviour with the fairest flowers which the field or the garden can produce. And what fairer present can he bring? Is there one thing to be found that bears less witness than all others to the baneful effects of the fall of our first parent? it is the flower-garden. Does any one thing tend more than every other to carry back our minds to the joys of Eden? Our answer is the same. Is there one thing with which the universal consent of mankind has more intimately woven the feelings

of joy and gladness? Again, it is the flower-garden. Beautiful then, and innocent, and joyous, we deem them, humble as they are, fit offerings for the Altar of Him who made them first, and gave to them their beauty of form and colour.

With these few introductory remarks, we go on to state the principle on which Mr. Oakeley has proceeded in his book. It is this, to use his own words :

“That in the words of Inspiration, (1 Tim. iv. 4.) ‘every creature of God is good,’ capable of ministering to the glory of the Giver, and of assisting in the accomplishment of His work in the soul of man.....Acting on this great truth,” continues Mr. Oakeley, “the Holy Church has provided in the august ritual of religion, for the consecration to God of whatever is most beautiful and most highly prized among the works of His hands, or the productions of the genius and skill which are the fruits of His power. The precious metals which lie buried in earth are wrought into the vessels which enshrine or sustain the Adorable Presence on the Altar ; the labours of the delicate hand, or the products of ingenious machinery, are turned to the account of religion in the draperies of the sanctuary, or the vestments of the Priest : the busy bee and the languid silk-worm are ministers in the same holy cause ; for the one yields the materials for the loom, and the other has its praise in the very offices of Holy Church, as the unconscious contributor of the substance of Her Paschal Light. And shall it be thought,” he asks, “that flowers, the fairest and most unblemished among the remnants of Paradise, are to have no place in this catalogue of tributary offerings ? Rather we place them on the Altar of our Lord, or weave them into chaplets for His dear Mother, without reserve or misgiving, as feeling that of all the productions of nature *they* have been the least diverted by man from their original and proper destination. They seem to carry their consecration in themselves ; instinct with no mischief, and needing no exorcism.” (Preface, pp. ii—iv.)

Now, we feel that these words of the Editor may be left to speak for themselves : they are so very plain and simple that they need no comment : the very position they assert, is a sort of axiomatic truth. The natural instinct which leads a little child to cull some choice flower as the best present it can lay upon a mother’s lap, which teaches the bride to adorn herself with flowers in token of her joy, and the wealthy host to decorate his courtly saloon with no choicer ornaments, is confirmed by the practice of every age and country, and needs not to be defended. And if

we really have a heartfelt sense of our blessed Saviour's presence upon the Altars of His Church, how can we fail to show it forth in the same simple and natural manner? especially when we remember, as Mr. Oakeley reminds us, that these are gifts which are alike available to rich and poor, and so form a ground, as it were, "on which rich and poor may meet together in the service of the Church, the mother of both alike."

Mr. Oakeley next quotes largely from the Cantic to show how ancient and how scriptural is the religious "language of flowers." He then passes on to the practice of the early Christians, and adduces the fresco paintings in the catacombs of Rome, in testimony of the practice of connecting the garden and the field with lessons of religion. This, perhaps, is not new to most of our readers; but much that follows will be found novel, as well as interesting, to a devout mind. In the earlier and middle ages of the Church, a close connection was felt to subsist between religion and horticulture. "What marvel, if..... these holy saints and servants of God found links with Heaven in the herbs of the field, or the flowers of the garden, and delighted to give them names significant of Jesus' love and Mary's graces?" Hence it was, that "at a time when everything wore a devotional aspect, and suggested an unearthly idea," each flower was coupled with the name of some saint, or made to refer to some part of the life of our blessed Lord, and of His holy Mother. Thus the "snowdrop" of our own day, in the better "ages of faith" was known as "the Fair Maid of February," in honour of the Immaculate. Thus, too, the modern "holyhock" was once "the Holy Oak:" the "iris," once the "Fleur de S. Louis:" "hypericum" was known as "S. John's wort;" the "Viola Tricolor" as the "Herb Trinity;" the "Sweet William" as the "Herb S. William." And to show how the Catholic mind loved to associate the flowers of its garden with its love of Her who is "the lily of Eden," we need only mention the names of "our Ladye's Seal," "our Ladye's Laces," "our Ladye's Mantle," "our Ladye's Slipper," and that flower which almost alone in this cold and unbelieving age retains its ancient name, the "Marygold." Surely the very fact that such names once existed and were common "in ore omnium," coupled with the fact that most of them are now, alas! forgotten, or have been exchanged for some unmean-

ing heathen term, fully warrants Mr. Oakeley in the following assertion. "In every instance the name has been changed with a sacrifice of the religious meaning: and whether this has arisen in the progress of science, as in some cases, or, as in others, through a verbal corruption, the decay of Christian principle is alike apparent. *Where Catholicism prevails, men instinctively turn to God and the blessed saints for the invention of names for the things of Creation: under Protestant influences they as naturally take up with heathen traditions, or the notions of those around them.*" We may add our own belief, that although the "Passion" flower still retains its ancient Catholic name, there is scarcely a Protestant to be found through the length and breadth of England, who ever thinks of associating it in his mind with the Passion of our blessed Redeemer, though its symbolical features are so very obvious.

We feel bound to add our firm conviction, that the hopes which the Editor expresses as to the usefulness of his little book will not be disappointed. We heartily agree too with him when he says, that "it will enable the Florist, whether in higher or in humbler life, to cultivate the garden with a Catholic object, as well as to view its productions with a Catholic eye." And we prophecy that wherever our Catholic friends will be at the pains to mark out the directions which are here put into their hands, they will find the Altar of their Church or Chapel distinguished by a far greater *appropriateness* of ornament than they could secure by any amount of labour undertaken without such a guide. We believe that even this little book will be found to have an effect on the taste of devout Catholics, who love to minister in these lesser things upon their Lord, and who therefore spend their time and labour in adorning His Altars. Many of our fair sisters especially, whether living in the world, or in religion, find a refined and holy pleasure in this task of love: and they will be ready to welcome the friendly guidance of a book like that with which Mr. Oakeley has supplied them.

The book itself is, altogether, got up in a style well suited to the subject of which it treats. It is tastily set off by its elegant blue binding: of the frontispiece and vignette upon the title page, it is enough to say that they are the design of Mr. Henry Doyle, in order to recommend them to the Catholic reader.

The book, however, we must repeat, is, after all, of a *practical character*, and really enters into the subject of practical horticulture, giving rules and observations based on experience, as to the best method of rearing the several flowers which it mentions. Throughout the calendar of months and days, our readers will find interspersed, (as we said above,) a very choice collection of ecclesiastical poetry; many of them consisting of hymns taken from the Breviary, and all, in some way or other, closely connected with the saint of the day, or with his appropriate flower. Among the authors quoted, we find, with a host of others, the names of Wordsworth, Cowper, Milton and Dante, Shakspeare, Chaucer, and Tasso; and among living poets, Keble and Williams, Faber, Longfellow, Wackerbarth, and Aubrey de Vere, besides a large number of translations from the "*Lyra Catholica*" of Mr. Caswall, and several original pieces of great beauty which originally appeared in "*the Catholic Instructor*." Several of the extracts from quaint old prose writers, with their homely and proverbial style, strike us as exceedingly happy in their ideas. The note on Holy Cross day, bearing upon the ancient rood-screens of our parish Churches, is very well suited to its place. Sixty pages of practical observations on the cultivation of particular flowers, together with a useful and carefully compiled Index, bring the volume to a close.

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ART. IX.—"*The Guardian*," for August 20, and September 3, 1851.

THOSE of our readers who are in the habit of seeing the "*Guardian*" newspaper, must have been struck by the great increase of bitterness in its later tone against us Catholics. Whether the recent conversions have in various ways been the cause of this, (as for example, by removing the influence of those who were charitably disposed towards us, and again from the very circumstance



of their conversion exasperating those who were unprepared to follow,) it is of no great moment to enquire; more important it is to note, that this increased hatred of the Catholic Church has been contemporaneous with an increased indifference to matters of doctrine. We cannot indeed imagine, from the general tone of writing in the "Guardian" from the first, that its principal contributors have ever had any firm or intelligent hold of doctrinal principle. Still only two years ago, for instance when the Gorham controversy first broke out, we think it would have been difficult for any one to fancy the "Guardian" gravely maintaining, that the indiscriminate admission within a Church's pale of omnigenous heresy, is a course no whit more vitally inconsistent with its duties and privileges, than is the suspension of ecclesiastical censure against immoral Christians; and yet this has been the thesis for a long series of articles, during the end of the last and the beginning of the present year. Still more amusing (if that be not too light a word,) is the impassiveness and sang froid with which (in its number for September 10,) it throws overboard all idea of the indispensable obligation of Episcopal Ordination, and remarks "that the Episcopal organization of the Church is not so essential, but that there may be, though not so completely, real Christian means of grace and ministries without it." More observable even than this, is the doctrinal sympathy with Luther and Calvin evinced in the same article; where the writer observes with inimitable simplicity: "The times of the Reformation were difficult. The faith of the people in the doctrines of Rome was suddenly overthrown; then *what were they to do?* They left the Roman system, and the Bishops *stayed behind.*" In other words, it is for the people, not the Bishops, to judge of dogma; and the Bishops refusing to admit the truths brought to light by Luther and Calvin, the people were even *bound* to leave their communion. Just so Arians, Nestorians, Eutychians, and the rest in long succession, have, at their various periods, felt themselves absolutely *bound in conscience* to break communion with the Popes of their day. As the "Guardian" observes, "*What were they to do?*" The Popes remained blind to these new truths, and refused to hold communion with those who professed them.

All these positions of the "Guardian," we say, are very observable signs of the times; but most observable of all is

the provision so ingeniously made, for any single doctrinal laxity which, at any future time, the necessities of their party may require. For it is held as a fully sufficient and unanswerable excuse for their anti-episcopal decision, that "the most able of our (Anglican) divines" support it. We should like to know what heresy in the whole world can be discovered, which some great name among these "old divines" will not be found to sanction. Father Newman, in his lectures of last year, drew attention to Mr. Palmer's admission, that Bramhall, Usher, Laud, and Field, simply the greatest names in the whole Anglican Caroline Theology, express full doctrinal tolerance of the *Nestorians and Eutychians* by name. And in another place he points out, that Jeremy Taylor, whose heresy on the subject of Original Sin is also well known, calls the question at issue between *Arians* and Catholics, "the product of idle brains," and "a dispute of words which concerned not the worship of God, nor any chief commandment in Scripture;" while Falkland, who was the admired friend of Hammond, thinks that "before the Nicene Council the generality of Christians *had not been always taught the contrary of Arius's doctrine, but some one way, others the other, most neither.*" (p. 317, 8.) To these observations, now more than a year old, no answer up to this moment has been so much as attempted by any Anglican writer; so that really those who are still inclined to put faith in the "Guardian," must be puzzled to know what article of all which they now profess as most sacred, they may not, in due time, be called on to give up. The necessity of Episcopal Ordination is expressly surrendered in the article above referred to; and the essential importance of the doctrine, that all baptized infants are regenerated in that Sacrament, is by implication given up in the same article; viz., in the sympathy expressed with Calvin's Theology, who denied that doctrine. But this is only an instalment of what they may have hereafter to expect, judging from what has been above said; nor do we see how there is any one dogma, from that of the Trinity and Incarnation downwards, on which there is the slightest ground for confidence, that the "Guardian" may not be prepared, on occasion, to deny its essential importance. For it must be remembered, that this appeal to the Anglican divines, as to a decisive authority, has not been made in *ignorance* of their real sentiments; but after the above facts have been pointed out. There does not

seem indeed so much as a possibility of doubting that the said charges are true, when we consider that they have been made by one so intimately acquainted with these writers' works as Father Newman, and that not one syllable has been said on the other side to invalidate his testimony; and we cannot but think it unspeakably discreditable to the High Church party, that it can retain a scintilla of reverence for these so-called theologians, after their total want of theological principles has been so abundantly demonstrated.

What we have hitherto said, however, has been but indirectly connected with our main object; as shewing, namely, that the "*Guardian's*" increased hostility to the Catholic Church has synchronised with its increased indifference to dogmatic truth and principle. It is this hostility to the Church, or rather one particular manifestation of it, on which we intend addressing a few remarks to our readers; and this, because (as the "*Guardian*" well knows,) a charge of systematic unveracity is that which, of all others, tends most to prejudice the minds of Englishmen against our doctrines and ourselves. The "*Guardian*" has, during the last few weeks, stereotyped, as one may say, one particular phrase: "Rome has a theory on the subject of lying, and this is the result." It is our intention to examine the two main instances, which it has adduced in explanation and defence of this phrase.

It first occurs in an article (Aug. 20th) on "*the Philosophical Catechism*" taught in the Neapolitan schools; and we have no hesitation in saying, that, for the broad, and even ridiculous contrast this article presents, between the tenuity of its premisses, and the unmeasured violence of its conclusions, it exceeds any essay whatever on a moral subject, which we can call to mind. Let the reader judge.

We will begin by stating the conclusion which is, in truth, fairly indicated by the fact, that Rome tacitly permits this "*Philosophical Catechism*" to be taught in the Neapolitan schools. It is this, that what is commonly in England called the High-Tory principle, is a principle fully tolerated by the Church. Catholics are in no way bound to uphold this principle; we who write extremely dislike it; but Catholics *are* undoubtedly bound to maintain, and we for our parts are fully prepared to maintain, that there is nothing in this principle, (in any shape which it has assumed publicly and for any length of time within the

Church, and in its Neapolitan shape therefore inclusively,) at all inconsistent with the essential truths of morality, whether natural or revealed. Let the "Guardian" maintain the contrary proposition; and if Mr. Keble or some other champion of his own communion do not anticipate us in taking up the gauntlet, we shall be quite ready to undertake the combat.

By the High-Tory principle is meant, as every one knows, the principle that kings (and that, as is more commonly added, by hereditary right,) are entrusted immediately by God, and so as to be irresponsible to any human authority, with the charge of governing the people; that the relation of king and subject is a relation in every way analogous with that of parent and child. Let us take the latter analogy with us, and our argument will be made quite clear and convincing. For let us suppose that a father had made the most solemn promise conceivable to his children, that he would govern them upon some specified method and rule; and let us suppose that afterwards he discovers, to his great surprise, that this method and rule are most injurious to their real welfare. To say that he is not bound to *observe* his promise, is greatly to understate the matter; he is bound absolutely, and by the most solemn sanctions, to *break* it. This is so very obvious, that there is no one so stupid, or so prejudiced, as that he will hesitate to admit the conclusion. The parent may, or may not, have been hasty and indiscreet in originally making the promise, the result of which he so little suspected; but he is most certainly and most peremptorily bound, without scruple or hesitation, to break it, so soon as he shall discover that its observance is very seriously injurious to those whom God has immediately committed to his care. There is not a Priest in the Catholic Church, we fully confess or rather boast, who would give him any other response; nor, we suppose, would even the "Guardian" dare to maintain that such response savours of mendacious propensities, and "results from a theory on lying." And yet such conduct is absolutely identical, neither more nor less, with that defended in "The Philosophical Catechism."

Of our two premisses, then, one is now proved; viz., that in the case of parent and child, such a proceeding as that adopted by the King of Naples, would be absolutely imperative; the other premiss, (viz., that on the High-Tory principle the relation between king and subject is exactly

analagous with that of parent and child,) being admitted (we suppose) on all hands. We may here also add, that this High-Tory principle has had undisturbed and traditional possession in the kingdom of Naples, far more (we believe) than in any other European country; and to an extent which will be best appreciated by those who are conversant with St. Alphonsus's Life, and who have observed again the doctrine in his "*Moral Theology*," certainly divergent from the more common one,\* on the general question of political obedience. It remains, therefore, only to quote the passages cited in the "*Guardian*," and beg our readers (who are probably *not* High-Tories,) to imagine the relation of parent and child, where mention is *here* made of king and subject. We keep the "*Guardian's*" italics and capitals, that we may give our opponent every advantage.

"S. If the people, in the very act of electing a sovereign, shall impose upon him certain conditions and certain reservations, will not these reservations, and these conditions, form the constitution and the fundamental law of the state?

"M. They will, provided the sovereign shall have granted and ratified them freely. Otherwise they will not; because the people, which is made for submission, and not for command, cannot impose a law upon the Sovereignty, which derives its power, not from them, but from God.

"S. Suppose that a prince, in assuming the sovereignty of a state, has accepted and ratified the constitution, or fundamental law of that state, and that he has promised, or sworn to observe it, is he bound to keep that promise, and to maintain that constitution, and that law?

"M. He is bound to keep it, provided it does not overthrow the foundations of sovereignty; and provided it is *not opposed to the general interests of the state*.

"S. *Whose business is it to decide when the constitution imposes the rights of sovereignty, and is adverse to the welfare of the people?*

"M. *It is the business of the sovereign; because in him resides the paramount power, established by God in the state, with a view to its just order and felicity.*"

This is literally the *whole* quotation, as we find it in the

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\* See for St. Thomas's and Suarez's doctrine on this head, Balmez's work on Protestantism and Catholicity, Eng. Transl., pp. 416—424.

"Guardian": and it contains no other principles, as we have pointed out, than those which every one would unhesitatingly adopt in the instance of parent and child; or in any other instance where absolute and irresponsible authority is given by God to one person over another: which, on the High Tory theory, is precisely the case of a king. And yet this "Guardian" has the astonishing boldness to assert, that in the above passages the Catechism "philosophizes away the duty of veracity," and "gives a theory about *lying*, viz., that it is righteous." Why all this talk, in a merely intellectual point of view, is too shallow and silly to deceive even a well-instructed and acute school-boy. The whole conclusions contained in the Catechism, follow of necessity, according to the *moral* principles advocated by the "Guardian" itself, from the fundamental *political* dictum, that subjects are placed by God directly and irresponsibly under their king's governance. What then can be more transparently clear, than that any fault which the "Guardian" has to find with these conclusions, must be referable, not to the *moral* principles upheld on the subject of *veracity*, (because these, as we have seen, are identical with the "Guardian's" own,) but to this fundamental *political* dictum; which (true or false) at least belongs to a subject absolutely and *toto cœlo distinct* from that of veracity?

If any thing could make the whole thing more extravagant, it would be that these announcements are found in the organ of a party which makes Charles the First its hero, and a reverent observance of the 30th of January a principal badge. For not only did Charles the First hold this High Tory principle, (and through his *ecclesiastical* pretensions indeed, in a way which no Catholic can defend,) but pursued it into rather extreme consequences, in the way of faithlessness to his promises. At least there are various passages in his life, which it is difficult to know how any one can even *profess* to defend on any other principle than that above laid down; far as we are from admitting that they are *justly* defensible even upon that. Was Charles the First brought into contact with "a theory on the subject of lying," and were "these its results?"

Another example from an opposite quarter of the horizon at once presents itself. The oath of allegiance to King James the Second, was worded as absolutely and unconditionally as King Ferdinand's oath to his subjects.



How large was the proportion of Englishmen who felt the slightest scruple at unceremoniously breaking it, when his government was not to their taste? Bull was among the number of those who broke it, the only Anglican writer, we suppose, from the Reformation downwards, who has any pretence to be called a theologian; the majority of the "bishops" broke it; and the great body of clergy and gentry: and broke it too as a simple matter of course, without a particle of scruple or misgiving. Was this because "effrontery and self-righteousness was infused into false moral teaching," through "the system of deciding moral questions by precise rules and subtle argumentation?" If not, how is it that we are to account for the phenomenon? Is it not as plain as day, that the very same *moral* principles with those implied in "the Philosophical Catechism," commended themselves to the common sense and conscience of Englishmen; and that these, taken in connection with the opposite *political* principle, led to an opposite practical conclusion? Let the "Guardian" explain itself in this matter, or else let it frankly withdraw its imputation.

We have defended the king of Naples from the High Tory point of view, because such (as we pointed out) is the traditional Neapolitan principle, and his own; and because it is the basis on which this "Philosophical Catechism" proceeds. For ourselves who write, as we have already said, we do *not* hold this principle; and yet let it not be supposed that we regard the King's conduct as *on other grounds* indefensible: far from it. Only let it be conceded that there exists throughout the "orbis terrarum," (at least the European "orbis") an organised political party, unspeakably formidable from its numbers, its union, its determination and energy; and the object of whose whole endeavours is the destruction of the entire social fabric, and the construction of Society on principles directly at variance with Christian morality. And let it further be conceded (as indeed is evidently probable) that in order to resist these men successfully, a strict union and concentration of the opposite force is indispensable, insomuch that in a kingdom like Naples, a Constitutional Government cannot keep its ground against them. We are neither professing to prove that such is really the state of things, nor even expressing our own conviction that it is so; but it is quite certain that numbers of able and good men, with great means of judg-

ing, *think* such to be the true account, and that the king of Naples coincides with the opinion.

We confess then that it appears to us the very pedantry and fanaticism of morality, which, under such circumstances, would impose on King Ferdinand the obligation of maintaining the Constitution. He never dreamed, when he took the oath, of binding himself under such a contingency, nor can any sound morality hold him bound. We maintain indeed, in the very teeth of the "*Guardian*," that it is precisely those "instinctive and *primâ facie* sentiments" of morality, justly eulogised by our opponent, which would cry aloud with an unmistakable voice against so preposterous a notion. It is the dictate of common sense to say, that a Constitution like the English, which has been the growth of ages, and has come down to us with every prescriptive sanction, claims an allegiance at the hands of our Queen, altogether different from that which we can reasonably demand from King Ferdinand, towards a dry body of rules, the mere creation of his own will, which has never for a moment been in peaceful and harmonious operation, and which enjoys no prescription whatever.

We now come to the "*Guardian's*" second instance of Catholic "*lying*:" and in doing so, we have greatly to change our sphere of observation; to descend from one of the highest in station to one of the obscurest among living Catholics; from the King of Naples to Mr. Gawthorn.

It appears, then, that this gentleman, wishing to elicit from the "*Archbishop of Canterbury*" an explanation of his real sentiments on Presbyterian Ordination, and fearing that if known to be a Catholic he might fail in so doing, wrote a mendacious letter, feigning to be a convert from dissent to the Establishment, and inserting his Christian name as his surname. We beg to express, once for all, our unhesitating judgment, that such conduct is not merely mean, dishonourable, and ungentlemanly, but utterly indefensible on the principles of morality; and a course of conduct, for which the hope of saving thereby a million of souls would have been no justification. However, let us compare it with the line of action displayed on the other side.

The Morning Chronicle, having characterized Mr. Gaw-

thorn's conduct as detestable beyond the wildest imaginations of fiction, proceeds to interpret a passage in one of Mr. Gawthorn's letters, as implying that such conduct had received the sanction of his "spiritual directors." On September 6th, Mr. Gawthorn writes a letter to the *Morning Chronicle* (to be seen in the "*Tablet*" of September 13th), in which he expressly mentions that he did not "allude to those who have the direction of his conscience." The "*Morning Chronicle*" of that date (alluding therefore, we suppose, to some earlier letter of Mr. Gawthorn's) says, "once for all we inform Mr. Gawthorn that we decline publishing any letters he may write to us:" and has since kept so strictly to its resolution, that it has never so much as given a hint, that its charge against Mr. Gawthorn's spiritual director was erroneous. Now compare this conduct with Mr. Gawthorn's own, which the "*Chronicle*" so severely reprobates. Mr. Gawthorn never intended any *permanent* deception of any kind whatever. That which he desired to elicit, was not a falsehood but a truth; viz., Dr. J. B. Sumner's real opinions on the matter in hand. The means by which he elicited this, was the assertion of a falsehood, which from the first he had resolved to retract so soon as it had served his purpose; nor even for that purpose did he deceive more than one single individual. The *permanent* impression which he aimed at producing, was in no respect a false one, but simply true. But the "*Chronicle*," having given its readers to understand on Mr. Gawthorn's alleged authority, that Catholic directors had sanctioned a course of conduct, which it designated as unimaginably detestable,—and having learned that this is a *simple falsehood*,—use their utmost endeavours, that the whole body of their readers shall remain all their life under the impression that this unmitigated falsehood, a falsehood tending grossly to calumniate the whole priesthood of a rival religion, is a *truth*. We do not see how, on the most unfavourable interpretation, Mr. Gawthorn's deception can bear a moment's comparison with this base fraud, this deliberate and foul slander.

We much fear that the "*Guardian*" may be comprehended under the same indictment. For in the "*Notices to Correspondents*" of *September 10th*, we have these simple words, "W. R. Gawthorn declined." Unless otherwise informed, we can hardly doubt that the letter, so declined, was a copy of this very letter, dated *September*

6th, which we have already mentioned. At all events the number for September 17th, gives its readers no kind of hint as to Mr. Gawthorn's disclaimer, published in the "Tablet" of September 13th, though it had previously endorsed the "Chronicle's" imputation. So that the "Guardian," in its self-deceiving zeal against the vice of lying, has exhibited that vice in its foulest and most odious shape; the deliberate calumny of an innocent and virtuous body of men, a body of men acknowledged by itself to be the priests of a Christian Church.

But this letter of Mr. Gawthorn's is really, on the whole, of a nature so creditable to him, and tends so much to replace him in the position from which he had fallen, that it is only fair to him to record it. It is as follows:

*"To the Editor of the 'Morning Chronicle.'"*

"Sir,—I hope your sense of justice will allow you to publish a few words in vindication of the Catholic Church, which some words of mine appear to have involved in a responsibility for my late act.

"Let me say, then, distinctly, that when I spoke of friends who took a favourable view of that act, I did *not* allude to those who have the direction of my conscience, or who are in any way responsible for what I say or do. My act was purely my own—the mere impulse of zeal and love for the Catholic Religion; although as I now view it, and as it has been brought before me by those to whom I owe respect and obedience, utterly unjustifiable. All of us are liable to error; of mine I can only say, that it was a very wrong act, prompted by a very right motive, but not therefore excused in the sight of the Catholic Church, which does not allow her children to commit a breach of truth, even though they could thereby save a world of souls.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

W. R. GAWTHORN.

47, Holywell Street, Westminster,  
6th Sept., 1851."

It will still further illustrate the deep unfairness of the Protestant press and the very different measure meted forth to Protestant and Catholic delinquencies respectively, if we turn our attention to one or two proceedings, like those of Mr. Gawthorn, in which Protestant writers have indulged. In this connection, Mr. Hobart Seymour deserves prominent mention. This gentleman has published a work entitled, "Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome;" the nature of which is sufficiently

explained by the title. Now, what was the impression in regard to his real opinions, which he conveyed to the Jesuit Fathers as the preliminary of these interviews? Let us hear his own words:

"They imagined that I was unacquainted with the controversy between the Churches: that *I was disposed in my principles and views to join the Church of Rome: that I was already convinced that I ought to join her communion, and that my objections were only a sort of makebelieve.....* They, therefore, were induced to express themselves *more freely and openly, less guardedly*, than perhaps they would otherwise have done.....I dared not distinctly to assume the position of Protestant controversialist, as it would have led to their immediate withdrawal of all communication with me..... This necessitated me to great caution on my part, and obliged me to *hold back many things* that I might otherwise have urged, and *in all faithfulness should have urged.*"—(pp. 5, 6.)

Now where is the difference in principle between this proceeding and Mr. Gawthorn's? Will you say that Mr. Seymour's object was only to elicit from his opponents their *real* opinions, which otherwise they might have been disinclined to give? This is precisely Mr. Gawthorn's case also. It is true that Mr. Seymour does not expressly enunciate a falsehood; but then even Mr. Gawthorn, in some inexplicable way, persuaded himself that he wrote no express and direct lie: though we are far from denying that, in actual expressions, he was much the more mendacious of the two. But let it be observed that Mr. Seymour, throughout the whole series of these conversations, at every turn of the argument, for the express purpose of confirming his friends in that utterly false impression of his character which he was anxious to convey, systematically and habitually "*held back many things*" which, on his principles, he "*in all faithfulness should have urged:*" a system of deceit far more elaborate, and long continued, and perpetually recurring, than Mr. Gawthorn's. Mr. Gawthorn, moreover, wrote only one letter, and that in the character of a stranger; whereas the parties on whom Mr. Seymour practised his deception, were men with whom he professed to be on the most friendly terms, and from whom he was receiving kindness and hospitality. Another comparison admits of being made. The "*Morning Chronicle*," on first publishing the Gawthorn correspondence, was clamorous for some



public disavowal on the part of Catholic authorities. As the "Tablet" observed, it was no very modest expectation: but on the whole, there was far more disposition on the part of Catholics to admit its reasonableness, than could have been expected with any show of reason. That the "Tablet," indeed, should disavow it, was fair and natural: but the Bishop of Birmingham, at a public meeting, took the pains to mention the matter, in order to express his disapprobation; nay, and Mr. Gawthorn himself, as we have seen, takes an early opportunity to express his regret and retractation. But as to Mr. Seymour, not one word do we find of regret or disavowal from any portion of his party, much less from any "Bishop," and much less still from himself. The whole thing stands unblushingly recorded.

Now we were curious enough to look back at "the Guardian's" criticism on Mr. Seymour's book, in order to see how great sensitiveness there would be to the evil of "lying," where the offender was not a Catholic but an "Evangelical." Wonderful to relate, (see "Guardian" of June 10th, 1849,) the Reviewer will not take on himself so much as to declare positively that the act of deception was wrong. "*Without entering on the question,*" quoth he, "*of the propriety of allowing the priests to converse under this mistake, we may allow that their error does not at all invalidate the worth of Mr. Seymour's report.*" So wide is the difference of "the Guardian's" judgment on the same offence, according as a Protestant or Catholic is guilty of it.

As we are on the subject of Mr. Seymour's book, it may not be amiss to remind our readers, that the "Rambler," on the authority of those Jesuits who were mixed up in the conversations, brought against Mr. Seymour charges of misrepresentation, in comparison with which Mr. Gawthorn's awkward imposture is as a molehill to a mountain; and which, if discovered in a Catholic, would have gone down to posterity in every Protestant text-book to the end of time, as an irresistible proof of "Popish mendacity." Mr. Seymour however, we rather believe, has replied upon this; and as we have not had the opportunity of examining the state of the case, we leave this part of the subject to those who have.

We shall adduce one further illustration, and so conclude; and this illustration shall be from the Quarterly



organ of that self-same party, of which the "Guardian" is the hebdomadal representative,—from "the Christian Remembrancer." This periodical, in its number for October, 1850, (p. 514,) gave the following account of the tenets held by a Mr. Jerson, a rationalist: "Our Lord was *a mere preacher of natural religion, somewhat in advance of his age; contrary to his intentions*, his followers imposed upon this simple germ a mass of traditions, systems, dogmas. Christianity attached to itself Pauline, Judaizing, Roman, Pagan elements by successive accretions, until it became what it is." The writer proceeds to say, that this account of "the origin of the existing dogmatic Christianity" is "substantially identical" with that of Father Newman; and that in saying this he "only states the plain fact." Now consider the gravity of this accusation, both as regards Father Newman and the Catholic Church. That he holds a simply infidel principle, and regards the whole fabric of Catholic doctrine as "imposed" upon the Christian religion, "*contrary to the intention of its Founder*," is a pretty strong statement to make against a Catholic priest. That one who has published such opinions is permitted to preach and hear confessions, nay, is greatly looked up to by Catholics in general, this is a pretty strong statement to make against the Catholic Church. That Father Newman, when a Protestant, was most undoubtedly zealous for a cast of opinions the very opposite to this, is a still further fact; both as rendering so monstrous a charge the more improbable, and also as making the charge against the Catholic Church the more grievous. A person endued with any real regard for the virtues of veracity and straitforwardness, could not even, in the first instance, have brought himself to make a charge like this, unless in temporary inadvertence as to its real nature, except on some very irresistible and cogent proof. The whole proof which he so much as alleges, is the following passage from certain lectures delivered by the great Oratorian:

"What Anglicans call the Roman corruptions, were but instances of that very same doctrinal law, which was to be found in the early Church; and in the sense in which the dogmatic truth of the prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin may be said in the lapse of centuries to have grown upon the consciousness of individuals, in that same sense did, in the first age, the mystery of the Blessed Trinity also gradually shine out and manifest itself more and more completely before their minds."

Such is the passage which compelled, it seems, this writer confidently to ascribe to Father Newman the opinion, that both the doctrine of the Trinity and also these prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, were dogmas imposed on Christianity, contrary to the intention of its Founder. Why, as all our readers will see, so far from this passage necessitating such a conclusion, it is not even *reconcilable* with it on any fair system of interpretation.

But far worse is to come. Mr. Ward was writing a pamphlet about that time, addressed to "the Guardian," and drew special attention to the allegation of the "Christian Remembrancer;" he also earnestly begged the Editor's attention to another passage in the self-same lectures, which was as follows: The Catholic Church

"is the organ and oracle, and nothing else, of a supernatural doctrine, which is *independent of individuals, given once for all, coming down from the first ages, and so deeply and intimately embosomed in her* that it cannot be clean torn out of her, even if you would try; but gradually and majestically comes forth into dogmatic state, as time goes on and need requires; still by no private judgment, but at the will of The Giver, and by the infallible elaboration of the whole body; and *which is simply necessary for the salvation of the soul....It is a sacred deposit and tradition.*"

On this passage Mr. Ward remarks, that "if Father Newman had been aware of Mr. Jerson's statement, and had wished to express distinctly the precise contradictory to it, it is difficult to see how he could have used more explicit language." Mr. Ward then proceeds: "As several readers of the Christian Remembrancer may not have looked through Father Newman's Lectures, I cannot doubt that the Editor's sense of justice will lead him to insert this passage, when his attention is drawn to it; in order that his readers may judge for themselves how far he has truly represented Father Newman's doctrine." And Mr. Ward mentions in a subsequent work, that he sent a private letter, with his pamphlet, to the Editor of the "Christian Remembrancer," drawing his special attention to this passage, and to this alone, in the whole pamphlet.

We suppose it will hardly be believed by those unaware of the circumstance, that from that day to this no allusion has been made to the subject, in the pages of the "Remembrancer." As no answer has been attempted, we cannot but assume that no answer is forthcoming, and that the

Editor is now aware that he made a simply calumnious charge. And yet he does all that in him lies, in order that the readers of his Review may believe this unspeakably injurious accusation to be true, which he himself lies under the ignominy of having invented, and which he now knows to be utterly and absolutely *false*; and all this, for the sake of such poor controversial advantage, as may be derivable from the unscrupulous use of calumny and falsehood. If a Catholic had been detected in anything one-half so atrocious, when should we have heard the last about "doing evil that good may come," "lying for the advantage of the Church," &c., &c.? Whereas, in this instance, we find the "Guardian," with all its zeal against the vice of lying, and its high-minded commonplaces about the excellence of veracity, is satisfied to praise the various contents of the party's Quarterly, without so much as a passing allusion to this unblushing mendacity. Nor, from that day to this, has any single member of the party expressed the faintest regret at the circumstance.

Mr. Gawthorn, for a purpose, with the intention of deceiving but one individual, and him only for a short time, makes a false statement indeed, but one which is injurious to no one; viz., that he, an unknown "Francis," is a convert to the Establishment from Dissent, and is jealous for the purity of the said Establishment's Protestantism. Immediately, from every Catholic quarter, are heard disclaimers; and before a week passes, the culprit himself confesses his fault, and begs forgiveness. On the other side it is not some obscure partizan, but the party's principal theological organ, which utters the base falsehood; its tendency is to injure most deeply, and for an indefinite period, the person against whom it is directed, and to disseminate a most foul libel against him and his Church. But here no voice of disclaimer is forthwith heard; rather the lie is sped on its way by the assenting silence of the whole number. And yet, (will it be believed?) it is one of this silently assenting party, who has the effrontery to bring against *Rome* the charge of "undermining that simple, natural love of truth, and fear of falsehood, which the human heart, when left to itself, confesses." "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thy own eye, and then shalt thou see to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."

That "Rome has a theory on the subject of lying," is

most certain; and upon that theory such proceedings as the above, are immoral and discreditable. Will the writer in the "Guardian" put forth any counter-theory on which they are otherwise? or, as he prefers, (God save the mark!) "instinctive and *primâ facie* sentiments," to a systematic theory, will he produce the persons to whose "instinctive and *primâ facie* sentiments" such proceedings are otherwise than odious? If he does so, we have only to express our intention of avoiding the company of such persons, as we should of men infected with the plague.

But we must not conclude without recording the "Chronicle's" comment on Mr. Gawthorn; which, in time to come, may really be a valuable fact, as shewing posterity, in an amusing shape, how Catholics are judged, in the 19th century, for offences which Protestants so readily, and so unblamed, commit. The passage is almost incredible, but its genuineness is undoubted.

"As to this miserable creature, Gawthorn, it is a waste of words to describe his conduct in the transaction. A more base and revolting fraud—a more complete negation of every moral principle, the lie being varied with every circumstance of degrading hypocrisy—it were impossible to conceive. *The wildest fiction that ever attributed any conceivable violation of truth and decency to the pattern-monster, which is nicknamed a Jesuit, never excogitated anything half so detestable as this fact, which is now before us—a fact which has serious bearings far wider than the detection of Gawthorn. We shall not be urged by our indignation to accuse the Roman Catholic Church of the vice which has been displayed by its proselyte; but there is no denying that a systematic disregard of truth is the popular charge against a whole religious system, and this is a case which must go far, unless disavowed, towards accrediting and enforcing the popular estimate. This is no theory of the economy, no mere instance of the *disciplina arcani*, no esoteric doctrine from Escobar, but a solid, substantial fact, performed here, in this living England, in the month of July last past. The perpetrator of this incredible wickedness," &c., &c.*

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ART. X.—*Letter to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, on the subject of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and the Charge addressed to the Clergy of Dublin in 1851.* By LORD MONTEAGLE. Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

**T**HE noble Peer, whose pamphlet lies before us, has come boldly forward, to vindicate those generous views which he openly asserted in his seat in Parliament. But not only by his speeches, but still more by the splendid, manly, and noble-hearted protests, which he has indelibly impressed on the Journals of the House, has Lord Montague gained the respect and gratitude of every Catholic. He now undertakes to answer Dr. Whateley's Charge, in which the exclusion of Ireland from the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, proposed by Lord M., was pronounced to be an injustice. We fully award to the temporal Peer the victory over the so-called spiritual; for nothing can be clearer to any ordinary mind, than the injustice of visiting on the Irish Episcopate, an imaginary aggression in England.

But we hardly dare repine at this one additional injustice, in the accumulated mass of iniquity, of which that legislative measure is made up. Indeed, this one clear injustice has served, perhaps more than any other, to show in its true light the immoral character of the recent penal Act. Some readers may be startled by this strong word: but we hesitate not to say, that, however high its sanction, the late measure is unbased on any sound moral principles, or rather in fact contradicts them. And moreover we will boldly assert, that whatever may be the mischiefs of the Act, none is comparable to the manner, in which it must unhinge, in very many minds, respect for law, and for those who frame it.

We can hardly conceive a more fatal severance, than that between legislation and moral principles, in the mind of a people. By a great many enactments, a certain small proportion of persons may consider themselves aggrieved. Not only where crime is punished will the delinquent whom the law strikes murmur in secret, but even in very innocent provisions, hardship may be inflicted

which provokes complaints. A turnpike act may be exceedingly disagreeable to those who travel on a road ; and provoke Rebecca and her followers, to come forth by moonlight, and overthrow the obnoxious barriers. But in all this, passion and interest have the chief influence ; and none of the discontented parties protests or disobeys, upon moral principles, believed by him to be impugned or violated by the law. It would require a fanatic to find God's law assailed by any ordinary Act of Parliament.

But it is a very different thing, when a law is passed, which a very considerable portion of the population considers unjust, wicked, contrary to the law of God, to the principle of religion, to the rights of conscience. No one can doubt that authority is safest, and society best founded, when the preacher can boldly inculcate obedience to law, and the moralist can treat of such obedience as a duty. But what can be more dangerous, than a clash and collision between obedience and conscience, and a conviction that disobedience alone can satisfy the claims of this inward monitor ? And if further, this is not the feeling of a confined or peculiar class, guided by a common interest, as its impulse, but is the solemn determination of a body, that has no bond but one of principle, which contains within it every sphere and state of society, peerage, nobility, gentry, professions, trades, labour, and pauperism ; with ecclesiastics of every grade in the Church ;—then indeed it must be acknowledged, that it has been a hazardous cast, in the lottery of party-legislation, which, to gain a triumph, has risked every reverential feeling, on the part of such a body, for the deliberate decisions of authority.

A law passed in a constitutional state is supposed to be the determination of the people. *Its* sovereignty speaks and acts ; and as Ireland, no less than England, forms part of the Empire, Ireland is considered, in legal and conventional parlance, concurrent in the “ Ecclesiastical Titles Act.” Now that this is a fiction, an untruth, who can doubt ? Ireland protests energetically against it : she rejects, repudiates, spurns, hates and abhors it. It is law against Ireland's will, because against her holiest feelings, because it outrages what she loves best. Nor is this all. The people of Ireland consider it in direct opposition to a great principle, which can only be asserted by a non-observance of the law. For the first time in our generation, the legislature sends to that island an Act, which disintegrates,



in the mind of every Catholic, that is nearly all its population, the generally admitted, combination between the law and duty. They are put into antagonism; and the question is now asked by millions: "which must I obey? for I cannot by one act obey both." And let it be observed, that the question comes home not to the uneducated, nor the ignorant, nor the dissolute, nor the passionate, nor the hasty, nor the negligent; but to the learned, the wise, the moral, the honest, the calm, the religious. And all these answer, that to say, their country is a party to such a law, would be a calumny, a lie, a contradiction to all that their souls profess. They must then look on it as a legislation forced upon them, contrary to the spirit of the constitution, by a party stronger than themselves, millions though they be.

Moreover, it is assumed, as a principle of all wise legislation, that a law must be for the general benefit—all ought to be partakers in its blessings. What then must be said of the wisdom or morality of a law, which millions, that have a right to the advantages of all national measures, agree in considering a curse, an injury, and an abomination? It must shake all confidence in the principles which guide the imperial legislature; seeing how reckless it is of the moral feelings of vast multitudes, equally entitled to protection and consideration.

The result has been what might have been expected. Besides the principal population of Ireland, a great body in England, and still more in our colonies, concurs in believing that the greater part of last session of parliament was spent in passing a wicked and immoral law, one contrary to their recognized religious principles, which puts them in the dilemma between obeying God or man, and which sets their conscience against the exercise of their habitual obedience to law. Nor is this a chance, an accident, the results of a sinister influence. It was foreseen; no one in his senses could have doubted, that government knew it perfectly; otherwise they must have thought the whole body of Catholics an unprincipled set. But it is clear they foresaw it. In the closing speeches of the House of Lords, the only attempt made to soothe the feelings of outraged conscience, consisted in the insinuation that the law would not be found practically oppressive, would not interfere with religious rights. This was a recognition of the theoretical grievance; it was only a further immorality.

It was avowing a principle that laws ought to be passed, which beforehand, there is a sense it would be unjust to execute as they stand.

But there is much more than this. The idea of punishment is associated, in the ordinary minds of men, with that of crime. This is a moral feeling. All know that God does not punish without guilt : and the great rule of human legislation should be, to approach as near as possible to the divine. The bulk of the people, too, will give to the objects of penal enactment a name. They know that a murderer, a robber, a burglar, a swindler, a coiner, a drunkard, is a man liable, and justly so, to chastisement ; and some of them by fine, and in default, &c., imprisonment. But among Catholics, at least, the name of Archbishop or Bishop has not yet become synonymous with "delinquent." On the contrary ; we may say that the character of Ireland's prelates is one for which veneration and holy affection alone are felt. It is, moreover, a sacred and religious office which they hold. Now, from the present legislation, one of two things must follow. Either the Irish people, from peer to peasant, must be expected to be converted, by it, to the belief, that their bishops are men only fit to be the special subjects, for a law imposing heavy fines, and so begin to put their very name into the list of finable worthies above given ; or else they must believe, as, (in such an alternative) thank God, they do, that a gross injustice, and consequently a foul immorality, has been committed, by a legislative measure directed exclusively against them, as though they formed a definite class of culprits, by virtue of their office, and amercing them heavily as such. Then a man of common mind, that is, one unaccustomed to separate the ideas of immorality and delinquency, measures (no doubt vulgarly) the magnitude of the offence by the greatness of the penalty. When, therefore, he reads in the papers of the eighth of September, that two men named Cummins knocked down a policeman, kicked him on the face, tore out a handful of his hair, and dreadfully bruised him, so that he cried out "murder," and was rescued by several officers, and also assaulted two civilians ; that the magistrate declared the assault to be "most unprovoked and brutal, and therefore felt himself bound to inflict a *severe* punishment, which he hoped would be a salutary lesson to the prisoners," and therefore fined them "*twenty shillings, or fourteen days,*"

for each attack on a civilian, and inflicted a month's imprisonment (equivalent by the above equation to *forty shillings* fine,) for the assault on the policeman; when he reads in the same public records of the 18th of August, that a gentleman refusing his name at a police office, "but whose general style and appearance indicated his rank in society to be that of an officer in her Majesty's naval service, convicted of being drunk and disorderly, and of assaulting the prosecutor and an officer on duty, so that it required a dozen men to take him into custody, was fined "forty shillings for being drunk and disorderly, and forty shillings for assaulting the officer;"\* he must conclude that the law considers the crime of his bishop, for which the minimum punishment awarded is a fine of one hundred pounds, as in the proportion of fines greater than drunkenness, assaults of policemen, and almost any amount of rioting, fighting, and maiming. Indeed, one bishop's offence would cover the fines of a weekly indulgence in these petty excesses. And, further, such a person as we contemplate would learn, that in the eyes of some members of the enlightened House of Commons, so grievous was the possible crime of Catholic bishops, in legislating against which a whole session was taken up, that they deemed transportation a fitting punishment for its second commission, that is the chastisement of thieves, burglars, forgers, and often murderers. And some proposed that most un-English and unknown penalty of deportation, or banishment, as fitting for this case. In other words, while the Mazzinis, the Achillis, the Struves, the Zambianchis,† the Ledru-Rollins were to be welcomed to the English shore, when they ran away from their own countries to escape their justice, the guilt of a Catholic bishop, contemplated by the new Act was considered so great, as to render him unworthy of a standing place in a country, which deems those worthies good enough for itself.

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\* These examples have been taken at random, from papers lying at hand.

†The butcher who shot in cool blood, the priests at San Calisto in Rome; now or lately in London. Had he been an Englishman he would have been called a murderer—and hanged. Being an Italian, he is a patriot—and honoured.

We are not pretending to follow the reasoning of those who are slaves to the supremacy of law, and who, having implicit confidence in the omnipotence of Parliament, think the contravention of any capricious legislation at once a crime. But we are trying to argue, according to the process of mere unsophisticated minds, that believe in the existence of wrong and right, based on principles higher than even the Upper House, more sovereign than the Throne itself. Now, one who held so unconstitutional a theory, and did not believe "the Nation" to have the power of creating moral principles, would proceed to ask: "what, then, is the crime or offence, over which, to express it, the congregated wisdom of this mighty people sat for six months, and ended in subjecting it to one of the heaviest money-penalties on the Statute-book; especially considering that £100 is no small portion of a Catholic bishop's income?" Well, a Catholic would come to the conclusion that the offence consists in the bishop's speaking a truth; in saying what it would be a lie for him to contradict or deny. Were any one to ask Archbishop Cullen, or Bishop Ryan respectively: "Are you Archbishop of Armagh? are you Bishop of Limerick?" and each were to answer "No," there is not a Protestant from Lord John Russell to Mr. Stowell, who would not say that the prelate had spoken contrary to his own belief and conviction, and had told a vile untruth. He would be taunted with insincerity, mental reservation, equivocation, perhaps downright lying. It is truly the very position of our Lord before the High Priest of the Jews; when he put to Him the question: "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the living God?" They knew His own consciousness on the subject, and that He could not deny, nor evade, the truth. And the consequences of avowing it, were to be fatal to Him. So with the Bishop. Were he to speak according to his conscience, he commits a crime punishable by a £100 fine.

But the Catholic might reason thus: "he is certainly my Bishop. If I deny this, I become a schismatic or worse; for I belong to his diocese. Now, how is this connection established? Thus; I am a native of Limerick, say, and he is the Bishop of, — Hold! do not pronounce the name; for there must be crime in your uttering what the law holds in such abhorrence in your Bishop, that in him it would visit the phrase with £100 fine. No man with

moral sense will see the distinction. If it was an offence in the banished Stuart to call themselves kings of England, every one sees, it was participation in the guilt, to give them the title, even in a toast. But in the present precious piece of religious legislation (for it is clearly the legislation of one religion against another,) a Catholic must try to persuade himself, that not the slightest guilt is incurred by giving a title, the assumption of which subjects him, to whom he gives it, to heavy penalties. Does not this confound the moral sense, completely? If you assert His Grace Dr. Murray, to be Archbishop of Dublin, or greet him by that title, you commit no offence: if he accepts it, he has become a malefactor before the law!

What can any plain-minded, and honest-hearted, individual say of such a law, but that not only it is unjust, but that it is truthless, immoral, and persecuting. For what can be more persecuting than a law which gives you no alternative, between incurring a penalty, or denying what you are religiously and conscientiously convinced of? Persecution is a forcing of men to belie their religious conviction, by suffering, awarded for its avowal; and every Catholic Bishop in Great Britain and Ireland is now subject to this process.

But though it is natural that the upholders of this most amiable and high-minded Bill, which will make 1851 as memorable as does the great Exhibition, should employ every effort to wipe from it the stain of persecution, it is beyond the reach of any human power to do it. Let us take a possible, and in time, a certain case. The Bishop of — goes to receive the reward of his labours. It is as necessary for a successor to be provided for him, as it is for the Catholic Church to be episcopal. If the local territory over which he presided be not furnished with a new Bishop, it becomes acephalous, presbyterian, or anything else but Catholic. And if see after see were thus to be left, in time the constitution of the Church would be changed. Now, how is provision to be made for this succession? By only one possible means, according to Catholic doctrine, and that is the very means which the law has rendered penal. Can it be denied, that episcopal government is an ecclesiastical requirement of the Catholic Church? Is it not then persecution to prevent its existence, by attaching heavy penalties to its attainment? Yet existence cannot be given to it except by a "Brief,

Rescript, or Letters Apostolical, or other instrument or writing," "obtained or procured from Rome." And the procuring of such an instrument subjects any one to £100 penalty. Is not this religious persecution?

Again, let us suppose the document procured, it must be put in use. The Bishop illegally appointed, at risk of a severe mulct, must be consecrated. If evidence can be procured, that the consecration takes place under the sanction of such a writing from Rome, there is ground, under the act, for another suit, and the recovery of a similar fine, not from one but from three or four Bishops. Yet consecration is a religious rite, a function of the Church; and so is ordination, to the performance of which by a Bishop, counsel learned in the law assure us, the withering and annihilating provisions of the act apply. It is not long ago since England was startled into horror and pious indignation, because Count Guicciardini and some other gentlemen of Florence were *said* to have been punished for meeting to read the Bible. Yet the British Parliament was at the very time seriously engaged in making it severely punishable, for Catholic prelates to join in an act as purely religious, as anything in a Bible conventicle could be. And some members were proposing the very penalty denounced as excessive at Florence, for holding a religious assembly—banishment. If one was an act of persecution, wherefore is not the other?

It may be said, indeed, that our Act is so framed, as to render conviction difficult, through default of evidence. Be it so. But this is no manner of excuse. It may prove it to be a piece of purposely powerless, and, therefore, wanton legislation; but the principle of persecution is there all the same. Men speaking the truth about themselves, in their religious capacity, or meeting for a religious and necessary purpose, are punishable by heavy penalties, not to speak of legal expenses. We have no hesitation, therefore, in pronouncing the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, a most unjust, a persecuting, and an immoral law.

But did time and space permit us to descend into the manner in which it was carried, we should be able greatly to strengthen our position. Does any one doubt, that persons in both Houses, particularly in the Upper, sacrificed their long-avowed principles, and their well-known feelings, to the necessities, as they were deemed, of party? Was



there ever, on any measure, heard in an assembly of gentlemen, coarser abuse, fouler calumny, broader untruth, than is reported in the papers to have been uttered in the House of Commons against Catholics? Was there an attempt to check the enunciation of crudities, hap-hazard assertions, groundless tales, misquotations, misinterpretations, misapplications, and even mistranslations in documents referred to, so that they served to swell the cry, inflame the unholy heat, fan the hateful flame, which a certain letter had created, and which served to bear forward on a fiery flood, the crazy bark of persecuting legislature, which had been rotting for twenty years in the supposed Tory arsenal? When did the House of Commons listen to more crooked, twisted, intricate, and thorny legal opinions, than by alternate contradictions, the various law officers of the Crown contrived here to plait and intertwine, till literally, in homely phrase, there was no making head or tail of the matter, but it had become as knottily complex as a piece of sail in the Exhibition, whose nodosity is attributed by scientific men to a gale off the Cape of Good Hope, but by sailors to the agency of a less earthly power? Was there one member who, in voting for the Bill, had the remotest idea of the legal consequences of the measure, whether it would be stringent or mild, practical or inoperose, repressive of synodical action, or open for a carriage and four to drive through; whether its object was to protect the Catholic laity, or the Protestant public, against the encroachments of Rome, to satisfy the Anglican bench or the Catholic clergy, (for even this was urged or pretended,) to punish past aggression or prevent future progress, to protest against the Letters Apostolic or to silence episcopal pastorals, to rob the Vatican of its thunders or send a shell at the Flaminian gate? What the Bill had to do, what it must do, what it should do, or what it might do, and all these with negatives in them, no breathing man could aver that he knew, as deducible from the combined law of Attorney and Solicitor Generals, past and present in the Session. Only one thing was determined, good, bad, or indifferent,—the Bill must pass; no matter by what combination of parties, by what colour of votes, by what contradiction of motives; whether, as the Whig boasted, through love of liberty, or as the evangelical

avowed, through hatred of popery, it was all one ; the thing must be done :

“ Recte si possis, si non, quocumque modo rem. ’

There is, however, one episode in this matter, and it was the closing one of the Session on which we wish more particularly to dwell, as illustrative of the reckless mode in which we have been assailed. It would indeed have remained out of the records of Parliament, had not a holy zeal determined to close the session, as it opened, and make it leave an echo behind, of the cry which it has prolonged through half a year. After the great act was accomplished, by which it was urged, the dignity of the Crown had to be avenged, and the honour of the nation vindicated ; after the blow had been struck, which retaliated, as it was supposed, on the Catholics of the Empire, an imaginary aggression from the Holy See ; after so much pain had been inflicted in obedience to the popular will, on many millions of subjects, it might have been naturally expected, that no additional topic of irritation would have been introduced into the session, but that some concession would have been made to harmony and peace, so sadly disturbed. But it was otherwise decreed. Even while Her Majesty was on her way to close the sittings of the legislature, by a speech into which phrases provocative of new irritation had unnecessarily been thrust, the closing debate was made subservient to religious hostility ; and a noble Lord thought it right to heap up fresh combustibles ; then to lay a new train, and light it at once ; that, burning by a slow match during the recess, it might be ready to explode at the opening of next Parliament. We will give the debate, as reported in the *Times* of August 8.

“ PROTESTANT CHAPEL IN ROME.

“ The Earl of HARROWBY.—Having seen recently in the public papers a strong desire expressed on the part of many of Her Majesty’s Protestant subjects in this country, and *more particularly on the part of the Protestant British inhabitants resident within the walls of the city of Rome*, for the erection of a select place of public worship within the walls of that capital, I am induced to address a question on that subject to the members of Her Majesty’s Government. Hitherto the church of Rome has refused to grant to the Protestant subjects of Her Majesty permission to erect such a

building ; but *under existing circumstances, when the church of Rome is making large claims on the tolerance of this country*, and indeed of all other Protestant countries, perhaps the opportunity is not ill chosen to apply again to the Court of Rome for that permission which has hitherto been systematically and pertinaciously refused. Your lordships are perhaps aware of the encouragement which has hitherto been held out by her Majesty's Government to all our chaplaincies in foreign countries, within which Protestant churches have been established. Without asking the Government for that assistance which has never been refused elsewhere, the parties to whom I have just alluded are anxious to know whether Her Majesty's Ministers will use their best offices with the Court of Rome to obtain from it permission to erect a suitable Protestant church within the walls of the city of Rome for the worship of the Protestant church of England ?

“The Marquis of LANSDOWNE, who spoke in a very indistinct tone, was understood to say that in consequence of the notice, which he had received privately from his noble friend on this subject, he had made some inquiries regarding it at the Foreign-office. He found that no application had yet been made to the Court of Rome for the erection of a Protestant place of worship within the walls of Rome. It was true that a Protestant place of worship had been erected for British subjects outside the walls of the city of Rome, and that it was adequate for the number of persons who attended Divine service within it. He was confident that when any just complaint should be made on the subject by the British inhabitants of Rome to his noble friend the Secretary of State for the Home Department, his noble friend would not be slow in making applications for its redress. Any applications at present for the erection of a permanent building for the celebration of the Protestant service of the established church, would not, he was afraid, be attended with success. (Hear, hear.) Indeed, it was an established maxim of the Court of Rome to have one degree of toleration at Rome, and another for itself in all other countries. (Hear, hear.)

“The Earl of HARROWBY spoke, as far as we could hear him, to the following effect :—The question, my Lords, is not whether there is any want of accommodation for the worship of our Protestant countrymen at Rome, but whether *we, as Protestants, are to enjoy the same liberty at Rome as the Roman Catholics, native and foreigners, enjoy here ?* The accommodation which we have at Rome for Divine worship is that of a common granary without the walls ; and that is not a fit and decent place for divine worship. As to anything of ecclesiastic splendour, that has hitherto been entirely wanting ; and the question really is, whether the church of Rome will or will not permit British Protestants to have some building erected at their own cost, appropriated to their own worship within the walls of Rome, just as the Roman Catholics of every country

have their own places of worship in almost every town in this country. He hoped that the noble Secretary for the Foreign Department would soon be called on to exercise his authority, and to make applications to the Court of Rome for this permission, *in order that the sincerity of its professions respecting toleration might be put to the test without any disguise.* (Hear, hear.)

“The Marquis of LANSDOWNE gave another reply but it was nearly inaudible. All we could collect from it was, that if the noble earl asked him whether he thought that the church of Rome would admit English Protestants to the same degrees of religious liberty in Rome as English and foreign Roman Catholics enjoyed in England, his answer must be,—‘I am afraid not.’

“The Bishop of LONDON.—My lords, I entirely concur in the concluding observation of the noble marquis that little success can be hoped for in case any application is made by us for permission to erect a Protestant chapel either in the city or in any part of the dominions of the Bishop of Rome. The noble marquis has well remarked, that whether we look at the past history of the Court of Rome, or to the events which are still occurring there, it is evident that there are two points of view in which toleration is viewed by the Court and church of Rome,—namely, the toleration which is to be withholden from others, and the toleration which is to be claimed and enjoyed by themselves. (Hear, hear.) It is true that there is a granary at Rome used as a Protestant chapel by our countrymen; and that it is large enough for those who usually attend it; *but our countrymen are accustomed to pay their devotions in buildings where the external and internal decorations are proportional to the important sacred objects to which they are applied. They are, therefore, not content to worship except in a building which has something like the appearance of a temple.* In this country Roman Catholics can already obtain with ease room and space to worship God in the form which is most agreeable to their own conscience; but they are not content with that; on the contrary, *although they know that they have already far more than sufficient room in their places of worship, they have put forth, under the auspices of the Bishop of Rome himself, a proposal for building a magnificent cathedral to St. Peter in this city, where the metropolitan cathedral is dedicated to St. Paul. They are anxious, too, to have it erected in great splendour. Surely, then, they cannot blame us if we are seeking to accomplish a similar object in Rome.* As to the difficulties thrown in the way of Englishmen desirous of worshipping God at Rome *in that splendour which suits at once their ritual and their habits,* I have only to say that a large sum of money has been obtained within the last few weeks, not by indulgences (hear, hear,)—for we must not shut our eyes to the fact that the church of Rome has again had recourse to the practice which originally caused the Reformation, I mean the granting of indulgences to those who shall subscribe their money to the building of this new cathedral, or, in other words, the sale

of indulgences (hear, hear,)—for the erection of a Protestant church or chapel in Rome without an appeal to any other argument than the attachment and love of British Protestants to the church of England, its ordinances, and its ritual. (Hear, hear.) *Having seen the extraordinary document which has recently been promulgated by the Bishop of Rome, calling upon all the faithful to subscribe to the erection of a Popish Cathedral in London, to be governed by the Ordinary of London, his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.* I should have deemed myself guilty of an unpardonable dereliction of duty if I had remained entirely silent during this discussion.

“The Earl of HARROWBY.—I wish to know whether Her Majesty’s Government has any objection to lay on the table the correspondence which took place in the years 1839 and 1840 between our Minister and the authorities, lay and ecclesiastical, at Naples respecting the application of certain British subjects to build a chapel there for Protestant worship? If I recollect the circumstances aright, application was made by the British consul on behalf of the British residents at Naples to have a Protestant chapel erected in that city. If I recollect rightly, the British Minister was unwilling to interfere. Land, however, was purchased, and the works were begun. The Archbishop of Naples was informed of it, and immediately interposed his prohibition. Ultimately the contract was obliged to be cancelled, the ground was abandoned, and the English Protestants were driven back to worship in the drawing-room of the consul, where, I believe, they still continue to worship. (Hear, hear.) We ought not to shut our eyes to the tendency of acts like these, especially when the church of Rome is omnipotent in its own temporal dominions, and is aiming to extend its spiritual domination over every region of the continent. We have been told that a great reaction has taken place, and that the Pope is omnipotent in continental Europe. If we deemed it necessary to complain of his proceedings in 1839 and in 1840, have we not increased cause to complain of them now? The noble earl concluded by repeating his question.

“The Marquis of LANSDOWNE said in a tone loud enough to be heard throughout the House, “I will make inquiry into the subject.” He then proceeded to address the Earl of Harrowby for five or six minutes across the table, but not a syllable of what he said reached the gallery. The very tone of his voice was not heard there, and, but for his gesticulations, we should have thought that he was standing silent.

“The Bishop of OXFORD left his seat on the Episcopal bench, came close to the noble marquis at the table, and held his hand to his ear, as if anxious to drink in the sounds denied to the vulgar. We applied to several persons below the bar to know whether they had any, the slightest knowledge of what the noble marquis said, but were informed by them that the communication must have

been intended to be confidential, as they could not even make a guess at its import.

“At the conclusion of this whispering, the Earl of HARROWBY said that he would not press his question now, but gave notice, we believe, of a motion on the subject of it for next session.”

All this refers, as our readers will see, to a proposal to build a protestant English chapel in Rome; and we may briefly add, that large sums of money have been collected towards that scheme. At the same time, it is important to trace this idea to its first origin. Is it then, that some sudden burst of religious zeal has produced this desire to worship within the Roman walls? Certainly not. A motive as Christian as all else connected with anticatholic legislation, gave rise to this new fervour. The case is as follows. The papers published some documents, emanating from the Holy See, and from the Archbishop of Florence, approving of subscriptions in favour of an “Italian Church” to be built in London. With an ingenuity of which one paper has given many splendid specimens in the course of this, and last year, this was construed into a new act of aggression; and of course retaliation, or reprisal was the natural suggestion of protestant ecclesiastical morality. Take the following account of the proposed plan from the *Morning Post* of July 1:

“The subjoined documents have recently been issued by the See of Rome.\* They will be received as *the first step in the sequel to the late aggressive act of the Bishop of Rome against the Queen and her regality.*”

Here it is at once assumed, contrary, as we shall see, to all truth, that this new Italian Church was a recent project, and subsequent, or consequent, to the establishment of the Hierarchy.

The *Times* of the 11th of August had one of those bold articles, in which truth, justice, and common honesty are cast to the winds, that form the great glory of that reckless hater of whatever it chooses not to love. Alluding to the debate of which we have given the report, it begins by observing, that “the first proceedings of the recent session were directed against the encroachments of the Bishop of

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\* One of the two documents, which follow this introduction, is a Pastoral from the Archbishop of Florence! So much for accuracy in stating facts.



Rome, upon the national and ecclesiastical independence of this kingdom ; the last words of the same Parliament were devoted to the practicability of Protestant worship within the walls of Rome.” It then proceeds to state that the Pope “ *has now decreed the erection of a new cathedral, on a magnificent scale, in some conspicuous part of the metropolis.*” And after remarking that “the same Pope forbids altogether the worship of God after the rites of the English church, and condemns our countrymen to the performance of Divine service in a granary without the gates,” it thus goes on.

“At this moment there stands a Cathedral of St. George in the borough of Southwark, another Cathedral of St. Patrick has been designed we believe for Westminster, and a third ‘Metropolitan Church of St. Peter’ is now openly announced.”

Here again it is clearly proclaimed that a new Church has been decreed by the Pope to be built in London, and moreover a “Cathedral,” or “Metropolitan church :” and this *now*. Compare these expressions with Dr. Blomfield’s speech, and you will see how the statements of both coincide. We elicit therefore from these data the following protestant argument.

“The Pope has now decreed and ordered a new Catholic Cathedral to be magnificently built in London ; and this is a consequence of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in England, that is, of Papal Aggression ; *therefore* we will insist upon Protestants having a chapel within the walls of Rome, instead of a granary outside. We are as much entitled to a chapel in Rome, as Catholics are to a Church in London.”

This reasoning opens to us two different investigations. *First*, has truth been stated in the basis of this argument? and we boldly answer ; No. *Secondly*, supposing all the facts, either as they stand, or as they have been represented, do they warrant the reasoning? and again we reply ; No.

I. The theory of the new Church, which has been put before protestants, is therefore as follows. “The Pope, having established the Hierarchy, nothing daunted by the late clamour, has proceeded boldly to another aggressive act. This consists of an order to have a new Cathedral church built in London, in honour of St. Peter.” This statement is made up of untruths. We should feel

reluctant to insinuate a charge of intentional departure from truth against any individual; but of such an actual, though we hope unconscious, deviation, we are bound to accuse the reported speech of Dr. Blomfield. Let us see now the fallacies which have been put forth to abuse the public mind.

1. "The Pope has now decreed or ordered the building of a new Church in London." This is utterly false. It is well known to Catholics, that for a long lapse of years, their only tolerated worship was in Ambassadors' chapels. Hence Spanish Place Chapel bore the name of the State which supported it; the Bavarian chapel is in Warwick street, the Portuguese was in South street, and the Sardinian still exists in Lincoln's Inn Fields, attached to the ancient residence of the Sardinian embassy. Some of these chapels have continued to receive support from the countries whose name they bear, and among them the last-named. The late Right Rev. Bishop Poynter, nearly thirty years ago, felt the want of an Italian Priest to assist his countrymen; and the government of Sardinia expressed a wish, that an Italian priest should ever be attached to the Church which it helped to support. Arrangements were made for this purpose, and most successfully. Still it was found difficult to unite, in the same place of worship, an English and an Italian congregation. The Germans and the French have separate chapels, in which prayers and instructions are habitually pronounced in their own tongue. Instead of sermons in the Mass, as the Italians were accustomed to have in their own country, it was necessary to assemble them in the evening, to give them religious instruction. There are days too which they are more used to keep holy, devotions which they are more familiar with, than we are in England. Many other inconveniences were felt, which arose from discrepancy of national customs, language, and feelings. Hence in the year 1847, it was proposed to separate the Italians from the English congregation by building a new church, more in the quarter which they inhabit, more in accordance with the forms to which they are accustomed at home, both as to arrangements and as to ministration. This plan was approved of by the Archbishop of Westminster, then Pro-Vicar Apostolic; and it was resolved to obtain the sanction of the Holy See to the plan, and leave to make collections for it in Italy. The Italian chaplain undertook the jour-

ney ; and the following document was granted to him by the S. Congregation of Propaganda Fide.

“*Jacobus Philippus tituli Sanctæ Mariæ in Aracæli Sanctæ Rom. Ecclesiæ Presbyter Cardinalis Fransonius Sacræ Congregationis de Propaganda Fide Praefectus, &c. &c.*

“Cum in frequentissima Lodinensi urbe plures Itali degant, quibus haud facile Religionis subsidia praesto sunt, ut praesertim divini verbi praedicationi intersint, ac poenitentiae Sacramento perfrui valeant ; probandum sane visum est consilium quo pii viri nonnulli Ecclesiam peculiariter pro Italis erigendam curant. Patet vero non mediocrem, ut id fiat, pecuniae summam requiri : atque hinc est quod Italicae gentis opem imprimis ex postulandam ii duxerint, ut Religionis auxilia, quibus eadem tantopere abundat, fratribus inibi constitutis uberius patere satagat. Proinde Sacra Congregatio de Propaganda Fide opus huiusmodi universis Italiae Episcopis commendandum censuit, quatenus prout temporum adiuncta, aliaque pia opera charitati fidelium commissa sinant, istud quoque insinuent, ac pecuniam pro viribus ad illud suppeditandam curent. Noverint autem sollicitudinem hanc demandatam imprimis fuisse R. D. Raphaeli Melia Presbytero Romano et Missionario Apostolico, qui per tres annos in praefata Londinensi urbe plurimum pro Italis adlaboravit, eique documentum hujusmodi concedimus, ut omnimodam fiduciam valeat obtinere.

“Datum Romae ex Aedibus dictae S. C. de Propaganda Fide die 7 Decembris 1847.

Loco † sigilli.

“J. Ph. Cardinalis Fransonius Praef.  
“Alexander Barnabò Pro-Secret.”

From this document it is clear that a church especially for the use of Italians was planned in London in 1847, and did not originate from the Pope, or from Rome : and that the project was only aproved at Rome. On the 25th of February, 1848, His Eminence Cardinal Orioli, Prefect of the “S. Congregation of Bishops and Regulars,” issued a circular to all the Bishops of Italy, earnestly requesting them to allow a collection in every Church in their dioceses, in favour of this Church. And, as if to give greater notoriety to this first origin of the Church in question, our readers will recollect a document published, a few months ago, in the papers, and alluded to by Lord Minto, to show that the Hierarchy was known to be projected in 1848 ; because it stated that “subscriptions would be received in London by His Lordship the Vicar Apostolic, now Archbishop of Westminster.” This appeared in the Roman paper, and it was the prospectus of this very

church. Ignorance, therefore, cannot be pleaded of the fact, that at least in 1848, the intention of building the Italian Church was publicly avowed.

Again in 1850, the same Italian priest had occasion to visit Italy; and he took advantage of the circumstance to push the subscriptions in that country, which in the interval had been suffering from the republican tyranny. He carried with him the following testimonial.

“The Rev. Doctor Melia being one of the Trustees of the Church to be erected in London, for the benefit, not only of English Catholics, but especially of Italians and other foreigners; We, Vicar Apostolic of the London District, authorize him to collect alms in this District for the said object by himself, or through other persons appointed by him. We also warmly recommend this most interesting work to the charity of the faithful, not only of England, but also of other nations, for whose advantage the erection of the said Church is principally intended.

“Given at our Residence, 35, Golden Square, London,  
August the 10th, 1850. “† N. WISEMAN.”

It cannot be doubted that the Church thus described in 1850, was the same as had been approved of, at Rome, in 1847, nearly three years previous. We may observe, that, in the mean time, it had been proposed to enlarge the scheme, by making it embrace other foreigners, as the Spaniards, Poles, &c., by having chapels attached to the church, appropriated to those nations, with their own clergy to serve them. Accordingly in the Trust-deed alluded to in the above document, the Trustees consisted of the Bishop, two Italian (naturalised) priests, one Spanish, and one Greek, gentleman. Application was made for ground by these Trustees, before there was any appearance of the Hierarchy.

Now it only remains to be seen, that the Church, which, this year, has caused such alarm to the religious public in England, is the self-same as was planned, approved, and collected for, nearly three full years before the fancied papal aggression was heard of. It is true that the wolf in fable, showed a noble contempt for chronology, when he wanted to devour the lamb; and so doubtless do newspapers. But here, at least, the case is too plain for cavil. As the papal documents (so called) did not contain the milliners' descriptions of court dresses, after a drawing-

room, it is possible that the Editor of the *Morning Post* did not consider it his duty to peruse it, before ordering it to be printed. If he had, he must have seen that the Roman document clearly refers to the church which preceded, in design, the introduction of the Hierarchy, and was not its first sequel. It refers to the site, and specifies the very sum in the contract for the original Italian church. It alludes to Cardinal Orioli's circular of Feb. 1848, as being in favour of the same pious work, and refers to Cardinal Wiseman's approbation, which was clearly given to the Italian church of '47. In fact, it must seem a waste of time, to prove what is evident from the series of documents here produced.

The building of the Italian church, therefore mentioned in the papers, and adduced by Dr. Blomfield, in proof, did not emanate from the Pope; was not ordered by him; was not decreed. The Pope himself says, in the document of Dec. 7, 1847; "it has appeared proper to approve the design of some pious men, who are providing the erection of a church peculiarly for the Italians."

2. It is not "now" that the Pope has even approved of the plan, as the *Times* has it, "has now decreed," "Is now announced." The Pope had approved of it three years and a half before.

3. The Church is pompously proclaimed to be a "Cathedral" and a "Metropolitan Church." So the *Times*, and so Dr. Blomfield, whose words now claim attention. "Although they" (the Catholics) "know that they have already far more than sufficient room in their places of worship, they have put forth, under the auspices of the Bishop of Rome himself, a proposal for *building a magnificent Cathedral to St. Peter*." Again, "having seen the extraordinary document, which has recently been promulgated by the Bishop of Rome, calling upon all the faithful to subscribe *to the erection of a Popish Cathedral in London, to be governed by the Ordinary of London, His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, &c.*" Now, we defy any one to discover, in any one document that has appeared, an intimation that the projected Church was meant to be a Cathedral. Dr. B. speaks as though the Pope had so described it; and, moreover, his words would lead any one to imagine, that the phrase "to be governed, &c.," occurred in some papal document. Yet, nothing of this is true. Neither the Pope nor any other Roman

authority, nor the Archbishop, nor any English authorized person, has ever expressed an intention of making the Italian Church a cathedral; nor has any appeal been made to the public, here or abroad, in its favour, under this name. The whole is a fiction. And yet drop it, and more than half of Dr. Blomfield's point is lost. For surely his contrast between the Cathedral to be dedicated to St. Peter, and the Cathedral already existing in London, dedicated to St. Paul, becomes flat, when the first is discovered to be no Cathedral at all, but only an ordinary Church. Nor can there be any great act of aggression, or wonderful stretch of papal power, in approving of the building of a new Catholic Church, and recommending it to the charity of Catholic Italy.

But the speech just quoted, contains another assertion totally contrary to fact. "They know that they have already far more than sufficient room in their places of worship." Simply this is not true. There is not nearly room enough for Catholics, as we have ascertained on the best authority, in their present London Churches; every new accommodation that is afforded is immediately occupied. And even if it were otherwise, we have a right to calculate upon accession of numbers; for the Catholic is a growing body. Does any one pretend that the new Protestant churches, daily built, are at once filled? Then according to this reasoning, why build them? But we repeat the assertion is incorrect, and ungrounded.

Thus much of the Italian Church. It was projected in 1847, in England, approved in Rome in the same year. These few simple facts have been transmuted into the following marvellous tale. "The Pope, in 1851, decreed the erection in London, of a magnificent Cathedral to St. Peter, as the first step in the sequel to his aggression against the Queen!"

II. And this lie, or "Mumpsimus," or Protestant inchoate "tradition," has sufficed to draw several thousands of pounds, out of that most capacious of all depots for religious mares' nests — John Bull's pocket. And how? The sagacious public is told, that the Pope intends building for himself a Church in London; so it must give him tit for tat, and build one for itself in Rome. This public, now, for the first time, hears a lamentable tale. As Peter the Hermit, came from the East, to harrow the chivalrous hearts and pious souls of the Catholic



West, by describing the cruelties and extortions to which pilgrims, visiting the holy sepulchre, were subjected, by Saracen misrule, and a crusade ensued, in which men gave their blood as well as their money ; so now do many tongues and many pens proclaim, how wrongfully, how harshly, how brutally English Protestants are treated, and have been for some twenty years, by the Pope of Rome. These pilgrims of the Colosseum and the Apollo Belvidere, have been condemned for years, to their hard lot ; and they have borne it with most edifying serenity. Every body has known it ; thousands upon thousands have carried the intolerable burthen, uncomplaining. Rectors, deans, bishops, one archbishop at least of the Establishment, have bent their necks to the galling yoke, unrepining. Officers, military and naval, baronets, peers, and royal princesses, have again and again submitted to the cruel treatment unreluctant. And what was this tyranny, this abasement, this barbarity, to which they have so meekly submitted ? All England now hears it with horror and dismay. “ The Pope,” exclaims the *Times*, “ condemns our countrymen to the performance of Divine service in a granary, without the gates ! ” “ A common granary without the walls,” exclaims Lord Harrowby : “ a granary at Rome,” echoes Dr. Blomfield. A “ granary ” thus becomes the new cry : in that word is concentrated all the hideousness of the Protestant position in Rome. What a picture does it not open to the imagination ! “ The Pope condemns ” (*condemns* mind !) “ our countrymen to the performance of Divine service in a granary ; ” that is, imagine to yourself a huge magazine, without glass windows, open to the tiles, with a brick floor, beams covered with cobwebs, begrimed walls ; with here a mouse, and there a rat, peering from nooks and cannies ; at one end the upheaped grain with great hanging sieves, shovels, and other cereal implements, perhaps the “ *mystica vannus lacchi* ; ” at the other, our poor countrymen and women “ condemned ” by the cruel Pope there to say their prayers. Such is the idea of worshipping in a *granary*, suggested to one who has seen abroad, any of those useful receptacles of bread-stuffs.

Now, gentle reader, let not your imagination thus run riot. The place in which our Protestant brethren are “ condemned, to pray ” is well glazed and ceiled, and has its walls in neatest trim. It has, *more Anglicano*, a warm

carpet on the floor, and a stove to add to its warmth. It is seated, we believe, with chairs throughout; and is provided with pulpit, desk, and table, as seemly as in an English parish church. Is this what the public would understand by a "granary?" But the building, of which it forms a floor, is a granary. True: and there are few palaces in Rome and in other great cities of Italy or Spain, of which the ground floor is not a granary, or a store-house of some sort. Yet the nobleman, who dwells above, is not, therefore, said to live in a "granary." And even if the very room *was* a granary, it has ceased to be so, after its form, furniture, appearance, and purpose have been changed. It is clearly only *ad captandum* that the name is here applied; it is to make a case of hardship, and nothing else. It is one more instance of the honesty, justice, and morality, of the entire cause.

We may add, also, that if the English place of worship has anything to do with a granary, it is the fault of those who made the first arrangement. They found the room which they selected, or accepted, the most convenient; but nothing compelled them to prefer the now obnoxious granary. There were other buildings near, villas, for instance, that could have been procured. But at that time the objection was not felt, and we are much mistaken if even Mr. Burgess, now so zealous in the anti-granary cry, did not express himself thankful for the establishment of a regular place of worship "without the walls." And now for a word on *this* grievance. Does the reader imagine the walls of Rome to be surrounded by a moat, with glacis and counterscarp, repelling every habitation to cannon-shot distance from their bristling front? No such thing. The traveller, who visits Rome from the north, after passing through a mile of villas and other buildings, enters by the Flaminian gate, and finds himself at once in the most beautiful square of the city. Large hotels, on either side, announce to him at once that he is in the strangers' quarter. From it radiate three streets, in which, with their neighbouring squares, are almost all the lodging houses for our oppressed countrymen. Now scarcely one hundred yards from that gate, nearly opposite the entrance of the once beautiful Villa Borghese, stands this dreaded granary. It is truly without the walls of Rome; but was it placed there either by an act of oppression, or as a dishonour? Let those answer who remember its beginnings, and looked then upon the

arrangement as a great boon, and what, perhaps, is more to the purpose, as a comfort.

The English used originally to meet for worship in any large room that could be secured, in some one's lodgings, for this purpose. We believe some time it was in the Palazzo Valdambrini. This shifting church became at length more settled, in the way thus described by Mr. Burgess. "It would, however, have required a very vigorous execution of the law, to prevent a foreigner, 'who had already his own hired house,' " (he alludes to the motto of his book, Acts, xxviii. 30,) "from inviting his countrymen to a private assembly, and under this form (it must be confessed a pretext) divine service was celebrated in a commodious room, in the *vicola degli Avignonesi*, situated near the ancient circus of Flora."\* In spite of the classical recollections of the large room in a steep and narrow street, there is no doubt that the transfer of its duties to a permanent, ample, and properly arranged locality, just outside the gate, was hailed by all English Protestants, at the time, as a most decided improvement of position; nor till now have any complaints been heard. Let us, therefore, examine the grounds which have been alleged, for an application from our government to that of Rome. For as these have been used against us, we have a right to discuss them, apart from any more diplomatic reasons which do not appertain to our sphere.

1. The main ground on which the new claim is made, is one of reciprocity. The Pope, it is urged, has put forward new pretensions to a Cathedral in London, therefore let us have a Church in Rome. We have shown this reasoning to be founded on untruth. The Holy See has not ordered, or directed, either a Cathedral or a common Church to be built in London; it has only re-approved of a plan proposed to it in 1847, and then first approved by it, for a foreign Church in the metropolis.

Lord Harrowby thus urges the argument: "Under existing circumstances, *when the Church of Rome is making large claims on the tolerance of this country*,... perhaps the opportunity is not ill-chosen to apply again to

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\* "Lectures on the insufficiency of unrevealed religion, and on the succeeding influence of Christianity, delivered at the English chapel" (granary?) "at Rome, in 1830, and 1831."—p. 11.

the court of Rome.” Again: “The question is...whether *we, as Protestants, are to enjoy the same liberty at Rome, as the Roman Catholics, native and foreigners, enjoy here?*” The spiritual Peer takes the same view as the temporal; that is, the religious view. Both say: Catholics are allowed, and claim to build Churches in London, therefore Protestants should do the same in Rome. This might do very well if we claimed, or did, this as Catholics, and not as subjects, on the same ground as Methodists, or Mormons, or Jumpers, or Unitarians. The Catholic subjects of the British Empire do, and claim, neither more nor less than is granted to all their fellow-subjects; aye, than is granted to all foreigners, to Greeks, and to Mohommedans even, and to Hindoos and Parsees, and, for aught we know, to the worshippers of Mumbo Jumbo. Is this the position of Lord Harrowby and those whom he and Dr. B. design as “we?” The argument should stand thus: “Catholic subjects of Queen Victoria claim, *as such*, the right of enjoying, *in their own country*, that liberty of worship which belongs to them; and therefore *a pari*, Protestant subjects of the same Sovereign claim *as such*, a similar right, *in a foreign country*.” Will Lord Harrowby, whom we have always considered a sensible man, insist that there is here the slightest parity of reasoning? Are we British Catholics temporal subjects of the Pope, who “are making large claims,” by asking to build a Church within the dominions of the Queen, so to warrant the temporal subjects of her Majesty to make similar demands on the Pope? Or are not both sides equally the subjects of one Sovereign, and making the most opposite claims—we, the Catholics, (if ours can be called a claim,) in our own country; they, the Protestants, in another? In our country we have *rights*; does this, by reciprocity, create them for them in another?

Let us then amend Lord Harrowby’s plea, thus: “The question is, whether *we, as Protestants*, are to enjoy the same liberty *at Rome*, which *Roman Catholics, as subjects*, enjoy here, that is, in their own country.” This is a complete *non sequitur*. We repeat again, this is not a question of religious, but of civil claims; there is not any exclusive right demanded by Catholics, but only that which they share with every other form of religion. Were

there a body of Protestants, subjects of the Pope, in existence and recognized by him, who asked for liberty of worship denied to them, a parity might be, so far, produced between their claims in Rome and ours in England. But a man must be blind to see such a parity, and call on the British Government to act upon it, where the claimants in one case are subjects and in the other not; where one side only exercises an admitted and legally established right, and the other cannot pretend to any.

But let us further examine who are the “we,” so resolutely and confidently put forward, as having equal rights in Rome with what Catholics have in England. We will not understand by that plural pronoun, the nation, the mighty empire, which sends its fleets to overawe distant coasts, and waves its flag over the coral reefs of the Pacific as easily as over the chalk-cliffs of England. Although of late years its expeditions of terror are supposed to have reversed, in their purpose, the old Roman principle,

“*Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos ;*”

still, we cannot bring ourselves to believe, that it was a right of might that was claimed, or that any but a moral and equitable ground of appeal was intended, by those members of the Lords’ House, when they suggested the propriety of government interference. Dr. Blomfield speaks of “our countrymen;” Lord Harrowby divides the malcontents into two bodies—the Protestant public in general, and the residents in Rome. The first grievance, therefore, is on the part of English inhabitants. It may be well just to mention, that for half the year, the actual English Protestant inhabitants of Rome do not amount to twenty. This year, the entire number of English, in the city and neighbouring places of summer resort, is about seventy, of whom at least twenty are Catholics.\* But during the summer, when hardly any English remain in the city, the clergyman is generally absent, and the granary is closed. Moreover, without any evil speaking, we may truly say, that the class of residents, mostly artists,

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\* Of course this does not include the inmates of ecclesiastical communities, as the English, Irish, Scotch, and Propaganda colleges, the Irish Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians, &c.

some Scotch presbyterians, are not very likely to have made much complaint on church subjects. Indeed, on enquiry in the best quarter that we could have access to, we are assured no complaint has been made.\* Lord Harrowby, therefore, would have done well to have stated positively, if he could, in what form the wishes, of the English residents, for a church has been made known.

It is evidently for the casual and ever-changing visitors of the Eternal City that this reciprocity is demanded. The Irish and English Catholics form an integral portion of the population of this empire. They have their property or their professions in it; they hold their stake in its prosperity and peace; they contribute their fair and full share to its taxes and burthens; they make up a larger portion of its army than relative numbers would suggest, taking the whole of its inhabitants. They are to be found in every occupation of life, and they discharge their social and public duties with honour. They are a numerous class; in Ireland several millions; in England they are many, and gaining ground. Even the foreigners, for whom a church was to be provided, are far more numerous than the richest season in Rome can ever count; but what is chiefly to our purpose, they are residents. In 1849, the number of English who visited Rome in the whole year was 576; in 1850, it rose to about 1100; from January to August of this year there were about 820 English, at various times in Rome.† Of course, the entire number was never there at once. But having made every enquiry into the number of Italians in London, we have been assured that it amounts to nearly, if not quite, five thousand. Of these a certain number consist of mere itinerants; but there is a large class of industrious residents, many of whom employ many hands, generally of their own

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\* As far as we can learn, the only move that has been made in Rome, has consisted of a plan to move the chapel from without the gate to a room in the Palazzo Lepri, in Via Condotti, as being more central. A person of the name of Sertori, the factotum of the chapel, conducted the negotiation; which was brought to a close, not by the Government, but by Spillman the confectioner, who, we suppose, outbid the churchwarden.

† We have received these statements through the kindness of a friend, who procured them from genuine sources.



country. And if we add foreigners of other nations, residing near and in the city, we may safely encrease the number to seven or eight thousand. These foreigners have been, in many instances, for years established here, carry on lucrative trades, and pay their share of imposts to the State, and to local demands. They have, indeed, become almost incorporated with the inhabitants; and their next generation, in many cases, will only be distinguished from them by the Italian names they bear.

Will it be said, that whatever claims these two classes inherit, or have acquired in the country where they live and have placed or hold their all, are just as much held by the holiday people who make Rome their watering place for a few months, enrich, perhaps, innkeepers, horse-jobbers, and artists, but have no stake there, pay not a tax or a rate, and in no one way support the burthens of the State? Surely there is a wide difference between the two; yet perfect equality is claimed!

3. Dr. Blomfield does, in fact, claim perfect equality. "Surely," he says, "they cannot blame us, if we are seeking to accomplish a similar object." The object to which a similar one is to be sought to be accomplished is a cathedral in London. Is his Lordship serious? Does he mean to say, that an Anglican cathedral is to be, or ought to be, built, and then followed by parish churches, &c., in Rome? But, truly, does any one gravely entertain this principle,—that the English birds of passage who visit Rome, are entitled to the full range of religious action, which the law, and the very groundwork of Protestantism secure to Catholics in this country; and that merely because the latter possess it? We cannot believe it.

In all that we have written, we have not pretended to deal with the abstract question of right to toleration. That is a distinct matter. We have only taken the argument as we are mixed up with it, as our conduct here is made the basis of a claim elsewhere, and we are, in a manner, sought to be held responsible for what may be decided there. We have shown, that in addition to the falsehood of the basis of the entire argument, the reasoning against us will be: "Because Rome refuses to strangers a certain liberty, England should refuse the same to some of its subjects, because they profess the same religion with Rome." But we may go higher in the argument, without trenching on the abstract question of toleration. We do say, therefore,

that we see peculiar reasons why, at this moment certainly, such a demand as the two Lords of Parliament, so often alluded to, wish our Government to make, should be refused.

*First*, it does not follow that reciprocity of principle must exist in different nations. England does not expect, though it may wish it, that free-trade will prevail in every other country. But at any rate, it acts with other nations, not according to its own principles and wishes, but according to the laws that exist in those countries. For a British merchant to act in Spain on the English free-trade principle, would be simply smuggling, and a gross offence. Does the British Government call upon all other Governments to *act* according to our laws and not according to their own? or if they wish them to conform their conduct to our principles, is not the first natural step to invite them to modify their principles, and adopt ours? It would be not only absurd but insulting, to claim from any power the violation of its own laws.

England has long established free-trade in religion as in everything else. Universal toleration is the religious equivalent to our great commercial principle. Let it not, however, be forgotten how it has been obtained. For centuries the religious Establishment of the country was as exclusive, as intolerant, as persecuting as any imaginable Church could be. Only as its power gave way before the encreasing strength of seceders from it, did it reluctantly relax its gripe; and toleration is not a principle of that body to which Dr. Blomfield belongs, nor a boon to which it was a consentient party, but a hard-earned spoil wrested from the enemy. Catholics came in for their share, when their exclusion was deemed dangerous. Toleration is the consequence of dissent and of plurality of religions. It is, therefore, both natural and necessary in this Empire.

But other countries, in which there has not been the cause, the consequence is not as necessarily found: where there has been no one to tolerate, toleration would not be either a claim or a concession. It is not therefore recognised by law. So it is in Spain, in Naples, in Rome. Of such States, the conduct must be regulated by the law. To ask a Government to act contrary to its laws, as we observed above, is merely to insult it. Your negotiations must begin by asking it to re-consider its laws, and see if they can be modified. Ask these States to admit the principle

of universal toleration ; and then, if they agree, proceed to act on the new admissions. It will be for each Government to consider, how far the wishes of mere strangers, who desire to amuse themselves in its dominions for a few months, may be sufficient ground for altering a principle, which at least holds good in all the interests of its own subjects. It may admit certain concessions, or partial toleration ; it may grant more or less ; but we repeat, there is no right to ask for conduct adverse to principle and law.

We have a recent illustration of this maxim. England, as yet, refuses civil liberty to the Jews. No one stands forward as their advocate, more warmly than the First Lord of the Treasury. But when, lately, the newly-elected member for Gravesend endeavoured to *act* contrary to the law, and take his seat in the House, Lord John Russell was the first to thwart this attempt. It was on the principle, that the law, indeed, ought to be changed, but so long as it exists, conduct at variance with it must not be permitted.

We say, therefore, that so long as the law stands as it now does in those different states, you have no right to claim a toleration which it does not grant. And to ask for the erection of a new Protestant Church in Rome, while this is forbidden by the law, is, of course, to court a refusal. Lord Harrowby, indeed, thinks it important to test the sincerity of the Court of Rome on this head. Now, how has Rome given grounds for the application of this test ? It is as well known as possible, that the Catholic religion is the only one of the Pontifical States. And has the Pope asked of England to grant toleration to his spiritual children ? Certainly not : they have fought their own battle of centuries to obtain it, and they knew how to bear ages of defeat and tyranny. Then what pretensions, or assumptions, or claims of the Pope have to be tested ? Again we repeat, the law of Rome does not admit universal toleration, any more than free-trade. It gives every facility for freedom of worship ; but it does not put other religions on a level with the Catholic.

Then what is to be done ? If our government, in its wisdom, thinks it proper to apply to the Pope—not to break his existing laws—but to change them, it will at least begin at the right end. Now, the Pope, or any other sovereign, similarly circumstanced, may reason on this

principle ; that, in making or changing laws, it is his duty to consult the benefit of his subjects, and not the opinions or wishes of strangers. He would reflect whether having no Protestant subjects he should legislate for Protestants, (any more than an inland State should make naval laws ;) and whether it would be truly a blessing and an increase of peace, to open the door to the preaching of every variety of new doctrine, where there had, till now, been only one. They who consider all Catholics immersed in religious darkness, will think so : but as the Pope, or a Catholic prince, has here to reason, he will probably come to an opposite conclusion. He might please to permit modifications, to meet the greater intercourse between nations, and a growing disposition in strangers to dismiss old prejudices ; but we are sure that no reasoning, on the basis of the moral good of subjects, starting from a Catholic principle, could lead to the conclusion, that the floodgates of toleration should be so thrown open, as to allow a *colluvies* of sects to inundate the land. Yet this would be the only mode of acting on a principle of reciprocity.

For, *secondly*, let it be observed, that full toleration, as now asked, must go thus far. Let us not shrink from the plain truth. The Catholic Church never has recognised, and never can recognise the Establishment of this country, as more than a sect of Protestantism. She knows nothing of its legal Bishops, and that not since last year, but for the last three centuries. The Holy See could grant no distinct or specific permission to the "Church of England" to have a Church. This would be a recognition of its ecclesiastical existence. A Protestant Chapel is permitted ; but no one enquires whether ordained clergymen or circuit-preachers officiate there. But if government treats for a Church, such as Dr. Blomfield describes, the Holy See cannot, we conceive, entertain the proposal. If it allow one body to have its public chapel, it will have to contemplate the necessity of admitting all. We have it on high authority, that Dr. Cumming has collected money for *some* chapel in Rome. Is it the same as Dr. Blomfield proposes ? Is the Anglican dignitary embarked in the same boat with the Presbyterian, anti-prelatic zealot ? Will each be represented in the same temple ; or will they sink their differences, upon such minor points as Baptismal Regeneration, imposition of episcopal hands, and apostolical succession ; or, finally, are two chapels to be asked

for, the Episcopal, and the Presbyterian? We know further, that some coxcomb or other has written to some authority in Rome, to enquire how far a mission, composed of godly ministers of various denominations, would be admitted? Yet, of all these conflicting sects, and many more, must that toleration be capacious, which is based on the principle of reciprocity—the ground assumed by our lay, and ecclesiastical, lords. If any one, calling himself a Churchman, really thinks the Pope should be urged to the admission of this Babel into his States, we can only explain his idiosyncrasy, by the fable of the outwitted animal, which having left its own caudine appendage in a trap, wished all of its tribe to entail on themselves the same misfortune.

*Thirdly.* We were at first too much amused by the boldness of the following passages in Dr. Blomfield's speech, to notice the key which followed them, to the present movement.

“But our countrymen are accustomed to pay their devotion in buildings, where the external and internal decorations are proportional to the important sacred objects to which they are applied. They are, therefore, not content to worship, except in a building which has something like the appearance of a temple.”.....

“Surely they cannot blame us, if we are seeking to accomplish a similar object in Rome. As to the difficulties thrown in the way of Englishmen, desirous of worshipping God at Rome, in that splendour which suits at once their ritual and their habits, &c.”

Should poor Mr. Bennett, on the continent, have read this passage, will he not have been amazed? Dr. Blomfield descanting on “that splendour which suits the Anglican ritual and mind;” and complaining of the want of “internal decoration” in the Anglo-Roman chapel, as a just ground for government applying to the Pope for a Church! His Lordship must, indeed, have been badly off for an argument, when he stooped to pick this up. But after these words, the noble speaker proceeds to state, that a large sum of money has been collected in a few weeks, upon no grounds, but those of attachment and devotion to the Anglican Establishment, towards building this highly-decorated Church.

We cannot carry our credulity so far, even under such an authority, as to believe, that pure love for that institution elicited this ready alms. Are we to believe, that not a

thought of being avenged ever crossed a giver's mind, not a feeling of antipathy towards the Pontiff, nor a desire to see him and his annoyed, not one lurking hope that this would be a centre of proselytism among the native Catholics? Does Dr. B. himself believe that, had it been described how the Anglicans at Carlsrona, in Sweden, had been prevented (though allowed elsewhere since 1741,) from building a suitable Church, and had therefore worshipped in an extramural granary; and that had he therefore called on all good Anglicans to join in procuring them a splendid Church, there would have been a large sum immediately subscribed, out of pure affection for the Anglican establishment? Yet the motive would have equally existed here. But no; he well knows, for he is no dull mind, that it was not love for Anglicanism, but hatred to Rome, that acted as a charm in drawing forth the purses of Dissenters, as well as Anglicans, in favour of this religious speculation. "A Church Protestant at Rome!" This was the watchword, the talisman that acted so magically.

Then let things be plainly spoken at once, and let the truth come out. It is not to gratify the devotion of Protestants, but to corrupt the faith of Catholics, that the scheme has been devised. It is an effort to attract, beguile, cozen, and pervert the children of the faith, at their own hearth, that is about to be made. It is the wish to multiply the Achillis, the Cioccis, the Mappeis, and to swell the black list of apostacy, which is father to this thought, of having splendour of service, and rich decoration of place, in one who at home has been their openest foe. And Tuscany has afforded abundant proof, that religious proselytism is but the cloak to political intrigue, and that fidelity to the throne soon follows, in destruction, that due to God.

We cannot, for a moment, conceive that the Pontifical government will look upon the proposal, if made, in any other light than this: as a mere attempt to spread Protestantism among its Catholic subjects, not as a step to increase the religious comfort of British worshippers.

*Fourthly.* Let us now put a case. Dr. Blomfield is legal holder of much property in the neighbourhood of London, let out on building leases. Let us suppose (and this is not an imaginary case,) that application were made to him, to lease a plot of ground for building thereon a Catholic Church. We put it to his conscience, would



he grant it? We are much mistaken if such application was not made, near Bayswater, and refused. We know of certain instances where such a lease, for such a purpose, has been refused by Anglican authorities. Nay, more, we have lately known a case (only prudence obliges us to suppress the name at present,) where public Commissioners, acting by virtue of an Act of Parliament, and consequently in the name of the nation, have refused a site, upon public ground, on sale, for building a Catholic Church, expressly and avowedly because such was its destination. Now, what was the reasoning of his Lordship, or these Commissioners? Why, doubtless, that they considered the Catholic religion unscriptural, false, and corrupt; that they could not concur in propagating, or more firmly establishing it; and that, on the contrary, they must employ the authority committed to them, to prevent its spread, and impede the building of any place calculated to procure it.

Surely the Pope is bound to act according to his convictions as much as Dr. Blomfield, or public Commissioners. He has as much right to say, that, holding Anglicanism to be a heresy, he is not to be expected to concur in its propagation. At any rate, if an Anglican dignitary would not think himself open to blame, if he prevented Catholics from building a Church where he had power, he ought not to charge the Head of the Church with greater intolerance than his own, if he acts similarly towards foreign Protestants.

If Dr. Blomfield's consent were necessary before Catholics could build a Church anywhere in London, how many would they be allowed to build?

*Fifthly.* We must now call attention to an expression of Lord Harrowby's, which indeed amazed us. "Under existing circumstances, when the Church of Rome is making large claims on the tolerance of this country," his Lordship thinks it most becoming that Government should make demands on Rome. Now, what "large claims" had the Church of Rome just made? We must suppose, the claim to establish our Hierarchy. Now, when you set up claim for claim, it is generally understood, that one conceded claim entitles to a demand for another in compensation. Lord Harrowby's argument seems to be grounded on this form of reasoning. "The proper time for me to make a demand from you, is just

after you have made one on me, and I have most indignantly refused it." His Lordship's party believed that they had not only rejected, but contemptuously repulsed, the Papal overture; they had declared all that it proposed null and void, and they had rendered those whom it regarded liable to heavy penalties. Whatever "large claims" had been made, they were now crushed and trampled under foot by the full weight of legislative avengement. It is with the record, in hand, of this act of triumph, with a declaration of defiance and hostility waved before the occupier of the Papal throne, with the boast on the lips, that his acts were stultified and nullified by the omnipotence of the British Legislature, perhaps with an informer's petition to sue one of his Bishops mysteriously half-shown, that Government has to approach and address the holy Father, and make on him a claim for favour and extended privilege. And this a British Peer, and consequently an honourable man, considers a becoming course. He thinks it is no more than making our claim opportunely, because the Pope has just advanced his! To make the parallel a finished work, his Holiness must treat the Protestant's claim as they have treated his.

But if there be really a desire to test the sincerity of Catholic principles on the subject of toleration, why go to make the experiment in a country like Italy, where the elements for trial are positively wanting? Why not go to countries professedly Catholic, as much as England is Protestant, but with a certain number of Protestant inhabitants? Look at Belgium for instance, a thoroughly Catholic State, but containing a small Protestant population. Is there not complete—not toleration, but equality, and an equality impartially carried out? But what is more, there is no taunting, jibing, calumniating, systematically carried on by the strong against the weak; no attempt to excite the passion of the mob against Protestants. It is the same in France, or in Bavaria; in fine, wherever there are Protestant subjects in a Catholic state. The toleration shown to these is far greater, completer, and sincerer, than we receive from a Protestant ascendancy. Why not go, we repeat, to these countries where the case is parallel with England, for criterions of Catholic toleration, instead of to purely Catholic sovereignties, where the principle cannot have been applied?

Does any one doubt the sagacity of Dr. Blomfield or

Lord Harrowby, to see and know this? Do they require the example of Belgium to be pointed out to them? Surely not: but it would not answer their purpose. It certainly would not answer the purpose of their more fanatical followers, who try now again to rouse the passions of the people, to back their diplomatic application; those, we mean, who have chalked the walls of London in every direction with this inscription, "Demand a church in Rome, or burn down all the — mass-houses in England."

Here is a specimen of the zeal, which springs up from attachment to the "Church of England," as it is called; of the pure, unmixed, and holy fire, which that unhappy institution keeps alive upon its altars, and mistakes for charity. It is the fanaticism of party to which it appeals, and not a zeal for God's House. It is upon a few lingering passions, no longer of the people, but of a class, that it leans, and to the prejudices and bigotry of the still ignorant that it looks. The people knew nothing, and cared little, for the state of the English Chapel at Rome—no more than they troubled themselves about one at Naples or Leghorn. It was determined to make a cry of the subject; and, whoever, directly or indirectly, procured the defilement of London's walls, when the city was full of Catholic strangers, with such an unchristian, unsocial, and almost treasonable inscription, (for it urges to universal riot and probable bloodshed,) must have belonged to the more educated classes. Such are the partizans of the new church in Rome; and we trust the noble and generous words in which the English people are thus invited to demand it, will reach the ears of the Sovereign Pontiff; and show him, on what Christian terms the petition is advanced. It is not usual in the successors of the Apostles to yield to intimidation.

But we should like to know what view would be taken of similar conduct in Rome. Suppose some noble Lord were to announce, in his place, that Rome was inscribed all over, not perhaps in chalk, but in more appropriate charcoal,

("Illa quidem creta, sed et hæc carbone notasti,")

with coarse invitations to the Roman people, Trasteverini included, to proceed at once to the burning down of the granary without the walls, as being "a —" (we must suppress the epithet here as we have above) "heretical

preaching shop ;” let another Right Rev. Lord arise and add, that evidently these inscriptions had been written by persons of a better class, and certainly with the connivance of the police :\* would not that be considered sufficient ground for appealing to the ready energies of the Secretary for Foreign affairs ? And would not Mr. Petre, or Mr. Freeborn, or Mr. any one else at hand, be forthwith instructed, to apply for the immediate cessation of such insulting and provocative annoyance of Her Majesty’s subjects ?

But *sixthly*, we must not overlook another consideration, which a friend has suggested to us. Suppose a conventicle or chapel were set up in England, wherein, on principle, the Sovereign was represented as one marked by God for vengeance, and whom it was everybody’s duty to pluck down from the throne, and to annihilate utterly ; would it be thought very hard, that such a religion should not be encouraged to show itself more publicly, and obtain currency among the people ? Now English protestantism, even in its established form, with some exceptions perhaps, considers it its duty to denounce the “Sovereign of the States of the Church,” as Antichrist, as the man of sin, as one whom God will destroy with the breath of his mouth. It will be said that all this applies only to his religious or ecclesiastical character, not to his civil or temporary capacity. But it does so happen, that *de facto*, at least, the two characters are united in one man, and whatever injury he suffers in one, is perfectly communicated to the other. No sovereign could admit of such distinctions in treason. It may be well enough to confine to a chapel without the gates, the ravings of fanatics, who have actually there preached against the Pope, as being all that we have described. But really to expect, that he will graciously sanction the public erection of a highly-adorned chapel, externally as well as internally, in the middle of his metropolis, that so his subjects may be better invited and allured to enter,

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\* The inscriptions, which, for nearly a year, have bedaubed the wall of Her Majesty’s garden, towards Grosvenor place, are so carefully and largely written, that a person in the police has declared, it would have been impossible to paint them there, without the connivance, at least, of the policeman on duty.

and hear him described, and that on principle, as an usurper of God's place, and a power which all good christians ought to pull down, is reckoning, if not too much on the meekness of the Christian prelate, a great deal too much on the sagacity and common sense of the temporal Prince.

We have carefully refrained from theology in our remarks, and from any consideration of general principles on toleration. We have dealt merely with the case before us, as a striking illustration of the immorality of the late penal legislation. We have endeavoured to show, how this question of the new chapel in Rome, which has arisen as an episode from it, and remains as a lighted smouldering coal, kept to rekindle religious animosities next session, is based upon a deliberate falsehood and fiction, about a fancied papal Cathedral, about, by order, to be built in London. And then we have exposed the fallacies by which a ground of reciprocity is sought to be established, for demanding a protestant chapel in Rome. This ground we have shown to be nugatory.

Immorality will necessarily result from abandonment of principle: and inconsistency is generally such a dereliction. When, to carry a measure, which gratifies either a party feeling, or a personal passion, the maxims of a previous life are contradicted, the aid of those who, on that very subject have been professed antagonists, is sought, and even secured by concessions beyond the the first dictates of conscience, and old friends are discarded, deceived, and betrayed; it is impossible that the legislation thence resulting, should not bear the stain of its birth, and appear before the world, an evidence of unsound ethics. How the legislation of last session has carried us back, through twenty years, to the days when brilliant wit and biting sarcasm flashed from the pen of Moore! Languishing now, under the kind patronage of one, whose share in the late measure, every Catholic deplures, as a departure from long-tried fidelity to a good cause, the bard little knows, how truly he then prophesied of his friends, when he placed Ireland, as a patient between Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory; and made the first a pupil to the second, in the art of coercion. Thus the latter speaks:

“Coerce, Sir, coerce,  
You're a juvenile performer, but once you begin,

You can't think how fast you may train your hand in :  
 And [*smiling*] who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,  
 With the comfort that, while he retires on his pelf,  
 He's succeeded by one just as bad as himself ?

*Dr. Whig* [*looking flattered*].—Why to tell you the truth, I've a  
 'small matter here,  
 Which you helped me to make for my patient last year.

*Dr. Tory* [*embracing him.*] Oh, charming !—My dear *Dr. Whig*,  
 you're a treasure,  
 Next to torturing *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.

[*Assisting Dr. Whig.*]"

Another nobleman had declared, not long before the meeting of Parliament, that he envied the state of religious freedom in the United States : yet he was to be found in the Government majorities in favour of the penal Bill. Of a third, let Lord Monteagle speak.

“ Is our Church so safe, so popular, and so defensible, as to justify parliament in exposing it to new dangers and increased obloquy ? This too, at a period when one of the Cabinet, the Earl Grey, has repeated his adhesion to his former and extreme opinions, and has exhibited an unexampled contrast between the renewed recommendation to give the Roman Catholic prelates of Ireland seats in the House of Lords, and the measure defended by the very same statesman, which applies severe penalties to the episcopal functions exercised by those Roman Catholic prelates for 300 years. If the *Johannisberg de Cabinet* be the beverage for foreign statesmen, it seems evident that the *liqueur de contradiction* is most popular in Downing Street. Constantia, it must be confessed, has been in our times wholly abandoned.” p. 23.

It is quite impossible that such departures from principle can publicly be made, without public morality suffering. There can be no respect for legislation, especially of an odious character, which every one sees was proposed with passion, supported by fanaticism, and carried without conviction.

On the other hand we can look back on the conduct of Catholics, through all the late crisis, with unmingled satisfaction, and even pride. When this number of our *Review* appears, it will be just one year since the Letter Apostolic was issued, (Sept. 29, 1850,) and we defy our adversaries to point out one authorised departure from principles of honour, justice, morality, or sound religion, in the line



which we have followed, during this trying period. The firmness and calm exhibited by the entire body are the best vindication of their motives, and the surest confutation of all the violent and absurd charges made against them. Had they quailed and shrunk, it might now be argued, that they had been foiled and disappointed. Had they divided into parties, it might have been concluded, that they had taken contradictory views on the measure, from the beginning. Instead of either, never was greater firmness, or greater unanimity exhibited. If the clamour of the recess produced so good an effect, the fury of the session was calculated to confirm it. For the Government took the surest way of binding Catholics together, by attacking principally those whom they most naturally revere. To have aimed the blow at the Bishops of the Catholic Church, Ireland included, was the best plan for rallying, round their pastors, their affectionate flocks. “I will strike the Shepherd,” it was solemnly said of old, “and the sheep of the flock shall be dispersed.” This is when God smites: but when feeble man takes up the sword of persecution, it is the contrary. “Strike the Shepherd, and the sheep of the flock will gather closer together.”

Since the above was written two remarkable documents on our subject, have been published, by the *Morning Chronicle* of Sept. 19. They consist of an address to Lord Palmerston from the “General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland,” and his Lordship’s reply. They are as follows.

“Unto the Right Hon. Viscount Palmerston, one of Her Majesty’s principal Secretaries of State,

“The Memorial of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland,

“Humbly Showeth,—That your memorialists are sincerely thankful to Almighty God, the source of all power and blessing, for the extensive and commanding influence which our most gracious Sovereign possesses among the nations of the earth, and for the exercise of that influence in procuring the relief of the oppressed, and advancing the cause of liberty.

“That your memorialists have been grieved to observe that, while the adherents of the Pope of Rome in these kingdoms have the utmost freedom and liberty of conscience, and that, while their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects lay claim to great liberality of sentiment, and are guaranteed and secured in all the rights of

private judgment and religious worship, that, in *Roman Catholic countries, and especially in the Papal States, in Naples, and in Austria, no real toleration is allowed*; while heavy penalties—such as imprisonment, confiscation of property, and banishment—are inflicted for the alleged crime of reading God's holy Word, attending prayer meetings, *venturing to call in question the errors of the Church of Rome, or abjuring a faith which they believe to be false for one they have found to be true.*

“That your memorialists have had their attention very specially directed to a recent violation of the great principles of liberty and toleration, in the case of a Tuscan nobleman, Count Guicciardini, who, for the offences of seeking the knowledge of God at the pure fountain of His Word, and endeavouring to strengthen and develope the principles of piety, by Christian fellowship and communion, has been treated like a felon, thrown into a dungeon, and then driven into banishment; and deeply affected by this outrage on reason and Christianity, your memorialists earnestly plead that you would interpose your influence with foreign Powers to secure liberty of conscience throughout their dominions, and to have the same rights granted to Christians, in Florence and elsewhere, that are so largely enjoyed by Roman Catholics in this Protestant empire.

“And your memorialists will ever pray.

“Signed in the name and on the behalf of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, at its annual meeting, held in Belfast, the 12th day of July, 1851,

“JOHN COULTER, D.D., Moderator.

“THOMAS M. REID, A.M., Senior Clerk.

“ROBERT PARK, A.M., Junior Clerk.”

(Reply.)

“Foreign-office, Aug. 20, 1851.

“Sir,—I am directed by Viscount Palmerston to acknowledge the receipt of the petition of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, transmitted by you, and requesting that Her Majesty's Government would interpose their influence in order to obtain liberty of conscience for Christians in Rome, Naples, and other foreign countries.

“I am to say, that Her Majesty's Government are deeply impressed with a conviction of the truth and justice of the principles laid down in this petition, and Her Majesty's Government have not omitted, and will not omit, to avail themselves of every proper opportunity of urging those principles on other Governments, as far as may be consistent with a due regard for inter-

national independence, and with any prospect of obtaining a useful result.

“ I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

“ H. W. ADDINGTON.

“ The Rev. Robert Park, A.M., Clerk of  
General Assembly, Ballymoney.”

From the Presbyterian Address, it is clear that the aim of the new Anglo-Roman movement is, not the greater comfort of British subjects, but the diffusion of protestantism among Catholics in Italy. The answer which bears the impress of the source whence it emanates, at least admits a slight regard for the maxim, that any negotiation must begin, by proposing the adoption of new principles—those of England, in religion, and in all else, being assumed to be right.

Her Majesty's Government, and Lord Palmerston especially, well knows, that in Sweden, the position of Catholics is quite as bad as that of protestants in Rome or Naples. With the exception of a chapel at Stockholm, no place of Catholic worship is allowed to be erected in the country. No Catholic is admissible to any employment whatever. If any Swede becomes a Catholic, the penalty (enforced a few years ago) is banishment, and, we believe, confiscation. Will any one memorialise Lord Palmerston, as the Presbyterians have done, and ask him to use the influence of the British name, with this protestant State, and obtain for the poor Catholics in it, liberty of conscience, and fulness of toleration? Much of the language of the presbyterian memorial could be adopted. But what would be most interesting to know is, whether in naming “ Rome, Naples, *and other countries*,” as the scenes of his diplomatic labours in favour of religious toleration, the Rt. Hon., Secretary of State for foreign affairs, meant to include Sweden in his extensive generality: in other words, whether he is as active in claiming that boon, where the sufferers are Catholic, and the dominant power protestant, as he has been where the tables are turned. If not, has it been a matter of principle, or of party?

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## SUMMARY NOTICES OF FOREIGN CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

*French Catholic Publications.*

WE resume, in the following pages, our summary notices of the current Catholic Literature of France, a portion of which appeared in our April number. Owing to the long arrear which had accumulated, and which we hope to wipe off at intervals, these notices are still, of necessity, exceedingly brief. Nevertheless, they are intended, in all cases, to convey such a description of the general character, contents, and merit, of each work, as may, at least, serve to guide the selection of purchasers and students.

For more detailed accounts of many of the works here noticed, we would refer our readers to the accurate and learned Bibliographical Journal of the Abbés Des Billiers and Duplessy, to which we ourselves owe many obligations.

We have thought it advisable to append to the series of notices a catalogue of new books, which it was impossible to describe in detail.

## THEOLOGY, ASCETICISM, ESSAYS, LITURGY, &amp;c.

- (1.)—*Defense du Christianisme Historique*, par l'Abbe CHASSAY, Professeur de Philosophie au seminaire de Bayeux, 2 vols. 12mo. f. 7.15,. Sagnier and Bray.

Our readers may recollect a work published some time since, by M. Chassay, under the title of "Le Christe et l'Evangile." The present publication is an enlarged and remodelled edition of that excellent essay. It is a defence of the historical evidences of Christianity, against the attacks of the German school of Philosophy. The author has made the theories of the German Philosophy his peculiar study, and his success is sufficiently attested by his valuable work on Strauss. The present treatise is divided into three books; the first exhibits the state of affairs in Germany with regard to Religion and Philosophy during the eighteenth century; the second, the subsequent developments of the principles then originated; the third is taken up with a refutation of the mythic system. The author has succeeded in treating with clearness and precision the vague doctrines he had to deal with.

- (2.)—*Ceremoniel selon le Rit Romain*, par J. BALDESCHI, traduit de l'Italian et completé par M. l' Abbe Fausel, 1 vol. 12mo, f. 3.50. Lecoffre.

In the first edition of this work, the usages of the diocese of Langres were mixed up with the pure Roman rite, a thing which rendered the book very unsafe as a guide. From the present edition every local peculiarity is banished, and the Roman ceremonial is accurately copied. Large additions, founded chiefly on recent decisions of the Congregation of rites, have been made to Baldeschi's original work. These are incorporated with the text, but are distinguished from it by brackets. It is one of the most perfect books in its department.

- (3.)—*Institutions Liturgiques*, par JEAN FORNICI, Chanoine; traduites et enrichies de notes, par M. Boissonnet. 1 vol. 18mo. f. 2.50. Mequignon.

*Institutiones Liturgicæ*, &c., Demichelis.

This treatise was written at the request of Cardinal Turla, to serve as a class book in the Roman Seminary, where he established a chair of sacred rites. The work is divided into four parts; the mass—the divine office—the sacraments—benedictions, &c. We are at a loss to know what suggested the idea of translating such a book into French. Demichelis's edition gives the original text, and is furnished with a number of very useful notes, some of them containing recent decisions of importance.

- (4.)—*Dictionnaire de Theologie, Dogmatique, Liturgique, Canonique, et Disciplinaire*, par BERGIER, 4 vols. 4to. Migne.

The value of Bergier's Theological Dictionary has long been gratefully recognized. This edition of it has been prepared by M. l'Abbe Pierrotz, Professor of theology in the seminary of Verdun. He has added new articles on subjects omitted by Bergier, some of which indeed have been made matter of controversy since his time. He has also pressed into service recent scientific discoveries, relations of travels, and the fruits of hermeneutical research. The additions of M. Pierrot are marked by brackets. Some notes are appended correcting opinions disapproved of by the Holy See.

- (5.)—*Reponses Courtes et Familieres aux Objections les plus repandues contre la Religion*, par M. l'Abbe de Segur, fourth edition, f. 0.35. Lecoffre.

If rapid sale be a proof of merit in a book, this book possesses it, for no less than 25,000 copies were sold within four months. It is really a most useful book for circulation. Every chapter is headed with a common saying constantly in the mouth of the scoffers of

religion, such as the priests are minding their own trade, &c., and the chapter contains a plain and concise answer to the objection.

(6.)—*Perseverance Chretienne, ou Moyens d'Assurer les fruits de la premiere Communion*, par le Directeur de Catechismes de St. Sulpice. 1 vol. 12mo, f. 2. Lecoffre.

(7.)—*Cours d'instruction Religieuse a l'usage des Catechismes de Perseverance*, par le MEME, 2 vols. 12mo., f. 4. Lecoffre.

The latter work is a sort of Christian Philosophy, destined for the use of young men receiving their education in the colleges, &c. It is written in a style adapted to cultivated minds. It consists of a clear exposition of the grounds of the Catholic faith and its principal dogmas; and the difficulties usually to be met with are fully stated and well answered. The author promises similar works on morals and liturgy.

(8.)—*Theologie a l'usage des Gens du Monde*, par M. CHARLES SAINTE FOI, 3 vols. 12mo. Pouielgue.

A great many works of this kind have been published in later years. Their common object is to provide for those who have forgotten the truths of religion which they learned in their childhood, and whose present indifference proceeds chiefly from ignorance, a want of information full and precise, concerning the dogmas of the Christian doctrine, and the grounds of Christian belief, conveyed in language suited to persons of education. M. Sainte Foi has adopted a system which has at least the merit of being novel. His three volumes contain a complete set of Theological treatises, modelled exactly on those read in the schools by divinity students. We have a treatise on Religion, a Church treatise, a treatise on the Incarnation, Sacraments, &c. The work is compiled from the writings of St. Thomas, and the theology of Cardinal Gousset. It is written in a simple and lucid style, the doctrine is accurately stated, and the arguments are forcibly put. The book has received the approbation of Cardinal Gousset.

(9.)—*Histoire de la Revelation*, par M. l'ABBE BENARD, ancien Chef d'Institution—Ancien Testament, vol. 1 and 2;—Nouveau Testament, vol 3, f. 6. Sagnier et Bray.

This is a history of the Old and New Testament, with which is incorporated a commentary on the most important passages of the Scripture. The author has, however, fallen into a fault but too common amongst those who have not made the theology of the schools their peculiar study. He puts forward as almost *de fide*, many propositions, which, to say the least, are doubtful, and many explanations of Scripture texts as unquestionable, while he has against him the great body of commentators. He states every



thing as certain. Many of his propositions too are entirely false. This is to be lamented, for the plan of the book is excellent, and in many places well carried out.

- (10) *Nouvelle Explication du Catechisme de Rodez, divisée en Instructions, pouvant servir de prones, &c.*, par M. L'ABBE NOEL, Chanoine hon. &c. 7 vols. 12, f. 28. Pensic.

The exposition of Catholic doctrine is accurate and abundant. The matter for sermons and pastoral instructions is eminently practical, and the style is simple but yet noble, and full of unction. It is a very useful book for a priest charged with the care of souls. The Bishops of Rodez and Mende have reviewed the book, and bestowed upon it the highest eulogy.

- (11) *Catechisme de la Foi et des Mœurs Chrétiens*, par M. DE LANTAGES, Supérieur du Séminaire, &c., Précède d'une notice sur la Vie de l'Auteur. 1 vol. 8vo., f. 3.50. Sagnier and Bray.

This little work was written 150 years ago, and had been completely forgotten, when one of the Sulpitian Community, struck by its excellence, gave a new edition of it. It is one of the best books of its size on the subject.

- (12) *Concilium Provinciae Avenionensis Avenione habitum*, A.D., 1849. 1 vol. 4to.

Another of the late provincial councils of France. The acts of this council have just been printed. The text is divided into three parts; the first contains matters relative to the convocation &c. of the Council; the second, the canons and decrees; the third is an appendix, including documents of great importance. The whole forms a magnificent quarto volume, beautifully printed on fine paper, and with every typographical embellishment.

- (13) *Breviarium Romanum, ex decreto Concilii Tridentini, cum officiis Sanctorum usque in hanc diem concessis*, 4 vols. 12mo. Papier ordinaire f. 14, papier chine, f. 18.

\* The Catholic publishers of Paris have formed themselves into a society, under the direction of an ecclesiastical commission, for the issue of a new edition of the Roman Liturgy. A Breviary in large 12mo. has already appeared, printed after the last Roman edition, completed in 1848. It is very exact, and is printed in new type, rather larger than usual. Part of the edition is taken on China paper. In press are superb Missals of different sizes, some with red rubrics and some without, fully equal, if not superior, to the most beautiful of Hanicq's deservedly popular editions.

- (14) *Le Graduel Romain*, 1 vol. 12mo., f. 3. Lecoffre.

Up to this, the only Graduals and Vesperals of small size to be obtained, in addition to being wretchedly printed, differed considerably from the Roman Graduals and Vesperals in common use. The above-mentioned Gradual was prepared at the instance of Cardinal Gousset. It was submitted to His Holiness, who caused it to be collated with the Roman editions, and pronounced it substantially correct. A Vespéral in the same style will soon appear.

- (15) *De l'unité dans les Chants Liturgiques; moyens de l'obtenir*, par le R. P. LAMBILLOTE, S. J. 1 vol. 4to. Poussielgue Rusand.

Pere Lambillote has devoted many years to the study of the old Gregorian Music. He here explains the method of reading the ancient characters, of which he gives some specimens. Some of these representing the notation used before the time of Gui d'Arrezo, are now for the first time published.

- (16) *Glorie a Marie: Recueil de Nouveaux Cantiques dédiés a son Immaculée Conception: mis en musique a deux ou trois voix, avec accompagnement d'orgue ou de piano*, par HERMAN. 1 vol. 12mo., f. 8. Perisse.

The history of this book is curious. M. Herman, a German Jew, enjoyed a high reputation in Paris, as a pianist and composer. At the opening of the month of Mary, the organist of one of the Churches failed to attend. M. Herman was requested to take his place at the organ, and consented. During the service his heart was touched; before the end of the month he became a Catholic, and is now a monk of the Carmelite Order. In gratitude to his patroness, he composed these hymns in her honour. The poetry contains some excellent passages, and the music is worthy of Herman's well-known talents.

#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, ARCHEOLOGY, &c.

- (17) *Historie Religieuse Politique et Litteraire de la Compagnie de Jesus Composée sur des documents medits et Authentiques*, par J. CRETUREAN JOLY. 3 ed. 6 vols. 8vo., f. 28; and 6 vols. 18, f. 16. Poussielgue.

This work, besides passing through two French editions, has been three times translated into Italian, twice into Spanish, and twice into German. The third edition, which has just appeared, has undergone considerable improvement. Some errors regarding names, dates, and minute details of facts, have been corrected. The documents, and other quotations which the book contains, have been

compared with the originals, and rendered scrupulously exact. The revision has been superintended by some of the Fathers of the society. In addition to this, many new facts have been added, which tend to throw new light on important points. A large number of notes have been appended, and an alphabetical index placed at the end. An English translation is preparing for the press.

- (18) *Etudes sur la Collection des Acta Sanctorum, par les R.R., P.P., Jesuites Bollandistes*, par le R. P. Dom. Pitra, moine Benedictin. 1 vol. 8vo., f. 4,50. Lecoffre.

The title of this book marks it as one of interest, and the name of Dom. Pitra is a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. The body of the work is preceded by a learned dissertation on the various collections of sacred biography in existence before the sixteenth century. After noticing the records of the early Church, and sketching the labours of those who immediately preceded the Bollandists, Ribadeneira, Surius, Lippomanni, and others, he commences with Hubert Rosweyde, who first conceived the design of the Acta Sanctorum. The third chapter describes the foundation of the gigantic undertaking, and the labours of Bollandus. The fourth and fifth are taken up with an account of the travels of the Bollandists in search of materials. The seventh gives an idea of the immense correspondence which they carried on with all parts of the world. The eighth contains details concerning the manner of printing the work, correcting the press, &c. The controversies into which the fathers were drawn, and the persecution they suffered, occupy the ninth and tenth chapters. The book ends with the history of the fifty-fourth volume, published in 1847, and an account of the present condition of the Bollandist society.

- (19) *Histoire de la Revolution de Rome. Tableau Religieux Politique et Militaire des années 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, and 1850, en Italie*, par M. ALPHONSE BALLEYDIER, 2 vols. 8vo., f. 13. Au comptoir des Imprimeurs Unis.

This history of the Roman Revolution has met with great and well-merited success. It has already reached the third edition. M. Balleydier writes with all the energy and feeling of a man who is penetrated with a sense of the justice and holiness of the cause which, though a historian, he is forced to espouse. He paints in vivid colours the scenes of horror of which Rome was so long the theatre, the sufferings of the benevolent Pontiff, and the heartless ingratitude and cruelty of the Mazzini party. The book possesses all the attraction, all the interest of a powerfully written novel. Yet this does not prevent the author from detailing faithfully the important events which he has undertaken to describe. During a long stay in Italy, he had under his eye most of the documents relative to the proceedings, and learned the occurrences from the

months of the principal actors. He has produced a complete and faithful history of the Roman Revolution, and one which has already rendered important services to the cause of truth. We understand that an English translation of the work is being prepared.

- (20) *Le Genie de la France a diverses, époques, Recits et tableaux, offerts a la Jeunesse*, par M. CHAMPAGNAT, 1 vol. 8vo., f. 8. Lehuby.

This book is well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. It communicates in a very pleasing form a large amount of historical information. A scholar, wandering through a forest, meets with a venerable old man, the Genius of France, who takes him up and carries him, not from place to place, but from century to century, through the ages of French history. He introduces him to the most remarkable scenes in the different periods, allows him to see and converse with the most celebrated personages, &c. The volume is beautifully got up, and is illustrated with sixteen coloured lithographs.

- (21) *Etudes Critiques sur les travaux Historiques de M. Guizot*, par M. A. GAINET.

The author convicts M. Guizot of having neglected to point out the effect of Christianity upon the morality of society, and shews the revolutionary tendency of some principles laid down by him.

- (22) *Examen critique des Doctrines Historiques de M. Augustin Thierry*, par Leon Aubineau, 12mo., Bibliotheque Nouvelle.

M. Aubineau manifests a perfect acquaintance with the history of the period, and rare sagacity in exposing the one-sided statements by which M. Thierry supports his attack on the Church, and Monarchical Government. His disquisition on Lanfranc is an admirable piece of history.

- (23) *Monographie de l'Eglise Primatiale de Bordeaux*, par Mgr. Donnet Archevêque de Bordeaux. Faye a Bordeaux.

It is astonishing with what rapid strides the study of Archeology is advancing in France. In all parts of the country, books on the subject are appearing, describing some ancient building, recounting the discovery of hidden treasures, or systematizing the mass of information already gathered. We have feuilletons in the provincial journals, articles, brochures, and books of no small size. The clergy have entered warmly into the movement; indeed, they form the great body of contributors. Even the Archbishop of Bordeaux has not thought it beneath him to give a description of

his cathedral. The church of St. André was commenced in the eleventh century, and bears the stamp of almost every transition in style, during the four succeeding ages. Mgr. Donuet gives first the history of the Church, and then proceeding on these data, he describes minutely the details of the building, marking the peculiarities of each portion, and its relation to the age to which it belongs.

- (24) *Description de la Cathédrale de Chartres*, par M. BULTEAU, 1 vol. 8vo., f5. Sagnier and Bray.

The cathedral of Chartres is one of the finest in France, and richest in historical reminiscences. Three artists, employed by the government, have been engaged during the last ten years, in preparing a *monographie* of it, but as yet four plates only have appeared. M. Bulteau, less tardy than they, has made the cathedral the subject of a very interesting book. He gives a summary history of the edifice, describes the interior, exterior, monuments, statues, stained glass, &c., and gives in the end a notice of the other churches of Chartres.

- (25) *Rome Souterraine*, par M. Perret.

The publication of this magnificent work has been undertaken by the French government; they have obtained from the chamber a vote of f. 200,000 for the purpose. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the catacombs were re-discovered, or rather explored with an ardour, until then unknown. It is well known what light was thereby thrown on the early periods of Church history, and what valuable archaeological treasures were exposed to view. A number of valuable works began to appear, describing the discoveries, and giving plates of the inscriptions, sculpture, paintings, &c. Bosio, after thirty years patient research, published the result of his labours in the beginning of the seventeenth century. His investigations were followed up by Boldetti, Arringhi, Marangoni, &c., and still later by D'Agincourt, Raoul Rochette, &c. Their works, though of great value, left much to be desired. Most of their engravings were small and inaccurately copied. Sometimes, indeed, they merely took a note of the objects, and sketched them afterwards from memory. Besides, the chambers which they visited were comparatively few. M. Perret, a French architect and artist, devoted the last five years to the examination of the catacombs, during which time, at vast labour and expense, he explored more than sixty, forming together a labyrinth of nearly three hundred leagues in extent. He discovered treasures of the existence of which not even a suspicion had been entertained. He made drawings of one hundred and forty-nine frescos, of which thirty-five only had been sketched by his predecessors. Amongst others, he gives those with which the well of Platonica had been

decorated in the year 365, by order of Pope Damasus. This well served for some time as the tomb of the apostles Peter and Paul, and has been now re-opened for the first time. Most of the newly-discovered paintings belong to the first and second century. Some are rude enough, but others, such as that of Moses striking the rock, exhibit traits not unworthy of the great masters of more recent times. It is curious to observe the remains of Pagan forms, preserved in some of the earliest: thus the good shepherd is sometimes represented with the crook and pipe of the classic poets. Of architectural remains we have seventy-three sheets. There are five hundred fac similes of inscriptions, representations innumerable of morcels of stained glass, lamps, vases, ornaments, &c. All these have been copied by M. Perret and his assistants, with scrupulous accuracy. The paintings were all counter-drawn, and where necessary reduced on the spot. The stone work, sculptures, &c., were all measured. The entire will be contained in 360 large folio lithographs, accompanied by a proportionate amount of letter press.

(25.)—*Manuel d'Archeologie Religieuse, Civile, et Militaire*, par M. OUDIN, 3 edition augmentii, 1 vol. 8vo., f. 4. Lecoffre.

This is an elementary book, but very complete in its way. A great deal of matter is condensed within a small compass. It contains a large number of plates.

(26.)—*Histoire de l'Abbaye de Morimond, diocese de Langres*, par l'ABBE DUBOIS. 1 vol. 8vo., f. 6, Sagnier and Bray.

The history of the abbey of Morimond is not one which interests those alone who are acquainted with its locality; Morimond exercised immense influence over the entire of Europe. It was the parent of more than 700 monasteries and convents, spread throughout France, Spain, Germany, Hungary, Poland, &c. The family of Morimond, besides cenobites, comprises military orders also. Hence its history leads us into the consideration of some of the gravest social questions relating to the Middle Ages.

M. Dubois is a man of acknowledged talent, and immense erudition; he writes in an easy style, and was in every way well fitted for the task which he set before him.

(27.)—*Annuaire general du Diocese d'Orleans, pour 1851*, 1 vol. 12mo. f. 8.50. Gatureau à Orleans.

This publication, besides the statistics of the diocese, contains historical and archeological notices regarding the parishes, churches, and monuments of Orleans. It is intended to pursue the same course every year, so that before long, a quantity of curious and valuable information will have been collected. We find in the



present number some interesting facts regarding the first revolution, gathered from the few who lived to remember its horrors.

(28.)—*Almanack du Clergé de France, pour l'An de Grace, 1851.*  
1 vol. 12mo., f. 6. Gaume.

The *Almanack du Clergé* was commenced twenty years ago, but after meeting with many difficulties was discontinued in 1844. Its publication has been resumed this year by M. Gaume. It forms a thick volume of 800 pages. It is to be regretted that it gives the names of the Dignitaries and Curés of the first class only—thus the great body of the French Clergy is omitted altogether.

(29.)—*Discours sur l'Histoire Ecclesiastique*, par M. l'ABBE RECEVEUR Doyen, et Professeur de la Faculté de Theologie de Paris. 1 vol. 12mo., f. 5. Leroux.

The object of this work is to trace the effect of Christianity upon civilization and morals. The author reviews the several changes which the state of society has undergone since the Christian era, and marks the various benefits conferred by the influence of the Church. The last chapter treats of the French Revolution.

#### PHILOSOPHY, LITERATURE, ETC.

(30.)—*Reflexions sur mes Entretiens avec M. le Duc de la Vauguyon*, par LOUIS AUGUSTE, Dauphin (Louis XVI.), précédées d'une introduction par M. de FALLLOUX. 1 vol. 8vo. f. 6. Aillaud.

The young Duke of Berry was confided at the end of his sixth year, to the care of the Duc de la Vauguyon. This nobleman, who, in addition to talents of a high order, and consummate knowledge of the world, was imbued with a deep religious feeling, proved eminently qualified to undertake the trust committed to his charge. The young prince, being naturally of a reflective turn, studied deeply the sound principles suggested to him, and committed the result of his meditations to writing. These reflections, printed from a manuscript copy in the hand of the Comte de Provence (Louis XVIII.), are presented to the world by M. de Falloux, formerly minister of public instruction. Of their authenticity there can be no doubt. They are divided into thirty-three meditations or chapters, and treat of the duties of kings towards God, their subjects, and themselves. They exhibit an enlightened mind, and a heart filled with benevolence and solid piety. It is strange to find the Dauphin insisting so much on the necessity of firmness in princes, the want of which quality proved afterwards so fatal to him. He seemed also convinced that he possessed it, for he says

of himself, "I have sounded my heart, and searched there for the marks of that firmness which should belong to Princes—I am satisfied with the result." The introduction by M. de Falloux adds considerably to the interest of the work, it is in every way worthy of the high reputation of the ex-minister.

(31.)—*Lettre à M. Vacherot, Directeur des études à l'école Normale*, par M. l'ABBE GRATTRY, ancien Aumonier de l'Ecole Normale, 1 vol. 8vo., f. 3. Gaume.

M. Vacherot some years ago gained a prize offered by the Institute for an Essay upon the School of Alexandria. He since extended his essay to three volumes, which he filled with gross calumnies against the Church, and scandalous attacks on the Catholic doctrine. M. Grattry, having resigned his Chaplaincy in order to act with greater freedom, analyzed and refuted in the above admirable work the doctrines of his infidel colleague.

The upshot of the matter was that M. Vacherot was dismissed by the minister of public instruction, to the great disedification of the so-called liberal party.

(32.)—*Les Psaumes traduits en Vers Français*, par M. GUERRIER DE DUMAST, accompagnés d'Arguments et de Notes, et mis en Regard d'un Texte Latin litteral, 3 vols. 8vo. f. 15. Vaguer à Nancy.

This work consists of two parts, one a commentary, complete and faithful, upon the Psalms, extracted from our best authors; the other, a translation of the Psalter into French metre. Notwithstanding the serious obstacles which the genius of the French language presented, the author has been completely successful in rendering the figurative diction and the rich oriental colour of the original. The work has been honoured by the warm approbation of the Bishop of Nancy. The author has devoted to the undertaking his leisure hours for the last twenty years. It is singular that another person in Toulouse has completed a similar translation without being aware of the design of M. Dumast.

(33.)—*Lettres et Opusceules Inédits du Comte Joseph de Maistre, précédées d'une notice biographique*, par son fils le COMTE RODOLPH DE MAISTRE. 2 vols. 8vo. f. 12. Vatou.

The publication of these letters, pamphlets, &c., has been hailed with delight as a valuable addition to the literature of the country. The first volume contains the private correspondence of De Maistre, during a period extending from the year 1794, to the year 1820. These letters raise the veil from his private life, and exhibit his character in its true light. We can see from them that De Maistre was far from being the savage Tertullian, the ultramontane ogre, which the disciples of Cousin and Dupin represent him to be. We

see in him an affectionate friend and brother, and an over-fond father, a conscientious defender of real liberty, and an enemy of despotism. What St. Beuve said of him is perfectly true, "*la plus belle partie de sa vie est la partie cachée qu'on ne lira pas.*" The second volume contains a number of pamphlets and short essays, some on religious questions relative to Protestantism, the Greek Church, the State of Christianity in Europe, &c. ; others on political topics, the internal affairs of Russia, Piedmont, Savoy, &c. ; others, again, on philosophical and religious subjects.—Some of these have been published before but are no longer to be found. They are now, for the first time, collected in one volume. Some letters addressed to M. de Maistre, by M. de Bonald and other celebrities of the day, complete the collection. The whole is preceded by an introduction from the pen of Louis Veuillot, a distinguished writer and successful imitator of De Maistre.

(34.)—*Poèmes des Bardes Bretons du 6me Siecle; traduits pour la premiere fois avec le texte eu regard, des notes; et une introduction,* par TH. HERSART DE LA VILLEMARQUE. Renouard.

M. de la Villemarqué is a native of Brittany, and has devoted his life to the study and publication of the traditions of his native soil. He belongs to the Catholic school of writers, and has constantly endeavoured to make the result of his researches subservient to the the cause of Catholic truth. He is already known to the world by his "*Essai sur l'Histoire de la Langue Bretonne*, in which he establishes the relation between the language of Brittany, and the three cognate dialects, the Irish, Erse, and Welsh. Some time since, the course of his investigations brought him into Wales. He studied the dialect of the Welsh, listened to their songs and traditions, and searched through the libraries for the remains of their old literature. The present work contains the chief result of his labours. It is principally taken up with the poems of three Bards; Taliesin, Ancurin, and Licvarc'heun, the date of which he fixes in the sixth century. It is interesting to observe in these pieces, the truths of Christianity, mingled with, but yet overruling the traditions of the ancient Druids. We can trace the old mythology receding before the Gospel, but still leaving some of its forms remaining in the ideas of the newly converted people.

(35) *Bibliographie des Journalistes*, par TEXIER, 1 vol. 18mo., f. 2. Pagnerre.

A great portion of this work has appeared already in a series of articles published in the *Illustration*, under the head of "*Voyage a Travers les Journaux.*" It professes to sketch the history of all the daily papers circulating in Paris, to give an idea of the tendency of each, and biographical notices of the principal writers. The task is

executed with considerable ability and great fairness. It is a work of no small utility.

- (36) *Le Salut de la France*, par le P. DEBREYNE, 1 vol. 8vo., f. 2. Poussielque.

The unsettled state of French politics, and the dangers which menace society on every side, have been, of late, fertile subjects for political and politico-religious writers. Articles, and pamphlets, and books, without number, have been written on the subject, each endeavouring to point out the cause and the seat of the malady, and professing to suggest a safe and certain remedy. Pere Debreyne, with much truth, makes the source of all the evils which have fallen on France, consist in the rejection of religious sanction from the institutions of the country, and in the unchristian system pursued by the university. He proposes a plan for the organization of the Catholic party, in which, amongst other things, he suggests the fusion of the religious press into one journal, which should be the accredited organ of French Hierarchy, and the establishment of classes of *hautes etudes* for ecclesiastics.

- (37) *Le Ver Rongeur des Sociétés Modernes, ou le Paganisme dans l'Education*, par L'ABBE GAUME, 1 vol. f. 4. Gaume.

A work of similar character appeared from the same author in 1836. He contends that the immorality of modern society, the spirit of revolt, the irreligious tendencies which everywhere prevail, must be traced to the lessons of pride and sensuality learned during the course of classical education. He shews that before the sixteenth century, the youth were not allowed to read pagan authors, until their minds were first formed in the Christian mould, while, since that time, it is from pagan sources they imbibe their first notions of literature, philosophy, and art, and that society consequently commenced to manifest tendencies before unknown. The author possesses erudition of no ordinary kind, and seems familiar with the principles which should guide education.

- (38) *L'Eglise et l'Etat*, par MELCHIOR DU LUC, 2 vols., 18mo. f. 4. Bibliotheque Nouvelle.

The author undertakes to explain and defend the Catholic doctrine, with regard to the relations between the power of the Roman Pontiff and that of Christian princes. He commences by investigating the origin of governments; he shews that their authority is fundamentally *de jure divino*, but merely human in its form and organization. The second book explains the nature of the power vested in the Head of the Church. The third treats of their mutual relations, and shews how and by what right the authority of the state is subordinate to that of the Church. The fourth contains a number

of arguments derived from the Scriptures, from tradition, councils, fathers, &c., and adduced in support of the conclusions advanced in the treatise. Those conclusions are asserted fearlessly enough, and will surprise many readers.

- (39) *De l'Autorité et du Respect que lui est dû*, par le R. P. CHASTEL, S.J., 1 vol. 18mo. f. 2. Sagnier et Bray.

This work touches upon the same subject. Père Chastel thinks that, to create respect for authority, the grounds and sanction of that authority should be clearly made known. He establishes a number of sound principles regarding the nature and origin of civil government, supports them by solid argument, and proves his doctrine to be in perfect conformity with that of St. Thomas, and the other great masters of theology. It is one of the best books written on the subject.

- (40) *L'Ethique de Spinoza*, par LEON DE MONTBELLARD. Joubert.

Although almost everything which this book contains has been said over again in our classic treatises on philosophy, it is calculated to effect some good. Many young men tainted with the prevailing pantheistic doctrine, will be tempted to read it, and will find not only the system of Spinoza successfully combated, but also the many theories upon it, which have since sprung from its principles. The work is written in a clear and vigorous style, and can be easily understood even by those who have not made metaphysics their study.

- (41) *Causeries du Soir*, par ALPHONSE DE MILLY, 1 vol., 8vo., f. 7. Perisse.

M. de Milly is the author of a "Revue Analytique et critique des Romans Contemporains," a work invaluable to those who are entrusted with the care of youth, and who have neither time nor inclination to read such books. The author, aware that, particularly amongst females, irreligion proceeds oftener from ignorance than from anything else, thought it would be well if the truths of the gospel were presented to such persons in an attractive form, so as to be readable even by the readers of novels. As a medium for conveying such information, he has chosen, in the present work, a series of dialogues between a young lady abandoned by her husband, and an old relative of her father's, in whose house she has taken refuge. The work has received from the Bishop of Bayeux an *imprimatur*, accompanied by a strong recommendation.

- (42) *Le Conseiller de la Jeunesse*, par M. LESUME, 1 vol., 12mo. f. 1.50. Perisse.

A sea captain returning to his home in Harfleur, after many

years of sea life, and finding his children neglected, sets about to educate them himself. The book contains a number of dialogues between the old captain and his children, and conveys a great deal of solid information in a very pleasing form.

(43) *La Lyre des petits Enfants*, par A. CORDIER, 1 vol., 12mo. Reboux a Lille.

A collection of very charming poems. Although intended for children, some of them are so exquisitely beautiful, and breathe such a spirit of true poetry, as to be read with pleasure by all. "*Les deux petits Dauphins de France*," a short poem on the two sons of Charles VI., poisoned by their uncles, is not unworthy of Lamartine.

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In America, as in England, the current of what is called "liberal" opinion, ran strongly in favour of the Hungarian party in their struggle with Austria, in the late Revolution. An able and well informed writer in the *New York Courier*, undertook to combat the view so commonly entertained, and to shew that however specious its pretences and professions might be, the Hungarian quarrel was not one "with which the Americans, as *Republicans*, were called on to sympathize." The essay of this writer is reprinted by Mr. MacCabe in the above interesting pamphlet: but as it was addressed to Americans, and bears exclusive reference to the principles of the American constitution, the Editor has prefixed to it a long and elaborate introduction, addressed directly to the people of these countries, and especially to the Catholic portion of the population.

As there is no subject on which so large an amount of misunderstanding exists, we cannot too strongly recommend the careful study of both parts of this pamphlet. The second part abounds with minute and accurate information as to the constitution, laws, usages, population and social condition of this most extraordinary kingdom, and places before the reader in a fair and dispassionate review, the true grounds of the original decree of resistance. The introduction, besides supplying much additional information on Austrian affairs, will be found to contain a very curious contrast between the principles which the "Liberals of England" apply to the consideration of foreign affairs, and those upon which they act in the administration of affairs at home.



II.—*Annala Rioghachta Eireann. Annals of the Kingdom of Ireland.* By the FOUR MASTERS. From the earliest period to the year 1616. Edited from MSS. in the Library of the Royal Irish Academy, and of Trinity College, Dublin, with a Translation and Copious Notes. By JOHN O'DONOVAN, Esq., M. R. I. A., Barrister at Law. Royal 4to. Vols. i. and ii. with the General Index. (completing the work.) Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1851.

WE hasten to offer to Mr. Donovan our warmest thanks, and to the Irish public our heartiest congratulations, on the happy completion of this important and arduous undertaking. As an example of private literary enterprise, it carries us back to the days of the old Benedictines; and when we recollect the inauspicious years through which it has been carried on, and the utter prostration of the country, national, literary, social, and commercial, which it was doomed to encounter, the perseverance, energy, and spirit with which it has been brought to a close, command our highest admiration. In France, in Austria, in Belgium, in Prussia, anywhere except in Ireland, a work so purely national as the Annals of the Four Masters, would have been a public, and not a private undertaking.

The two massive volumes before us complete this historical compilation, the great repository of authentic Irish History. Mr. O'Donovan's original intention comprehended only that portion of the Annals (since the English Invasion,) the Irish text of which had not been published by Dr. O'Connor as his *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*; and, in accordance with this view, the Post-Invasion Annals, as our readers will recollect, were published in three massive quarto volumes, in the year 1848. But this publication, costly, and we take shame to ourselves in saying, unremunerating as it was, was far from exhausting the enterprise of Mr. O'Donovan's publishers, to whom our national literature was already so largely indebted. Almost immediately after its appearance, proposals were taken for the publication of the earlier portion of the Annals, together with a most copious and elaborate Index of the entire; and notwithstanding the many and unprecedented difficulties which the circumstances of the times have thrown in the way of its progress, the success of the present undertaking has fully sustained the high reputation of the earlier portion of the work.

The Irish text of the Ante-Invasion Annals, had been published with a Latin translation, as is well known, in

the *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores*; and it was this circumstance which led to Mr. O'Donovan's original intention of contenting himself with the second and unpublished portion of the text. But even if the exceeding variety of Dr. O'Connor's work had not rendered it all but inaccessible to private individuals, there were many things which tended to make it incomplete and unsatisfactory, even as a supplement to Mr. O'Donovan's publication. The text is printed not in the Irish, but in the Italian character. It is full of the contractions and contracted orthography of the original MS. Many of these contractions have been erroneously interpreted by the editor; and many of his conjectural emendations, upon other grounds, are baseless and untenable; and, indeed, are sometimes adopted for the very purpose of bearing out or developing those peculiar opinions upon Irish ethnology which Dr. O'Connor is known to have entertained. And in addition to all these motives for desiring a new edition of the text of the *Ante-English Annals*, there was the capital and crowning motive, that without this portion of the work, Mr. O'Donovan's three volumes, invaluable as they are for their own sake, could, nevertheless, only be regarded in the light of a fragment, although the larger fragment, of the entire.

To those who are acquainted with the volumes already published, it would be idle to offer a word in commendation of Mr. O'Donovan's present performance. The same simple accuracy of translation, the same minute and elaborate criticism, the same variety and copiousness of illustration, the same wonderful familiarity with all the sources, manuscript as well as printed, of Irish literature, which have distinguished all the earlier works of the editor, are discoverable in every page of the present volumes; and, indeed, it is easy to observe that the studies and researches which were devoted to the earlier portion of the work have materially facilitated the present publication, and have contributed to impart an uniform and luminous character to the whole.

But the addition of the copious and elaborate Index has done more than all the rest to enhance the value of the work, and, indeed, to change its character. Heretofore, the *Annals of the Four Masters* was a mere, and, indeed, a meagre, text-book of the events of Irish History. Mr. O'Donovan's Index has converted it into a complete

cyclopædia of Irish Historical and Archæological literature. There is not a subject in the entire range of Irish Archæology,—whether literary, historical, ethnological, biographical, critical, genealogical, or above all, topographical, which Mr. O'Donovan has not, we may safely say, exhausted in his elaborate annotations; and the treasures of information thus lavishly dispersed over the volumes, are made as accessible as though they were arranged in alphabetical order, by the two-fold index appended to the second volume. Indeed, we do not hesitate to say, that to the practical usefulness of the volumes already published, this magnificent index (which extends to above eight hundred columns,) is absolutely indispensable.

Of its typographical beauty and excellence it is impossible to speak too highly. It is worthy of the press from which it emanates; and it is only necessary to add, that in order to suit the convenience of the purchasers of the former work, the fullest provision has been made by a copious supply of new title pages, cancels, &c., not only for a new arrangement of the work in seven volumes, but also if the purchaser should desire, in the five volumes contemplated in the original distribution.

III.—*Higher Paths in Spiritual Life*; being a Retreat for Religious —from the French of PERE NEPVEN. Translated by one of the Community of the Holy Child Jesus. London: Richardson and Son, 1851.

It belongs not to use even to commend a work of this description;—the very essence of spiritual instruction, written for our Fathers and Masters in the Faith, by one of themselves. We consider with reverence the exalted spirituality of the precepts, and rejoice in this new evidence of the holiness of the Church, and of her teaching.

IV.—*The Gentleman in Debt*. By WILLIAM O'NEILL DAUNT, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Newby, 1851.

“The Gentleman in Debt” is a spirited tale of Irish life in the latter half of the past century. The subject, in some respects, possesses but little novelty. The social anomalies and extravagancies of Irish life have been but too frequently described, often with the sole view of exciting the mirth, or perhaps pandering to the prejudices of the public for whom the sketch was intended. But Mr.

Daunt has made his tale subserve a better purpose—the practical illustration of the social, political, and religious working of the penal laws in Ireland, even in the modified form in which we find them at that period of our history. It is a powerful, but we need scarcely add, by no means pleasing lesson in our national history. There is not one of the various classes in Irish society such as it then existed, of which we do not find one or more representatives; and although the plot is not without some improbabilities, it is vigorously and entirely sustained. The character of the Rev. Julius Blake, although it may seem unnatural, is hardly overdrawn; and, unhappily, there are but too many families whose domestic annals will present a pendant for the sketch of the O'Carroll. In a few generations more these pictures and their accompaniments, will be known but as myths in our social history.

V.—*A Short Catechism of English History, Ecclesiastical and Civil, for Children*; by the REV. T. FLANAGAN. London: Richardson and Son.

An excellent abridgement of the leading facts of English History. Clear, truthful, and Catholic views are given upon each point, in a style likely to interest a Child's curiosity to search further.

VI.—*The Irish Land Question. With Practical Plans for an Improved Land Tenure, and a new Land System.* By VINCENT SCULLY, Esq., Q. C. Dublin: Hodges and Smith, 1851.

If the complicated difficulties which beset this most embarrassing question are to be dealt with as literary or legal problems at all, it is in the spirit and tone of this able publication. Mr. Scully, like almost all who have read or thought deeply upon the subject, has felt the necessity of doing something more than pointing out and denouncing the evils of the present system. In every revolution, no matter what its character, whether social, political, or religious, there are two phases, the destructive and the re-constructive; and the fatal experience of almost all such changes has taught the danger of entering upon the first without having calmly and dispassionately calculated the resources and the capacity which we possess for the second. Mr. Scully's essay mainly addresses itself to this important view of the Land Question. It is learned, able, calm, and

dispassionate. The details of his plan are too comprehensive for examination here; but although it may not be complete in every particular, and, probably, will fail fully to satisfy either of the two great interests between which it proposes to mediate, yet it is unquestionably deserving of the careful and favourable consideration of both. We cannot but regard it as a happy and auspicious omen, that such men and in such a spirit have begun to address themselves seriously to the practical examination of the subject.

VII.—*Treatise of Pope Benedict XIV., on Heroic Virtue.* Vol. 2. London, Dublin, and Derby, Richardson and Son, 1851.

The Fathers of the Oratory, as our readers know, are still engaged in the good work of bringing out their series of “the Saints and Servants of God,” a biography of those devout men and women whose names Holy Church has formally canonized. The treatise which we have mentioned above is not, strictly speaking, a biography—but still it is a most valuable adjunct to the lives which have appeared: giving as it were the key note of the whole biographical series, and explaining the principle on which the formal process of canonization takes place in the Catholic Church. It is a portion of the well known standard work of Pope Benedict XIV. on canonization. One volume has already appeared, and a second we now cordially welcome. Protestants in general, and perhaps even not a few Catholics, are little acquainted with the diligent and searching process to which every name is subjected at Rome before it can be beatified or canonized. It is enough to say here, that no man or woman, however holy, can be enrolled among the Saints of God, except after death his or her name has first passed through two separate stages of examination, distinct in point of time. There is at Rome a regular Court, called the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in which the character and deeds of all such individuals are strictly canvassed; and where it is necessary to establish, by most indisputable proofs, that the departed has worked certain miracles, and has habitually shown forth in his own person, *the heroic or supernatural life*. This enquiry is not confined to the question as to whether he has exhibited the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity, and the cardinal virtues also in an heroic degree, but it enters

most minutely into the details of his life and death. The first of the two volumes of Pope Benedict is mainly occupied with the definition of heroic virtue, and with the theological and cardinal virtues, and furnishes tests whereby the existence of these virtues in each individual must be judged: the second, to which our present remarks are more especially intended to refer, is more confined to details. The matters of which it treats are, first, "*the trials and tribulations of the servants of God, which are to be enquired into when the causes of their beatification and canonization are under discussion*;" and afterwards it speaks of the matters to be specially observed in the causes of those who severally have been Popes, or Cardinals, Bishops, Ecclesiastics, or ordinary laymen, virgins, married persons, or widows. In each case our readers should know that these separate questions have to be entertained, sifted, and decided, by the "consultors of the congregation," and by the officer at their head, who is called the "Promoter of the Faith," before the sentence can be finally delivered, and the name submitted in solemn Consistory or Council of the Cardinals, to His Holiness, as the Vicar of Christ, for Beatification or Canonization, as the case may be. To state the lowest ground, a general acquaintance with such facts as these is necessary in order to silence the objections of Protestants, accustomed as they are to exclaim against the saints of old, as men who lived holy lives indeed, but who, if they differed from their neighbours at all, differed only in degree. And the perusal of this admirable treatise will tend to satisfy such persons, we trust, that no one has been or can be canonized in the Church, without having actually earned his reward as a true servant of God, by living a supernatural life with the aid of supernatural grace. But in a higher way the book will be of far greater use to the pious Catholic, as furnishing him with a theoretic standard of action, at which he ought constantly to be aiming; and supplying at the same time a vast amount of instruction as to the gifts and graces which actually have been realized by such great names as those of St. Benedict, St. Theresa, St. Malachy, and many other of the Saints and Servants of God. We can fully promise that the whole work (to use the words of the advertisement prefixed), "will be found replete with most interesting anecdotes concerning the Lives of the Saints, as well as of immense use to spiritual



directors, and to all students of ascetical theology, or Christian philosophy." A third volume will conclude the work.

We avail ourselves of this occasion to notice the publication of a biography of Father Gentili, of which we propose to publish a lengthened notice in our January number.

VIII.—*The Order of Laying the First Stone of a New Church*, according to the Roman Pontifical. London: Burns and Lambert.

As this service is not included in ordinary prayer books, this pamphlet, which might be bound up with them, or separately, will be found of great and happily of frequent utility. We are glad to see the beautiful services of the Church as much as possible brought into common use.

IX.—*Address of His Eminence the late Cardinal Archbishop of Cambrai, on Domestic Education*. London: Richardson and Son.

These four lectures, forming a series, have all the persuasive and apostolic dignity that belong to French preaching. The venerable Archbishop addresses a different society from our own; but who will read his awful reproofs and not feel compelled to ask in how far they come home to ourselves? Were we to judge from our own observation, we should say that England would rank high in respect to the care paid to her children, amongst a large class at least; but as to the nation at large, who can tell what evils exist? Who can deny one symptom at least, which the Archbishop with profound observation, considers as denoting a growing evil in society? We will give his own words.

“Why the private or public schools, always multiplying, infant schools, schools for youth, adult schools, day schools, evening schools, Sunday schools? Why these halls of refuge opened in every part for the culture of the infantine age, even to the asylums destined to receive the newly-born? Wherefore, in fine, all this eagerness, all these precautions, all these, until lately, unknown institutions? Eternal honour to the healthy part of society; as it is the eternal opprobrium of the other. Is this only progress, amelioration, improvement, as folks are pleased to say? No: it is a necessary satisfaction, given to a profound want of our age; it is an accusing remedy of the evil which is active amongst us. Do you not see

that the characters are changed and inverted, that it is in the family that society is to draw its strength ; but, on the contrary, it is here that society comes and supplies the family ? If Domestic education was that which it ought to be, would it ever have been necessary to substitute adoption for a maternal sentiment ? A century ago, who would ever have thought of creating asylums to teach little children the elements of religion and morality, of founding institutions where they may find the nourishment and care suitable to their age ? No : and why ? Because, then, families were Christian. There were, doubtless, schools to perfect and complete education ; but the first of schools was the paternal home. In these new acts of charitable assistance, we ought to bless, a thousand times, the generous souls that conceived and realized the thought ; but there is also, for an observing mind, a frightful revelation of the sad decline of our morals."

X. — *Westminster-Memorials of the City, St. Peter's College, the Parish Churches, Palaces, Streets, and Worthies.* By the REV. MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, M. A. Westminster : Masters, 1849.

We have looked through this book with great entertainment ; it is not the mere compilation of an antiquary, but the work of a gentlemanly scholar who has entered with thorough interest into his subject : not free from bias, certainly, upon religious subjects ;—that was hardly to have been expected ; but not unkind or bigoted. Of course there is much contained in the work which will not be new to readers upon this subject ; but the author has used too much research not to have added a great deal of valuable matter to what has been already collected.

XI.—*The Tradition of the Apostles concerning Gifts*; by SAINT HIPPOLYTUS, Bishop and Martyr. London : Richardson and Son.

We are not told who is the author of this bold attempt to popularize the works of the primitive Fathers ; nor do we know whether this is an isolated instance, or if any series of such translations is intended ; we can therefore only speak of what is before us, and avow that we have found great gratification in St. Hippolytus' vigorous sermon on the Epiphany, given to us in such racy English, as might have been original, and in the direct and simple injunctions of the Apostolic Constitutions. With these few words we must dismiss a publication, which, nevertheless, appears to us to deserve a more authoritative and serious notice.

XII.—*Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages*. By T. HUDSON TURNER. London: J. H. Parker.

We feel that this book deserves at our hands a more extended notice than our columns at present will conveniently admit. It is a very attractive volume in outward appearance, and enriched with a variety of well-chosen engravings, which are admirably adapted to the end of illustrating the matter of the work. But it is not merely as a book for the boudoir or drawing-room table that we would recommend it to our readers; it has far higher claims upon their attention, as embracing a very wide range of most interesting facts connected with mediæval architecture as applied to domestic purposes. The subject is one which at present has been little investigated among us, and on which, therefore, the public mind has not been generally interested; and hence, while Oxford and Cambridge have poured forth in great variety their contributions to the systematic study of Gothic architecture, *as applied to ecclesiastical buildings*,—to say nothing of lesser elementary works from Messrs. Markland, Bloxam, and others,—*the domestic architecture of the Middle Ages* has remained, for the most part, a waste and unexplored region. It is, therefore, with feelings of much satisfaction that we hail this almost the first attempt to grapple with the subject. And yet we would not be understood to imply that we consider the subject in any way exhausted, as yet at least, by Mr. Turner. Like all other authors who venture on an untrodden path, and chalk out a new line for themselves, Mr. Turner has been of necessity obliged to confine himself to an extensive collection of facts and details, which he has classified together in order of time, though he has not studied to reduce them into any very systematic shape, or to build on them a superstructure of theory. We think that he has acted wisely in confining himself *at present* to this portion of his subject; but we hope, that as time goes on, and a wider induction of particular instances supplies him with a store of additional materials, the talented author will go on to gather from them some general rules and principles, which, though they may not be directly useful to architects of the present day, will give the general reader a more complete insight into the habits and customs of our forefathers than he has hitherto acquired.

In writing thus, we must by no means be understood as in any way finding serious fault with the book of which we are speaking. It opens a new field of enquiry, and, as such, the author must be content to feel that his researches will bear to be further carried out and more completely systematized hereafter. There is indeed one point on which we should be almost disposed to quarrel with our author, were we not aware how closely the domestic and ecclesiastic life, and, by consequence, the corresponding styles of building, were interwoven in "the ages of faith;" and this is, that not having drawn very accurate limits around his subject, he has been led to introduce into the body of his work a quantity of extraneous matter, which, while we freely admit that it is most interesting to the antiquarian, at the same time seems to us calculated to overload and almost to perplex the general reader. The magnificent abbeys and priories, the palaces and deaneries, together with the hostelries and castles of "old England," are so closely connected with "Church architecture," properly so called, that we feel how difficult our author must have found it to draw an exact line where domestic architecture commences. But upon the whole, Mr. Turner has dealt, we think, very judiciously with this inherent difficulty of his subject; and we are bound to confess that the lesser defects which we have ventured to point out are far outweighed by the intrinsic merits of the work itself.

We think that from the illustrations chosen we are led to infer, that Mr. Turner has confined his researches to some special districts of Great Britain almost to the exclusion of others; and the "Guardian," with some show of justice, complains that many beautiful specimens of domestic architecture, with which the principality of Wales abounds, have been entirely overlooked. We think we may fairly express our regret, that, while several French specimens of domestic architecture are added in an appendix, such noble structures as Chepstow and Caerphilly castles, and especially the ancient Episcopal Palace, which still stands in roofless and desolate grandeur at St. David's, have been passed by in silence. We hope that this defect will be remedied in a future edition. Some details of several ancient residences, such as Ightham Moat and Hever castle, both in Kent, with Dartington in Devon, Layer Marney in Essex, and Berkeley Castle,

would, we suggest, be profitably added in a future edition. From what we have said, our readers will have gathered that Mr. Turner's book is by no means a superficial work, but worthy of the attention of any antiquarian, who wishes to become acquainted with the outlines of mediæval domestic architecture in England. It would be useless affectation, in these days of advancement in all that bears upon our personal comfort and luxury, to think of returning to the middle ages for models on which to build our town or country houses; and, therefore, the utility of this branch of study becomes naturally less direct and immediate, than that of the sister branch of ecclesiastical architecture, where the same arrangements now, as then, are suited to the unchanging and unchangeable character of Christian worship, and where everything is made to subserve the one great end of the Christian sacrifice. To go back to antiquity in the one case, is as censurable, we feel, as it would be in the other to deviate unnecessarily from ancient models.

Hence, too, it will follow, that the study of domestic architecture has not a chance of engaging the attention of English readers at all, in the same degree that "Church architecture" has recently done; for the latter is the stepping stone to "Church restoration," while the former cannot lay claim to any direct practical results. And yet the subject is worthy the attention of Catholics, (and may we not add, of Protestants also?) for particular reasons. The popular notion of the present day, as to the relative grandeur and magnificence of Churches and private dwellings, to say the least, reflects but little credit upon our religious feelings. On this head, as on many others, we feel that a healthy result may be attained by those who will be at the pains to throw themselves back into the annals of bye-gone times, and to ascertain what was thought by our Catholic forefathers, during what men so complacently call "the dark ages," upon the subject of domestic architecture. From Mr. Turner's book the very least we may gather is a lesson on this head. We there find that that nobles, and even kings, in this very island of our own, were once content to dwell in a really mean and sordid style, at the very time when every ornament of colour and form was lavished upon the ecclesiastical edifices under whose shelter they lived. Thus the house of a nobleman of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, if we may trust Mr. Turner, con-

tained besides its hall and chapel, often but a single chamber, and the necessary offices. And here, too, is a second lesson. The great halls which still remain in some of those ancient structures, strike us as built upon a very gigantic scale, compared with the rest of the edifice. But we must remember that in those days an English nobleman's family consisted not merely of his children, but of his dependants and servants, and that night and day the great hall was the apartment in which they all lived together as a family. Did space permit us, we might easily enlarge upon the cause of this practice, and show that it was the result of a great truth, which was then undoubtingly received and believed, namely, *the reality of the sacred tie which binds in one family the members of Christ, high or low, rich or poor*. Men then believed that they were "one body in Christ, and all of them members one of another." And as they believed they acted. But we feel that we are wandering from our subject, and that our remarks are almost bordering upon a religious lecture; so we will content ourselves with taking our leave of Mr. Turner and his work for the present, once more strongly recommending it to the perusal of our readers, who, we feel sure, on the whole, will find upon experience that their labour bestowed upon it has not been thrown away.

XIII.—*The Child's Month of Mary*; with the approbation of His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman. London: Richardson and Son.

The title of this little work will recommend it. The object is to render the devotion of the month of Mary, practical amongst children and in families. It is upon the same plan as the devotions already in use, and the instructions and examples are simple, pious, and in excellent taste.

XIV.—*The New Penal Law*, considered in its bearing upon Scotland; or Two Letters addressed to the Right Hon. the Earl of Arundel and Surrey. By the RIGHT REV. BISHOP GILLIS.

England and Ireland have raised their loud protest against the Penal Law with which we are afflicted. Bishop Gillis speaks for Scotland, and shews the injury it will work to the Church there, unoffending, unobtrusive as she has been. We should earnestly wish this pamphlet



in the hands of our legislators, if we had any hope from their justice ; or, indeed, in anything save the direct interposition of Providence for our relief.

XV.—*The Doctrine of the Cross* ; with various Reflections on the Passion ; the dignity of the Blessed Virgin ; the end of man ; the Religious State ; and the Priesthood ; with instruction and consolation under Temptation, &c. London : Richardson and Son.

The author of this book, who has not given his name, calls it a compilation. It is, indeed, thickly interspersed with extracts from the Holy Fathers and the Scriptures, which are interwoven with his own comments, which form admirable and affecting meditations. We have seen few works which convey in a manner so unpretending, so much excitement to devotion.

XVI.—*Fasti Christiani* ; or Rhymes on the Calendar. In six books. By W. C. AUGUSTINE MACLAURIN (Late Dean of Moray and Ross), now a member of the Catholic Church. 8vo. London ; Dolman, 1851.

The *Fasti Christiani* is intended as a help to those who desire to accommodate their private devotions to the spirit of the Church in her public and solemn services. It is an attempt to condense into a concise poetical form, the substance of the mysteries, and of the histories of the saints which are celebrated throughout the Ecclesiastical year.

On the average, about four Elegiac stanzas are devoted to each day, but in some few instances, a slight deviation from this rule may be observed. The plan is one which, as may be easily supposed, allows but little opportunity for the display of the lighter graces of poetical composition ; but there is a deep religious tone pervading its homely and solemn verses, which cannot fail to touch and to elevate the Christian heart.

We cannot better describe at once the object of the work and the general character of its execution, than by transcribing its closing lines.

“ O that in the path  
Of Saints we walked ; ourselves renouncing quite,  
Crucified to the world, of tenderness  
For others full, eager the gospel's light

To infidels to give, and thus to bless  
 Mankind with truth, or in its cause to die !  
 No miracles or keen austerities  
 Such course can equal ; nor would nations lie  
 Long in the shades of death, if verities  
 Were thus maintained, *and the baptized were one.*  
 Saviour divine, who pray'dst that this might be,  
 And saidst the world would then believe, be done  
 Thy most benevolent will ! Nor spurn from Thee  
 This poor attempt the way of sanctity  
 In rhymes to show !

“Reader ! thy prayers I crave  
 To Him who died on the Redeeming Tree  
 My soul from everlasting death to save.”

There are few, we think, who will not echo from their hearts this modest and touching prayer.

XVII.—*The Life of St. Camillus of Lellis.* Founder of the Clerks Regular, Ministers of the Sick. To which is added, *Memoirs of the Ven. Ludovico Da Ponte, S. J. ; and, Memoirs of the Ven. Luigi La Nuza, S. J.* London : Richardson and Son.

‘ We are more and more struck by the value of the prodigious work undertaken by the Oratorians, and carried through with an energy, which, considering their other labours is truly astonishing. The two venerable saints whose memoirs are here given, were born in 1554, and 1591. They have not been canonized, and it is possible they never may ; and thus, but for the preservation of these authentic memoirs, we should have lost the edification which is now opened to us in them.

It is evident that these memoirs were, for the most part, written by contemporaries, or by those who lived near the time of these servants of God. There is a something of life-like biography in them ; we feel inspired with more tender devotion to those who thus become personally known to us in all the loveliness, as well as the majesty of their supernatural virtue. Of all the Catholic works now published, there are none, we think, so devotional as these.

XVIII.—*The Glory of Mary, in conformity with the word of God.* By JAMES AUGUSTINE STOTHERT, Missionary Apostolic in the Eastern District of Scotland. Dolman : London.

We have been much pleased with this little work, which appears to us to be of a description very much wanted. It

is addressed to Protestants, perhaps not of the most imaginative description: and to meet their coldness and prejudice, the Reverend Author has been at the greatest pains to draw up from probability, history, and scripture, such a chain of argument as must be almost irresistible; and he has done this with a tenderness and depth of feeling most congenial to the Catholic heart.

XIX.—*The Vision of Old Andrew the Weaver*, London: Richardson and Son.

One of the most poetical and beautiful stories that we have read, and one which, if not already known to our readers, we can warmly recommend.

XX.—*Was St. Peter ever at Rome?* The substance of two Lectures delivered in St. John's Church, Perth, by Rev. J. S. M'Corry, M. Ap. London: Dolman, 1851.

We recommend these two lectures to all who have ever entertained a doubt upon the momentous point they establish. Catholics are not likely to have troubled themselves concerning a fact, long laid up in their minds, amongst the treasures of their faith, beyond the reach of speculation. But Protestants, who may have been perplexed by the arguments lately brought forward, will be glad to see the *faith* of the great majority of Christendom, and the *opinion* of the remaining portion of it, so well justified.

XXI.—*Regeneration, or Divine and Human Nature; a Poem in six books.* By GEORGE MARSTAND. London: Pickering. 1850.

Any thing more crude in thought and style than this production—we cannot call it a poem—it has seldom been our lot to meet with. It is difficult to read, impossible to understand. Did the author understand his own meaning? he tells us “he desired to produce a work that might be thought worthy to be offered up by the High Priest of error, as a propitiation to Satan.” With Satan we desire to have nothing to do, in the way of “offerings” or otherwise. But to such a harmless, fictitious personage as the High Priest of rigmarole, we should have no objection to present this book.

XXII.—*A complete description of St. George's Cathedral ; and Handbook to the Catholic Antiquities of Southwark.* With Twelve Engravings. London, Dublin, and Derby : Richardson and Son.

St. George's is, we believe, the first Church really worthy of the name which was built in the Metropolis since the Reformation ; the most complete, if not the first revival of Gothic architecture in England ; nor are these the only circumstances which make its erection an epoch to Catholics : we would not speak of the apparently insufficient means with which it was begun, the difficulties it had to encounter, or the zeal that triumphed over them all ; these are common to all Catholic Churches : but the singular coincidence of the site on which it stands, its close connection with the first Archbishop of our new Hierarchy, the solemn manifestation of Catholic communion and sympathy given in the presence, at its dedication, of so many foreign prelates, and the interest taken in the event by our Holy Father the Pope, who presented to it a chalice of his own particular kindness—all these circumstances are peculiar ; and render St. George's remarkable beyond any Church now in England, perhaps more so than any, however splendid, which may be built hereafter. It is right, therefore, that there should be a good description of the Church and of the principal personages and facts connected with it, and such a one we have in this elegant little work. The description is complete and accurate, and the engravings good, and so numerous as to give an idea not only of the general effect of the building, but of the peculiarly beautiful embellishments for which Mr. Pugin is justly celebrated.

XXIII.—*The Mission of Sympathy, a Poem in Four Cantos.* By WILLIAM S. VILLIERS SANKEY, M.A. London : Pickering, 1850.

There is something in this poem which reminds us of older favourites ; occasionally of Cowper ; the versification is elegant and easy ; a pleasing vehicle for a train of thought which we follow with pleasure ; refined, discursive, and nicely discriminative. The illustrations of the subject are well chosen, and so as agreeably to diversify a didactic poem.

XXIV.—*Poems Legendary and Historical,* by EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., and the REV. GEORGE W. COX, S.C.L. London : Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1850.

This book has afforded us great pleasure. Glorious

old stories of classic and romantic times, are here given us in choice English verse, simple, strong, and spirit-stirring. The writers are men who have studied poetry at the fountain head, and they have poetry in them; in the "recollections of childhood" are passages of exquisite pathos and descriptive beauty; but we prefer upon the whole the "Legends," which have all the terse simplicity and power of the old English ballads.

XXV.—*The Lives of Father Antonio Talpa, the Ven. Father Eustachio, and Father Giambattista Prever.* London, Dublin, and Derby: Richardson and Son.

These venerable men were all disciples of St. Philip Neri, members of the congregations of the Oratories of Naples and Turin: and their lives preserved in the affectionate records, almost in the memories, of their brethren, are recounted with singular vivacity and unction. We see continually more cause to be thankful for this great undertaking of the Fathers of the Oratory: without which we should have lost the treasures of edification, contained in the lives of these uncanonized, but most illustrious saints.

XXVI.—*Spicilegium Solesmense complens S. S. quorundam Patrum auctorumque Ecclesiasticorum, qui a primo inde sæculo ad duodecimum usque florere, anecdota hactenus opera, publici juris facta curante Domno J. B. PIBRA, O. S. B., monacho, e congregatione Gallica, nonnullis ex Abbatia Solesmensi opem conferentibus. Tomus I.*

We have already recommended the work of which this is a first volume, to the notice and the support of all those who aspire to possess a theological library. When really learned men, like Dom. Pibra, give up their time and an amount of labour and attention which very few can estimate, to collect from a great number of scattered sources the smallest remains of Christian antiquity yet inedited, the least which those who live upon the labours and self-denying zeal of others can do is to purchase their works. No Christian scholar, indeed, is there but must feel a deep debt of gratitude due from him to the monks of the Order of S. Benedict in France. Besides those matchless editions of the greater ancient Fathers which it was the labour of their lives to put forth, there are no less than six volumi-

nous collections of smaller authors made by them. First, there is the *Spicilegium* of D'Achery, then the *Analecta* of Mabillon, the *Anecdota Græca* of Montfaucon, the *Thesaurus Anecdotorum* of Dom. Martene, the *Amplissima Collectio Monumentorum* by Dom. Durand, and, lastly, the *Thesaurus Anecdotorum Novissimus*, by Dom. Bernard Pez. In our own times, the very learned Cardinal Mai has added a vast collection of incalculable value: and now Dom. Pibra comes forward to glean whatever ears remain of that golden harvest. He proposes to publish ten volumes containing fragments or works of more than one hundred and fifty authors, partially or totally inedited, and ranging from the first to the twelfth century. In the first volume, besides fragments of S. Papias, S. Trenæus, and S. Dionysius of Alexandria, we notice no less than seventy pages of the writings of S. Hilary of Poitiers recovered. Collections of this sort deserve every possible encouragement, for it is impossible to say how valuable may be the yet undiscovered remains of antiquity lying hid in manuscript. This volume contains important fragments of the Council of Nice, illustrated by M. Lenormant. Had the heresiarchs of the sixteenth century been acquainted with the eastern liturgies, and known their unimpeachable antiquity, it is possible we might have been spared their blasphemous ravings against the Christian sacrifice, and the hideous apostacy which denies it. It is but a very small portion of the vast living tradition of the Christian Church which has come down to us in writing. It is difficult to *prove* to the unbeliever much of what we cherish in our inmost heart, because so many records have perished, and so much which was a matter of every day practice, was never recorded. But let us not at least neglect whatever can yet be recovered. For this reason, we bid God's speed to Dom. Pibra's new *Spicilegium*. It is printed in imperial octavo, at the very low price of ten francs a volume, and divided into two series, the first five containing the authors down to the tenth century, and the latter five the remainder. Either series may be subscribed for. We can speak of the Latin type and of the general execution of the volume in terms of warm approval. For all that the zeal and learning of an Editor can contribute to such a work, Dom. Pibra's name will be an ample guarantee to all who have the good fortune to know him.



XXVII.—*The Conversion of a Protestant Family.* Translated from the French, by V. M. London: Richardson and Son.

The *naïf* foreign style, and unpretending form of this little work, convey a most remarkable story. All conversions are wonderful; when the secrets of each heart are laid bare, perhaps no miracles will be found to have surpassed them; but those of which the narrative is here given, and which occurred in the little town of Quimper, seem to have been more than usually marked out by the finger of God himself, as evidences of that power which—sustaining the weak, humbling the strong—is in all cases equally omnipotent and irresistible.

XXVIII.—*Manual of the Anatomy and Physiology of the Human Mind,* By the REV. JAMES CARLILE, D. D., of Dublin and Parsonstown, Ireland. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co., 1851.

This work appears to us to be one of too much importance, to be noticed in so hasty a manner as want of time imposes on us. We can only say that a most important subject appears to have been treated with great research, and depth of thought.

XXIX.—*Familiar Sketches of Catholic Life,* in a series of letters from a foreign Catholic to an English Protestant. 1st Series. London: Burns and Lambert, 1851.

We believe it was in the Catholic Weekly Instructor that these delightful letters, or most of them, first appeared. They were much admired then, and we are sure that our readers will be delighted to find them collected, and, we believe, with considerable additions. Whoever has taken pleasure in reading Miss Mitford's descriptions of "Our Village," will have an idea of our authoress' style of writing and observation, and will understand how faithfully it would render the picturesque tranquillity of a Belgian village, seen in the aspect least familiar to travellers, of unexcited industrious routine; seen by an Englishwoman, to whom its peculiarities were fresh,—by a Catholic, who had the clue to the secret life of its inhabitants, and could participate in it. And what a lovely picture does she draw of Catholicism thus *left to itself*. Not disturbed by controversy, or warped aside by Protestant feelings and usages. That fence of *daily habits* so simple, pious,

regular, the tone of innocence, the constant memory of another world! The pupils of this system seem placed, with scarce an effort of their own, upon a high vantage-ground on the road to heaven. These letters are written to old friends and dependants in England; and explanations of the Catholic religion are freely intermingled, while its effect upon the feelings and the life are practically illustrated. We know few more agreeable or more generally useful volumes.

**XXX.—*The Clifton Tracts*:**—Protestantism weighed in its own Balance and found Wanting.—The Bible and the Bible only.—Queen Mary and her People—the Smithfield fires.—Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament.—What Catholics do when the Candles are lighted.—Our Parish Churches, as they were and as they are.—Old Stones tell tales.—The Church a Kingdom.—Holy Week.—Palm Sunday, or the Procession.—Holy Week, Maundy Thursday, or the Holy Sepulchre.—Holy Week,—Good Friday or the Adoration of the Cross.—Monks and Nuns, Counsels of perfection.—How the Pope became a King. By permission; London: Burns and Lambert. Bristol: Reader, Park Street.

These little tracts form part of a library of popular controversy now publishing by the Brothers of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; the price is so low and the matter so excellent, that we have no doubt of their doing incalculable good. There is something in the tone of these little essays, firm, cheerful, tangible—most opposite to the morbid gloomy excitement of the methodist tracts which have so long circulated amongst the intelligent of our poor, giving “the ‘errors’” as we are told by Mr. Mayhew, to such as were entrapped into reading them. Most opposite too, will be their effect if they should get into a wide circulation—an event to be greatly desired and promoted. In our next number we purpose to treat the subject at considerable length.

**XXXI.—*The Whigs versus the Pope*.** The Case of the Day, reported by an old Whig. London: Blackwood and Sons, 1851.

The author argues powerfully for the inherent right of men to hold their own religious opinions,—that being a point never conceded in the social compact; from this general right to toleration of opinion, he proceeds to argue for the special grounds on which Catholics might claim this right. After a scornful glance at the various mad-

nesses which from time to time have taken possession of the public mind, producing the usual effects of all such unnatural and fierce excitement, feebleness or re-action—evil deeds and their consequent remorse; he proceeds to show that they are as mad now in their rant of “No Popery.”

Condensing with much spirit the principal arguments that have been so ably urged in Parliament, to show the nature of the Act which has raised such bitter hostility in the Church by “law established,” he proceeds to characterize the measures taken against it. “Masses of lords, squires, and yeomen, allow that a noxious heresy taints the body of the Church of England. It is a Church incorporated with the State, and, therefore, the fitting object of State reformation. If the disease be admitted, why is not the remedy applied? If a Church can be constituted by Act of Parliament, it surely, through the same medium could be purified and amended. Why then assail another Church, independent of the State, pursuing its own objects in its own way, and in accordance with its doctrines and its discipline?” But “Popery is unendowed, and hence may be a fitting object of persecution; Puseyism is powerful, or linked to those who are, and cannot be touched.”

XXXII.—*The following of Christ*; in Four Books. A New Translation. London: Burns and Lambert.

We know not the author of this new translation of the Imitation, but its merits cannot be doubted, since it has obtained the sanction of the highest authority, not only in ecclesiastical matters, but in scholarship and taste—Cardinal Wiseman. The book is got up in a manner worthy the high pre-eminence it holds in every Catholic library. The engravings by which it is illustrated are charming, the type good, the embellishments highly finished, and in that excellent taste for which these publishers are so remarkable.

XXXIII.—*Proceedings of the Kilkenny Archeological Society*. Vol. 1., Part 2. Dublin: O'Daley, 1851.

The formation of local societies like that to which the above most interesting publication, is one of the best evidences of the hold which the pursuit of our National Archæology has begun to take on the public mind. The

mere act of membership of one of the two general societies—the Archæological and the Celtic—(the working of which falls chiefly on a few individuals,) in itself need imply but little practical interest in the subject. There are numberless details which the activity of auxiliary societies alone can effectively carry out; especially those connected with the special antiquities of each locality.

Of the zeal and activity of the Kilkenny Society, it is impossible to speak too favourably. The part of their proceedings now before us completes the first volume of their publications, and affords a most gratifying omen of their future success. It comprises a great variety of interesting papers, profusely and pleasingly illustrated—read at the several meetings of the Society; some of them on subjects connected with the general antiquities of the country, but the greater number, and by far the more attractive, regarding the immediate locality.

Among the latter, we would specify particularly, that on the “way-side crosses of Kilkenny,” which is full of most curious and interesting matter; and of the former, the paper on “Stained Glass in Ireland” deserves the highest commendation. It is learned, tasteful, and what is best of all, practical in a high degree.

We shall only add our usual and anxious hope, that the Kilkenny Archæological Society may prove the forerunner and the type of many such bodies in all the important cities and towns of the kingdom. Certainly the evidence which it has given of the good which may be effected with very limited resources, should be at once an example and an encouragement, even to the least enterprising.

XXXIV.—*The Emigrants, and the Affectionate Son.* London: Richardson and Son.

Two simple pretty little stories.

XXXV.—*Legends of the Commandments of God.* By. J. COLLIN DE PLANCY. Translated from the French. London: Dolman, 1851.

The idea of this work is excellent. The legends are not imaginary narratives; they are all founded on history; the dates are accurate, the characters real; and where the author introduces a tale, he presents it as such, contributing, as he tells us himself, “only the colouring, the

arrangement, and the details of the narrative." And this he has done well; the accessories are in good keeping, and the whole forms an interesting collection of the lore of the middle ages; bold in its features, picturesque in its details, highly edifying in the moral drawn, and the instances given of God's dealings with men in those "ages of faith."

XXXVI.—*Legends of the Seven Capital Sins*. By J. COLLIN DE PLANCY. Dolman: London.

This work is a continuation of the series, and has quite as great merit as its predecessor. The idea is a curious one, and it is well carried out, to shew the consequences, even in this world, of daring violations of the Commandments of God, whether in thought or action. The instances given are historical; told with the graphic simplicity of an old romance, and proving the truth of the old saying that, truth is more wonderful than fiction. The Archbishop of Paris has given his sanction to the morality of these legends, and we are sure they will be a welcome acquisition to all young people. The public are obliged to the translator who has made them more generally known; but it cannot be denied that the task of rendering them into English, has not been well fulfilled. The translator falls into such blunders, as translating "sac" into "sack," and, in general, adheres so entirely to the French idiom, as greatly to spoil the narrative to an English reader.

XXXVII.—*The Holy Scriptures; their Origin, Progress, Transmission, Corruptions, and True Character*. Dolman: London, 1850.

As there is no point upon which Protestants are more unconvincable than in the mistaken idea they entertain of the proper object and intention of the Holy Scriptures; so there is no one point of controversy upon which Catholics require to be so well informed, or so fluent. There is a parade of sanctity—of respect for God's word, which our adversaries assume upon this subject, and which is sometimes very embarrassing. It is not easy to treat arguments with as little ceremony as they deserve, when they are brought against you in the form of texts of Scripture, however little they may be to the purpose. And, moreover, Catholics are too apt to be silenced by a consciousness that upon this point *they are* ignorant: afraid from a

sense of reverence to meet their opponents with the same weapons, and sometimes unable to do so with effect, because they are in the habit of reading such portions only of Scripture as can be used for devotion. To persons who have felt this, we recommend this little work ;—it fulfils admirably what it undertakes, and contains not only valid arguments, but a collection of the evidence which may be drawn from the Holy Scriptures themselves against their own perversion.

XXXVIII.—*Groombridge's Farm and Garden Essays*. No. I., the Cultivation of Arable Land. London : Groombridge and Sons.

This promises to be a most valuable work ; it is intended to comprehend the entire circle of agriculture, and the best practical methods of English gardening. It will also convey practical instructions concerning the different animals in use upon a farm ; the mode of choosing, treating, and soforth, with the qualities of machines, manures, and other agricultural properties. We are happy to observe in it some hints concerning the management of those worst used and least considered animals upon a farm—the labourers. This is great promise, the question no doubt arises, how it will be fulfilled ? We think the editorship of John Donaldson, a government land-drainage surveyor, and the author of various agricultural works, is a fair guarantee for the value of the instructions, and nothing can be better or more sensible than the form in which they are offered to the public. The style is plain and clear. Each number will complete its own subject, a great advantage to those who cannot buy, or do not require the whole set. They are well got up, and the price is very low.

XXXIX.—*The Cousins*. Amusing and Instructive Lessons in the French Language. By a Lady. Parts I and II. London : Richardson and Son.

A simple, easy introduction to French grammar, something upon the plan of the Abbé Gaultier's lessons, and which may give some useful hints to teachers.

XL.—*Elementary Catechisms* upon Gardening ; Cottage Farming ; Geography ; History of England ; Sanitation. London : Groombridge and Sons, Paternoster Row.

We suppose these to be part of a series, and it will be



one of considerable value ; a sort of cottage encyclopædia. These catechisms contain a great deal of information given in an intelligible and concise manner. Of course they vary ; a history always appears to us particularly bald when given in the catechism style, though, perhaps, as a means of exciting curiosity, or a mere dictionary of facts, it may have its use. That on Sanitation contains a superabundance of truisms, as most works upon the subject do, even those of greater pretension than the present : but those on cottage farming and gardening appear to give the results of modern improvements, in the most practical form in which we have yet seen them.

XLI.—*Tales for Young Catholics* ; by A. M. S. London : Richardson and Son.

Pretty little stories, very edifying from their Catholic feeling, but of the slightest description ; the best amongst them, under the title of “ George and his Pony ; translated from the German,” is—with the exception of proper names—a word for word transcript of Miss Edgeworth’s “ Lazy Lawrence.”

XLII.—*The Creed of Christendom, its Foundations and its Superstructure.* By WILLIAM RATHBONE GREY. London : Chapman, 1851.

“ Let us pray for the conversion of England.” This was our first involuntary thought upon glancing through this work. Infidelity in all its snake-like forms is rearing high its head amongst us. The Catholic Church alone can make head against it. Will God so enlarge and fortify as to enable her to do so *here*, or will He refuse this blessing to a land that has so long rejected her ? It is not long since we gave another, and a last sigh, to the fate of Miss Martineau, whose admirable talents have served her no better than to lead her into that abyss of atheism upon whose brink she had long been wandering. And now we chance upon the work of a man of education and ability, of whose *natural* good qualities we should be inclined to believe well, who with an assumption of martyrdom and love of truth, constitutes himself the champion of infidelity, decked out in all the gloss of the most pernicious of German fancies. Mr. Grey says : “ I was compelled to see that there is scarcely a low and dishonouring conception of God current among men, scarcely a narrow and malignant

passion of the human heart, scarcely a moral obliquity, scarcely a political error or misdeed, which Biblical texts are not, and may not be, without any violence to their obvious signification, adduced to countenance and justify." Hear, Oh ye conscientious and zealous Protestants, the effect of "Bible without note or comment," or reconciling authority, upon many a clear head, and even upon many a well disposed heart! Hear, too, the admission of this our common antagonist: "All who have come much into contact with the minds of children or of the uneducated classes, are fully aware how unfitted to their mental condition are the more wide, Catholic, and comprehensive views of religion, which yet we hold to be the true ones, and how essential it is to them to have a well-defined, positive, somewhat dogmatic, and above all, a divinely attested and *authoritative* creed, deriving its sanctions from without. Such are best dealt with by narrow, decided, and undoubting minds."

We have no desire to follow out the specious falsehoods of this wicked book; but we think the time is not far off when the Church of Christ will have to bend her most strenuous energies against such men as these; and when all who value the great dogmas of Christianity will be too thankful to range themselves upon her side, and *not* against her.

XLIII.—*Plea for "Romanizers" (so called) in the Anglican Communion.*  
A Letter to the Lord Bishop of London, by the REV. ARTHUR BAKER, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford. London: Masters, 1850.

This good man still entertains visions of child-like loyalty and obedience to his spiritual superiors, of guidance and help to be received from them. He pleads with them earnestly for the doctrines and usages of antiquity,—still more earnestly for an approximation to that Catholic union which, he says, "is necessary for the maintenance of truth." No one can question the sincerity of his longings, and of his self-delusions; and we should deeply compassionate him for the rough hard shocks which must awaken him, did we not know that this awakening, if it please God to send it, will be to truth, and all the joys she brings with her.

- XLIV.—1. *A Handbook of Roman Antiquities.* By Dr. E. F. BOJESSEN. Translated from the German version of Dr. Hoffa, by the Rev. R. B. PAUL. Edited by the Rev. T. K. ARNOLD, M. A. London: Rivingtons, 1848.
2. *A Handbook of Grecian Antiquities.* By Dr. E. F. BOJESSEN. Translated by the Rev. R. B. PAUL. London: Rivingtons, 1848.
3. *The Athenian Stage.* By AUGUSTUS WITSCHER. Translated by the Rev. R. B. PAUL. London: Rivingtons, 1850.
4. *Handbook of Ancient Geography and History.* By WILHELM PUTZ. Translated by the Rev. R. B. PAUL. London: Rivingtons, 1849.
5. *Handbook of Mediæval Geography and History.* By WILHELM PUTZ. London: Rivingtons, 1849.
6. *Handbook of Modern Geography and History.* By WILHELM PUTZ. London: Rivingtons, 1850.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the excellent manuals enumerated in the above Catalogue. If there be any department of learning in which a German is especially fitted to labour usefully and well, it is in digesting and methodizing the results of the investigations of others. The very necessities of such a task form the best security against his indulging unduly in that tendency to speculation, which is the besetting sin of German enquirers; and the singularly patient and laborious habits for which the German literati have been so long distinguished, form the very best qualification for the more minute and delicate details of the undertaking.

There is no branch of German literature in which this is more apparent, than in the numberless Handbooks which the last thirty years have produced in Germany in every possible department of science, literature, and art. Combining brevity of manner with exceeding copiousness of detail; uniting the most accurate and profound learning with an unpretending simplicity which it is impossible not to admire; and above all, arranged for the most part in an order which not only facilitates the study of the subject, but supplies the best security for its being permanently impressed upon the memory; the German Handbooks may seem almost to realize the ideal of true text-books for the use of a student, who desires to learn a subject accurately, to master it easily, and to retain it permanently and well.

All this is especially true of the Handbooks now before us. We should add, however, that those of Greek and Roman Antiquities, are only German by adoption; the

originals having been composed by Dr. Bojesen, professor of Greek in the University of Soro.

The leading characteristic of these Handbooks is their exceeding simplicity, the excellent order with which they are arranged, the completeness of their details, and the remarkable accuracy and elaborate erudition which they exhibit in every page. They have this further advantage, which it is impossible to over-estimate;—that they bring down their respective subjects to the very latest period, and present us with the results of the most recent investigations of the critics and antiquarians by whom they have been discussed. There is a tone of gravity and sober coolness, too, pervading them all, which contrasts very strikingly with the exaggerated extremes, to which many of the very authors, to whose labours the Handbooks are mainly indebted, have carried their own peculiar theories. Perhaps the best means of illustrating these observations may be to transcribe a passage taken at random from one of the volumes themselves. The following paragraphs, illustrating the social usages of the Athenians—the *Relations of the family at Athens*, will be read with interest.

“Sec. 2. *Marriage*.—The only forbidden degrees were those of parents and children, and of brothers and sisters by the same mother. It was required that every marriage should be preceded by a betrothal (ἐγγύησις), with consent of the nearest male relatives, or guardian (κύριος) of the maiden, otherwise it was not fully legitimate, and did not entitle the parties to all the privileges of lawful matrimony, *e. g.* the *jura agnationis* (ἀγχιστεία), which only belonged to children begotten in marriage in every respect regular (γνήσιοι, ὁρθῶς γεγεννημένοι). A man was permitted to have only one wife, but concubinage was not forbidden.\* The marriage was sanctioned by a sacrificial meal, given to the members of the bridegroom's Phratría, into which the bride was now received. The dowry was generally given by the father or κύριος of the bride; the husband had only the usufruct, and was obliged to give security, that, in the event of death or separation, the woman or her kindred should receive it back. The husband might divorce his wife (ἐκπέμπειν), but in that case must either restore her the dowry, or pay her the interest of it, and provide sufficiently for her maintenance. If both parties agreed to the separation, nothing further was requisite; but in the event of the wife wishing to leave (ἀπολείπειν) her husband, it was necessary for her to lodge a complaint before the Archon. The next of kin could claim, in virtue of his relationship,

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\* In later times connexions with ἐταῖραι had a fatal effect upon the domestic life of the Athenians.

the hand of an heiress or daughter left without brothers (*ἐπίκληρος*), even although she were married before the death of the testator; but on the other hand he was also compelled by law to marry even a poor *Epiclēros*, or give her a dowry on her marriage with another. These *ἐπίκληροι* were protected by the law from ill-treatment (*κάκωσις*) on the part of their husbands.

"Sec. 3. *Parental Authority. Adoption. Guardianship.*—The authority of the father and its consequent privileges were dependent on the full legality of the marriage, in virtue of which the son's name was enrolled in the register of his father's *Phratia*. The father had the right of exposing his children, and of expelling or repudiating (*ἀποκηρύττειν*) his sons, if they deserved it. He was bound to teach his son a trade, and the son on his part was required in return to support his aged parents. Adoption (*εἰσποίησις*) was generally employed as a means of obtaining an heir: sometimes it was viewed in the light of a duty undertaken for the purpose of keeping up the family and its *sacra*. It was always, however, subject to the condition, that there were no sons, and that if there were daughters, one of them should marry the adopted person, provided he were an Attic citizen. The adopted son could not return to his original family, unless he left an heir of his body in that which had adopted him. Guardianship was under the superintendence of the state. By law the term "infant" or "minor" was applied not only to persons under age, who had either their father as their natural guardian (*κύριος*), or other *ἐπίτροποι*, but also to women, who could not engage in any matter of importance without the consent of those under whose *manus* or *potestas* they were placed. The legal majority seems to have been attained on the completion of the eighteenth year, when the youth was admitted among the *Ephēbi*. Guardians, although in most cases those on whom relationship imposed that duty, might also be appointed by will. The guardianship of the *Epiclēri*, and the management of property belonging to minors, were subject to the control of the Archon.

"Sec. 4. *Right of inheritance, and of making a Will.* None but children begotten in regular marriage were entitled to the property of their parents: consequently *νόθοι* were excluded from this privilege, and could only claim a sum amounting at most to one thousand drachmæ. The same rule applied to adopted children: blood relationship, as a ground of claim to inheritance, is called *ἀγχιστεία*, and comprehended not only children, but collateral relations (by *συγγένεια*, in opposition to alliance by marriage, which conferred no such right). Sons who had been disinherited on insufficient grounds might appeal. The children of one who at the time of his death was *ἄτιμος* on account of debt to the state, inherited the *ἀτιμία* and the obligations of their father. All the sons inherited equally, the daughters merely received a portion. In default of sons, the daughters inherited (*ἐπίκληροι*). With regard to collateral relations, it was the Attic law, in cases of intestacy, that the males

should inherit in preference to females, even although the latter were more nearly related to the deceased. When there were neither natural nor adopted heirs, the inheritance fell to a member of the same Phyle, except in the case of resident aliens (μέτοικοι), whose property under those circumstances lapsed to the state. Every free citizen had the right of making a will (διαθήκη), with the exception of the δημοποιητοί [88, c], adopted sons, and a few others. Wills however were invalid, where there were heirs of the body not disqualified by law; but if they were only daughters, a stranger might inherit, subject to the condition of marrying one of them. In all cases, legacies (δωρεαί) might be left, provided the estate and the rights of the natural heirs were not injured. None but citizens (including δημοποιητοί) could inherit property. Great importance was attached by the state to the subject of inheritances, the attention of the people being drawn to it at every ἐκκλησια κυρία. The ground of this strictness seems to have been principally a religious fear, lest any house should become entirely extinct."—pp. 71-74.

The volume on *Roman Antiquities* is in many respects even more complete; and it has this additional advantage, that it treats separately the Antiquities of the Consulate, and those of the Empire. The neglect of this distinction in many of our popular compilations, tends to create confusion, and to extreme inaccuracy.

Pütz's Handbooks of History are compiled with great care, and arranged in an easy and excellent order. "The Mediæval History," and "Modern History," are not free from serious inaccuracies, as regards Catholic principles, and Catholic History. Perhaps it would be impossible to expect that they should be otherwise, coming from the pen of a Protestant compiler. But we are not without hope that a Catholic editor may be induced to turn his attention to the expurgation of these blemishes; and of the substance of the history itself, with a very few drawbacks, we may speak in terms of the highest commendation.

XLV.—*Lewis Arundel, or the Railroad of Life*, by FRANK FAIRLEIGH.

A spirited, amusing, and original novel;—a great desideratum in these days, when they come out but slowly. *Lewis Arundel* is in parts, with all the allurements of frontispiece and illustration to which the public have been accustomed. But really it stands in no need of them. There are decided originality, style, simplicity, and lightness. The nine numbers which have appeared, contain passages which are really affecting, with a great



deal of genuine pleasantry and fun. Should they continue as good as they promise to be, we will endeavour to interest our readers in this very agreeable publication.

XLVI.—*The Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God*; taken from the traditions of the East, the manners of the Israelites, and the writings of the Holy Fathers. By Mons. L'Abbé ORSINI: translated by the Rev. PATRICK POWER. Dublin, 1850.

This is a work of European reputation; it has gone through several editions, received the highest testimonials of approbation from authorised judges; and from its wide circulation, has obtained proof of popular admiration. Such a work cannot fail to be an acquisition; and it is so well translated, that the English public lose but little of the beauty of a stately and graceful style of writing. Were we to confess a feeling of disappointment, it would be in all humility, and with the full consciousness that the difficulty of doing justice to such a subject, makes criticism almost a presumption. Since, however, we cannot deny such a feeling, we will give the reasons for the objections which we venture to make. In the earlier part of the life of our Lady, every detail is given with exceeding minuteness; the dress, the daily occupations of the holy Recluse of the Temple; the circumstances of her espousals, the interior of her domestic life, are described with a vivid exactness to which the mind yields willing credence, supported as it is by the author's profound knowledge of the Eastern customs of those days, and of tradition. The details are based upon the traditions of the Jewish Patriarchs, and Christian Fathers; and the literature of the East has been searched for scattered rays of light, whereby to illustrate them. It is certain that after all this wealth of fancy, we feel a proportionate disappointment at the meagreness which ensues at the very period when our Blessed Lady's life becomes most deeply interesting to the wayworn Christian who invokes her as his "Help" to the afflicted, of whom she is the "Comforter." During that period when, foreshadowing as it were the peculiar virtues of the conventual life, she was nevertheless drawn forth into the world by such intense interests, tradition would seem, if we must believe the lives that have been written, to have forsaken us. Yet there are in the Church traditions which, although not of faith, must have had some substantial foundation. We have heard it stated that our Lord, before

His passion, went to His mother, to obtain her blessing and *sanction* upon His work; than which, perhaps, no Christian mind ever entertained a more astounding estimate of the greatness of Mary; but yet, not an incredible estimate to those who believe that, as God, He might require of the representative of Eve this sacrifice, and as Man, might thus consummate His example of obedience to this earthly parent, who herself set the example of perfect conformity to the Divine Will. Many things have been communicated through revelations to the saints, which the Church has not feared to accept for the purposes of edification.\* In a discourse upon the Passion, based upon such authority, it was said, that when our Lady entered upon the scene of the Passion, under Divine guidance, she tracked Her Son through His most cruel agonies—giving the first example of the Stations of the Cross—before she permitted herself the agonizing indulgence of rejoining Him upon the road to Calvary. Still more consonant to probability and human feeling is the opinion so exquisitely expressed in an Oratorian hymn, that our Lord appeared *first*, and in that privacy in which it was His pleasure to veil their domestic intercourse, to His Mother. Whereas the Abbé Orsini represents her as the Mary to whom He came disguised as a gardener, and who addressed to Him those words of earnest love, but of imperfect faith: “Sir, if thou hast taken Him away, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away.” We cannot but regret the absence of these beautiful ideas; we cannot but desire some life of our Blessed Lady, in which the pious traditions and revelations that have been accepted in the later ages of the Church, should be collected and arranged with the care, the elegance, and the acumen that the Abbé Orsini has exercised upon those of a former period.

XLVII.—*Letters to a Russian Gentleman on the Spanish Inquisition*, by the COUNT JOSEPH DE MAISTRE. Translated by the Rev. Æneas Mc. D. Dawson. London: Dolman.

These letters are written in a spirit of good faith and sincerity, and with a boundless reliance on “Holy Mother Church,” which will be at once grateful and convincing to the Catholic heart. To say that they have made us in

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\* F. Faber at the Oratory.

love with the Inquisition, would be by no means true; neither can this be justly called an accurate examination and refutation of the charges against that institution. The author has, however, brought forward facts, proving, that the Inquisition was a tribunal chiefly composed of civilians, and always under the controul and management of the civil power, and that thus, as has been innumerable times alleged, the *Church* was not responsible for its worst evils; and he has shewn that those evils have been grossly, absurdly, exaggerated.

XLVIII.—*The Signs of the Times, or the Popery of Protestantism.*  
London: Gibbs, 1851.

We know not who is the author of this pamphlet, to us chiefly remarkable for the boldness of its crushing attack upon the Bishop of London. By no means inclined to look upon Catholics with an eye of favour, the author, nevertheless, puts the very pertinent question, "Is the church of England herself in a position to hurl anathemas at ambitious Rome?" And to this he answers by such a detail of her divisions and the misdoings of her Bishops, as makes us—poor enslaved benighted Catholics—hold up our hands in dismay. How could we tolerate the oppression, the double dealing, the haughty uncharitableness, of which so many cases are here satisfactorily made out? Let us be thankful, amidst the insults and wrongs inflicted and threatened upon us, that we are safe, at least, from one;—the state cannot inflict upon us a "Charles James London."

XLIX.—*The Naturalist*, a popular Monthly Magazine, illustrative of the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral kingdoms, with numerous engravings. Conducted by BEVERLEY R. MORRIS, Esq., A.B., M.D., T.C.D. London: Groombridge and Sons.

So far as we can judge from a first number, we should say this work was likely to deserve its title of "popular." However strongly the introduction may recommend the study of Natural History, the work, so far, does not promise much science or regularity of plan. We are ashamed to admit that we like it all the better, for it contains some curious and amusing particularities of the animal creation, familiarly described, in which we, and perhaps there are others who may agree with us, take greater delight than in their scientific classification.

# THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1851.

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ART. I.— 1. *Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D.C.L.*,  
by CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D.D., Canon of Westminster, 2 vols.  
London: Moxon, 1851.

2. *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, 6 vols. London :  
Moxon, 1851.

WORDSWORTH has said in one of his prefaces, that “every author as far as he is great, and at the same time original, has the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed.” He is himself an example of the truth of this remark, and perhaps it was called forth, or its justice acquiesced in (for it was originally made by Coleridge), on account of the coldness, or rather the scorn and contempt, with which his own best writings were for a long succession of years treated by the public. And indeed it is impossible to remember without something of sadness and discouragement, that the veriest trash, the dross and rotten offal have been almost uniformly preferred by contemporaries, to sound and sterling literature. A great poet, especially, must very often trust his fame to posterity, and it not unfrequently happens, that posterity itself, whilst reverencing his name, will neglect his writings, for the most contemptible, silly, and immoral productions. “The invaluable works,” says Wordsworth, in the preface printed at the end of the second volume of his poems, “of our elder writers, I had almost said of Shakspeare and

Milton, are driven into neglect by frantic novels, sickly and stupid German tragedies, and deluges of idle and extravagant stories in verse." Since these words were written, the evil has fearfully increased; whole libraries of frantic novels are issued weekly and monthly by the press, at prices varying from a penny to a shilling, the least faults of which are, that they corrupt the taste, and the worst, that they corrupt the hearts of the rising generation. Numerous infamous bookshops are supported in every large town in the united kingdom, by the almost exclusive sale of these immoral publications. They are sold in the streets and at the railway stations, and are read by the idle at home, by the traveller on his journey, and above all, on Sundays, by milliners and tradespeople, who are confined to sedentary occupations during the week. The best of these publications are written as if all the functions of the soul as well as the toils of the body were confined to this world; they never cast one earnest glance heavenward, and if the name be mentioned at all, it is merely as a figure of speech to express earthly felicity. Their virtue is the outpouring of mere natural benevolence and kindness, and thus they are calculated indirectly to effect that which the worst openly attempt, the destruction of the faith and morality of the gospel. From the weakness and corruption of the human heart, such writings, however contemptible as literary productions, will be far more widely circulated, and consequently far more remunerative, than those which touch with the most exquisite tenderness the highest and holiest impulses and sympathies of man's immortal spirit, and those who generously devote themselves to the latter, will have to make their way in spite often of poverty, and almost always of neglect and obloquy.

Wordsworth was fully conscious that he did not tread the path which leads to popularity. In his letters he sometimes playfully calls himself "that popular poet, W. Wordsworth." Writing to Sir George Beaumont, he says, "Remember that no poem of mine will ever be popular;" and indeed during his entire life, he always stated with the utmost candour the exact extent to which his writings had been circulated. He declared that he never wrote a line for profit, although he lived and married on a hundred a year. In July, 1829, when in his sixtieth year, he says, in a letter to Mr. Huntley Gordon, "I have

laboured hard through a long life without more pecuniary emolument than a lawyer gets for two special retainers, or a public performer sometimes for two or three songs." He had said previously, to Archdeacon Wrangham (in 1813), that his literary employments brought him no remuneration, nor promise of any. "Seven or eight years later"\* he writes to the same friend, "the whole of my returns—I do not say *net profits* but *returns*—from the writing trade, do not amount to seven score pounds;" and in 1833 he informs Mr. Moxon, his publisher, that not a copy of his works had been sold by one of the leading booksellers in Cumberland, though that was his native county. He adds a presentiment which has been fulfilled probably sooner than he expected,—“As to my occupations, they look little at the present age; but I live in hope of leaving something behind me that by some minds will be valued.” It required great moral courage, an immoveable conviction of the rectitude of his own views, and a strong faith in his own powers, to enable him to brave the contempt of the world, the sneers of most of the popular writers of the day, and the scornful revilings of almost all the organs by which the likings of the public were imperiously ruled in those times. But the light of his own genius enabled him to see through the clouds which obscured the vision of his contemporaries, and he consoled himself by remembering “the obscurity of men of genius in or near their own times.” “But the most singular thing,” he used to say, “is, that in all the writings of Bacon, there is not one allusion to Shakspeare.” He also owed a great deal to his admirable sister—his constant companion during life—and afterwards to his wife and sister-in-law, who fervently admired his genius, wrote down his melodies as he uttered them aloud, and thus conferred upon him the purest happiness which this earth affords—the consciousness of being revered and honoured by those whom he truly loved. In his works he frequently alludes to these three ladies with the deepest affection. In the following beautiful lines he speaks of his sister and his wife:†

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\* This letter is without date, but it was written between 1819 and 1830. The words in italics in the text were underlined by Wordsworth himself.

† The Prelude, p. 364.



“When every day brought with it some new sense  
Of exquisite regard for common things,  
And all the earth was budding with these gifts  
Of more refined humanity, thy truth,  
Dear sister! was a kind of gentler spring  
That went before my steps. Thereafter came  
*One whom* with thee friendship had early paired;  
*She came*, no more a phantom to adorn  
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,  
And yet a spirit there for me enshrined  
To penetrate the lofty and the low;  
Even as one essence of pervading light  
Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars,  
And the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp  
Couched in the dewy grass.”

The following exquisite poem, which, as we learn from the manuscript notes published in his Life, was addressed to his wife, expresses how sincerely he esteemed her:

“She was a phantom of delight  
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;  
A lovely apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament;  
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Like twilight's too her dusky hair;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time's brightest liveliest dawn;  
A dancing shape, an image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

“I saw her upon nearer view,  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
Her household motions light and free,  
And steps of virgin-liberty;  
A countenance in which did meet  
Sweet records, promises as sweet;  
A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food;  
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

“And now I see with eyes serene  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death!  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.

A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command ;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of an angel-light."

Vol. ii. p. 88.

His wife and sister survived him, but his sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, died before him. He has commemorated her virtues in more than one poem, but we have only room for a single extract. After her death, he gave her name and that of her sister to two heights near his own residence, to which circumstance he alludes in the following lines :

" I, a witness  
And frequent sharer of their calm delight,  
With thankful heart to either eminence  
Gave the baptismal name each sister bore.  
Now are they parted far as death's cold hand  
Hath power to part the spirits of those who love  
As they did love. Ye kindred pinnacles—  
That while the generations of mankind  
Follow each other to their hiding-place  
In time's abyss, are privileged to endure  
Beautiful in yourselves and richly graced  
With like command of beauty—grant your aid  
For Mary's humble, Sarah's silent claim,  
That their pure joy in nature may survive  
From age to age in blended memory."

In the preface which is printed at the end of the second volume of his works, he says that the object which he proposed to himself in his writings, was to express common events in simple language, and to make the feelings give importance to the action and situation, not the action and situation to the feelings. Hence he shunned with the utmost diligence all violent and distorted language, and although himself a German scholar, he entertained a salutary horror for that *Germanising*, which was for a time the rage both in prose and verse. Speaking of one of his sonnets, he says,\* " I was impelled to write this sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artistical*, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day. For 'artistical,' let them substitute 'artificial,' and the

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\* Life, vol. ii. p. 341.

poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterised." And again, writing to Professor Read, he asks, "Do you know Miss Peabody of Boston? She has just sent me, with the highest eulogy, certain essays of Mr. Emerson. Our (Carlyle?) and he appear to be what the French used to call '*esprits forts*,' though the French idols showed their spirit after a somewhat different fashion. Our two present philosophers, who have taken a language which they suppose to be English, for their vehicle, are verily, '*par nobile fratrum*,' and it is a pity that the weakness of our age has not left them exclusively to their appropriate reward—mutual admiration. Where is the thing which now passes for philosophy at Boston to stop?"\* The poet's own diction is in general remarkably clear and perspicuous—it is a fine specimen of pure English in its highest and most cultivated form. It is always sweet and musical, and never strives by inversions and contortions to supply the place of passionate thoughts. It has also the great charm of simplicity, and although he informs us that he polished his productions with the most exact care, and that they cost him great and prolonged labour, yet his "was an invisible hand of art, everywhere working in the very spirit of nature."

But neither his style nor his diction are entirely faultless. The former is sometimes obscure, and the latter is occasionally, if not low, certainly too plain for anything above familiar conversation. In his really great poem, "The Excursion," intense, and even painful attention is often required not to lose his meaning. How much more easy is it to follow Shakspeare, notwithstanding the many obsolete words which occur in his writings, for although the reader may not know the meaning of each particular word, nor be able minutely to analyze the passage, yet the whole context is so perspicuous, that he cannot mistake it. He looks upon the stream of poetic thought as upon a broad winding river, or a glorious cataract, some minute portions of which may be concealed from his view, but he still sees the river gliding on, and the cataract flashing to the abyss below. We do not here speak of the general merits of Wordsworth's poetry, but simply of his style in relation to the single attribute of perspicuity, and although

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\* Life, vol. ii. p. 384.

his meaning often requires deep attention, yet this frequently arises from the depth and minuteness with which he views the beauties of nature. That a greater mind could have avoided this defect is clear, from the example of Shakspeare, but the student of Wordsworth is sure to be rewarded for his perseverance, for the thought, when discovered, will always be found to be true to nature, and beautiful. His exquisitely fine natural taste was perfected by constant study, for he was firmly convinced that good poetry can never be produced without great labour. "Again, and again," he says, "I must repeat, that the composition of verse is infinitely more of an *art* than men are prepared to believe, and absolute success in it depends upon innumerable minutiae. Milton talks of 'pouring easy his unpremeditated verse.' It would be harsh, untrue, and odious, to say that there is anything like cant in this; but it is not true to the letter, and tends to mislead. I could point out to you five hundred passages in Milton, upon which labour has been bestowed, and twice five hundred more to which additional labours would have been serviceable.\* In another place, (Life, vol. ii. p. 474,) he says, "Sir James Mackintosh said of me, to M. de Stael, 'Wordsworth is not a great poet, but he is the greatest man amongst the poets.' Madame de Stael complained of my style. Now whatever may be the result of my experiment in the subjects which I have chosen for poetical composition, be they vulgar, or be they not, I can say, without vanity, that I have bestowed great pains on my *style*, full as much as any of my contemporaries have done on theirs. I yield to none in *love for my art*; I therefore labour at it with reverence, affection, and industry. My main endeavour as to style has been, that my poems should be written in pure intelligible English."

Wordsworth was so disgusted by the gaudy and pompous finery which passed for poetry for a considerable time before he began to write, and by the artificial tinsel which was substituted for genuine passion, that in his earliest productions he was sometimes betrayed, by the ardour of youth, into the opposite extreme. For instance, into such lines and passages as the following.

"A little boy dear brother *Jem*."

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\* Ibid. 255.

Again :—

“ A cruel cruel fire, they say,  
Into her bones was sent ;  
*It dried her body like a cinder,*  
*And almost turned her bones to tinder.”*

And even in the edition of 1807, the “ Blind Highland Boy ” is thus described :—

“ *A household tub, like one of those*  
*Which women use to wash their clothes,*  
*This carried the blind boy.”*

It is true Wordsworth or his friends have had sufficient discernment to purify his poems from such gross and meaningless vulgarities, but they drew down upon him a world of ridicule at the time, and caused his book to be neither bought nor read, for the public was, in general, satisfied by such specimens as these, which were carefully culled out, that their author was incapable of writing poetry. But after all the corrections and changes which his works have undergone, they still retain some passages which the tenderest critic must call puerile and absurd. For instance, in the pretty little poem “ Lucy Gray,” the second stanza is—

“ No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew,  
She dwelt on a wide moor,  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a *human door* !”

The vulgar pronunciation of door required by the rhyme, the epithet “ human,” and the allusion to the sense of smell, are sure to suggest to the imagination a not very odoriferous object which may sometimes be found not far from a *human door*. We could give other specimens of this kind, but at the same time we are glad to say, that in the later editions of his works they are not numerous. Wordsworth did not fall into these errors through ignorance of the right principle, for he was fully aware that if the language in which the actions of humble life are represented should be simple, it should be, at the same time, free from all imperfections. An inflated distorted style is very easily acquired ; the simple, the natural, and the true, not without deep and attentive study of the best and purest writers in the language. Vulgarism is as foreign to it as

bombast, or even as German distortions. With, however, very trifling exceptions, Wordsworth's works are pure English in diction and in style, and we consider this a very high compliment, so high, indeed, that we think it would alone be sufficient to render them immortal.

Wordsworth differed as widely from the prevailing taste of his time, in the selection of his subjects, as in the style of his compositions. He studied to make the feelings give importance to the action and situation, not the action and situation to the feelings. Metrical tales and romances were the rage of the time, and the contempt which he entertained for the whole class, may be inferred from the opinion which he expressed regarding the poetry of his friend, Sir Walter Scott. "In his best manner, (says the author of the *Reminiscences* printed in his *Life*, vol. ii. pp. 444-5,) with earnest thoughts given out in noble diction, Wordsworth gave his reasons for thinking, that, as a poet, Scott would not live." "I don't like," he said, "to say all this, or to take to pieces some of the best reputed passages of Scott's verse, especially in presence of my wife, because she thinks me too fastidious; but as a poet Scott *cannot* live, for he has never, in verse, written anything addressed to the immortal part of man. In making amusing stories in verse he will be superseded by some new versifier; what he writes in the way of natural description, is merely rhyming nonsense." In another place he says that Scott never goes below the surface. Utterly scorning, therefore, all poetry which was only read for the tale which it conveyed, and disdaining, for the most part, to seek for any adventitious aid of this kind, he wished to make poetry the record of the highest passions and feelings, and penetrating the outward forms of things, to make it portray that invisible soul which is perceived or created in them by the imagination of the poet. Nor are these meaningless words, for there is an harmonious sympathy between the visible and invisible, which enables the eye of genius to find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones, which shows the highest aspirations, and the holiest charities of the soul reflected in the beauties of external nature, and enables the simplest wanderer in the fields to behold the beneficent influence of the great primal cause in the unpretending wild flower, as well as in the wide-spread heavens. This idea is inimitably expressed by Lorenzo, in the *Merchant of Venice*:



"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.  
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholds't,  
But in its motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim,  
Such harmony is in immortal souls."

Never was there a man who understood the mute language of inanimate nature, of stream, and tree, and flower, better than Wordsworth. So entirely was he sometimes rapt in the spiritual and the ideal, as to become utterly unconscious of the reality by which his reflections had been originally called forth. "I remember," says the author of the *Reminiscences*, (quoted in the *Life*, vol. ii. p. 480,) "Mr. Wordsworth saying, that at a particular stage of his mental progress, he used to be so frequently rapt into an unreal transcendental world of ideas, that the external world seemed no longer to exist in relation to him, and he had to reconvince himself of its existence by *clasp-  
ing a tree*, or something that happened to be near him. I could not help connecting this fact with that obscure passage in his great ode on the "Intimations of Immortality," in which he speaks of

"Those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things ;  
Fallings from us vanishing ;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized."

But although Wordsworth's imagination was so powerful and penetrating, yet it was not all ideal, but inseparably connected with the individual objects which called it forth in the outward world. He has himself left this on record, in the manuscript notes which he wrote to explain to a friend the most remarkable things connected with the growth of his mind, and the occasions which called forth his chief poems. His was not that great and universal genius which, like Homer's or Shakspeare's, could lose all consciousness of self in the vast creations of its own glorious imagination. In reading the productions of these two authors, the greatest whom the world has ever beheld,

we are not once reminded of their existence. The artist is too small and insignificant to occupy even a niche in the edifice which he has raised, and which shall endure for all time. Wordsworth, on the contrary, cannot abstract either from himself, or from external nature, and his most ideal imaginings are a communication which passes between them. He never aspires into the heaven of heavens, nor draws empyreal air. He was content to be the interpreter of external nature, and to unfold the earth beneath, and the firmament above. This he does with charming simplicity, everywhere exhibiting exquisite sympathy with the most minute beauties of nature, and a deep knowledge of the finer feelings of humanity, as they existed in his own tender and sensitive heart. It is not the terrible and the infinite, but the natural, the beautiful, and the immortal soul which prevades and elevates all things, that breathes in every page of his writings. He is not the bursting cataract, or the towering alp, which impresses the beholder at once with the ideas of terror and of sublimity ; but an exquisite secluded valley, where the delighted wanderer unexpectedly discovers flowering meads, and murmuring streams, and shady groves, presided over by a spirit which finds good in everything. But they are certainly deceived who fondly imagine that his name will become a household word in all time to come. His most ardent but injudicious admirers have, indeed, always been the worst enemies of his fame. One portion of these selected what they were pleased to call his *beauties*, that is, those passages which contained most of the mere mannerism of his style, which were, therefore, the very worst of his productions, and some of which have, in fact, been very properly altogether expunged from his writings. The few specimens of this kind which we have already quoted, were paraded as the brightest aspirations of his muse, and we are convinced that this was one of the chief causes which induced the public so long, and so unjustly, to despise his writings. Other idolaters are not ashamed to put him on a level with Milton, and even with Shakespeare himself. "Wordsworth's residence and mine," says Southey, "are fifteen miles asunder, a sufficient distance to preclude any frequent interchange of visits. I have known him nearly twenty years, and for about half that time intimately. The strength and the character of his mind you see in 'The Excursion;' and his *life does*

*not belie his writings ; for in every relation of life, and in every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man. In conversation he is powerful beyond any of his contemporaries ; and as a poet, I speak not from the partiality of friendship, nor because we have been both so absurdly held up, as writing upon one concerted system of poetry, but with the most deliberate exercise of impartial judgment whereof I am capable, when I declare my full conviction that posterity will rank him with Milton."* (*Southey's Life and Correspondence*, iv. 91.) What is here said of his personal character we firmly believe, but it is utterly absurd and intolerable to compare the "Excursion" with "Paradise Lost." Wordsworth fervently admired Milton, and choosing a far humbler and less ambitious theme, endeavoured to imitate him at an humble distance. He gazed fondly on the bard seated on an unapproachable eminence, and gratefully and lovingly gathered the wild flowers which luxuriated around its base. In his humble melodies he "gave a soul to the objects of sense," and invested the beautiful things of earth with holy ideal charms. But he never ascended the dizzy altitudes of that high heaven of imagination, whence the authors of the *Iliad*, of *Macbeth*, and of *Paradise Lost*, drew their inspiration, and where they beheld those glorious visions which no mortal tongue but theirs could utter. To most of his contemporaries he is equal, to the greater part of them far superior, but let him be matched with his peers ; it is absurd to say that a molehill is as tall as Mont Blanc, or the little pretty cascade at Rydal Mount as grand as the Falls of Niagara.

The subjects chosen by Wordsworth were as different from those selected by his contemporaries as his style and manner. This, in some measure at least, resulted from his determination to make his poems derive whatever interest they possessed, not from exciting incidents, but from their own intrinsic beauties. "Humble and rustic life," he says,\* "was generally chosen, because in that condition the essential passions of the heart find a *better* soil, in which they can attain their maturity, are less under constraint, and speak a plainer and more emphatic language ; because, in that condition of life our elementary feelings co-exist in a state of greater simplicity, and, con-

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\* Preface printed at the end of second volume of his works.

sequently, may be more accurately contemplated, and more forcibly communicated; because the manners of rural life which germinate from those elementary feelings, and from the necessary character of rural occupations, are more easily comprehended, and are more durable; and lastly, because in that condition the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature." There is much truth, not, however, without a considerable leaven of falsehood, in all this. We sympathize with him to the fullest extent in his passionate denunciation of that "degrading thirst after outrageous stimulation" which gave currency to so many "idle and extravagant stories" in prose and verse. But Wordsworth, at all events in his earlier years of authorship, went farther, and would not admit into his verse anything above the common incidents of the most lowly life. In such alone would he admit the existence of true passion and of genuine poetry; all other feelings were mere stimulations; all other poetry counterfeit. This is rushing into Scylla in order to avoid Charybdis. It is quite true that the chief charm of all genuine poetry must be derived from the feelings, and not from highly wrought incidents and startling situations. Nothing can be more contemptible than rhyme, (for we will not call it poetry,) that has nothing but the story which it tells to recommend it. But we think it a decided defect in any long poem not to avail itself of the additional hold upon the attention, and, therefore, of the additional charm which is always secured by a story. Moreover, it serves as a string whereon the imagination can place in order the pearls of "brightest orient," and enables the reader to see clearly and distinctly the beauty of each as it is unfolded to his view. What we have been endeavouring to express, is perfectly illustrated by the writings of the greatest poets. Take Shakspeare, for instance: each passage is eminently beautiful in itself; every line being, for the most part, full of precious ore; but at the same time, it derives a great additional charm from the context in which it is placed, and the story of which it forms a part. This is the great difference between him and modern dramatists, from whom we get little more than the story which they tell.

There is also much falsehood in what Wordsworth says about the selection of subjects from "humble and rustic life." We love the country fervently, and the infinite

variety and matchless beauty in which nature clothes herself. These form a meet theme for the poet, and sweetly and truly have they been sung by the author of "The Excursion." But the country is one thing and the rustic clown quite another. Every ploughman is not a Burns, and the illiterate countryman is far less alive to the glories spread around him every day than the enlightened citizen, who sees them seldom, but with no unfeeling eye. We who write thus, prefer a country to a city life so much, that we cannot look without a feeling of sorrow upon children who are brought up in a large town or city, and who have never wove garlands of the bright flowers of spring, or been charmed by the golden tints of autumn. We feel as if they never could have been children in the proper sense of the term, and as if they must necessarily have been cut off from all those tender feelings and associations, which are essentially associated in our mind with rambles through shady bower and by gushing stream, the mere remembrance of which we would not exchange for the richest mines in the new world. But to infer that because a man is a humble rustic his passions are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of nature is utterly untrue. The beauty is not in the object alone, but in the object as seen by a feeling and imaginative mind, and the glories of the country which flash upon the inner eye are often as effectually shut out by the coarseness of the clown as by the walls of the city. Indeed, any one who has ever been in the country must be fully sensible of this, and it cannot be better illustrated than by an anecdote related by Wordsworth himself. A charming collection of wild-flowers and mosses overhung a beautiful well in his own grounds. One evening, as the poet looked upon it with admiration and delight, he was accosted by a countryman, who said, "that would be a fine well if it were cleared of the weeds." He has himself remarked a want of sympathy with inanimate nature in one who spent his life in the country, and who was, moreover, a poet of a very high order. "It is remarkable," he says,\* "that though Burns lived some time here, (at Masgiel,) and during much the most productive period of his life, he nowhere adverts to the splendid prospect stretching towards the sea, and bounded by the peaks of Arran on one part, which in clear

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\* Life, vol. ii. p. 248.

weather he must have had daily before his eyes. Yet this is easily explained. In one of his poetical effusions, he speaks of explaining 'fair Nature's face' as a privilege on which he sets a high value; nevertheless, natural appearances rarely take a lead in his poetry. It is as a human being eminently sensitive and intelligent, and not as a poet clad in his priestly robes, and carrying the ensigns of sacerdotal office, that he interests and affects us." The truth is, that not only the country and the city, the mendicant on the street and the crowned king, but all this visible creation, with the infinitude of invisible associations which it calls forth, and even heaven and hell itself, may supply a meet theme for the poet whose genius is sufficiently grand to conceive and to execute it. It needs no proof, for it is attested by the universal consent of mankind, that it requires incomparably greater genius to draw the character of Achilles, of Lady Macbeth, or of Milton's Satan, than that of a pedlar or a country parson, and that the minds which gave birth to the *Iliad*, and the divine comedy, were of an infinitely higher order than that which produced "*The Excursion*." Indeed, the muse which could so long and so lovingly brood over the earthly forms of "*The Excursion*," truthful and beautiful as they undoubtedly are, could not soar to that dizzy altitude where a few, not more than six or seven since the world began, of her sisters, shine and shall continue to shine, through all time in undimmed glory. A very pretty and affecting poem, one which will bring the tears to our eyes, may be written on an idiot boy or a beggar girl; but such a subject could never call forth those sublime passions which raged in the breast of Richard III. and Othello. There was nothing sublime in Wordsworth's genius; it was confined entirely within the limits of the beautiful. He seems even to have had a horror of all lofty themes; and as an instance of the tendency of his mind in the selection of his subject, we may mention, that "*The Pedlar*" was the original title of his own great poem "*The Excursion*," and that a person of that calling,—but such a one as never carried a pack upon his back,—is still the hero of the piece.

Wordsworth was bigotedly attached to his own school of poetry, and either could not appreciate, or would not allow, any merit to such of his contemporaries as wrote upon a different plan. We have already quoted his harsh,



and we will add, to some, though not to any very considerable extent, unjust censure of Scott's poetry. Of Moore, he said, "he has great natural genius; but he is too lavish of brilliant ornament. His poems smell of the perfumer's and milliner's shops. He is not content with rings and bracelets, but he must have rings in the ears, rings on the nose—rings everywhere. Byron," he continued, "seems to me deficient in *feeling*. Professor Wilson used to say that 'Beppo' was his best poem, because all his faults were there brought to a height. I never read the 'English Bards' through. His critical prognostications have for the most part proved erroneous. He has spoken severely of my compositions. However faulty they may be, I do not think that I ever could have prevailed upon myself to print such lines as he has done; for instance:

'I stood at Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,  
A palace and a prison on each hand.'

Some person ought to write a critical review analyzing Lord Byron's language, in order to guard others against imitating him in these respects. Shelly is one of the best *artists* of us all: I mean in workmanship of style."\* Writing to Sir George Beaumont,† he says of "Madoc," "The poem fails in the highest gift of the poet's mind, imagination in the true sense of the word, and knowledge of human nature and of the human heart. There is nothing that shows the hand of the great master; but the beauties in description are innumerable." Elsewhere, evidently speaking of the same author, he says, "(Southey) in the work you mentioned to me, confounds *imagery* and *imagination*. Sensible objects really existing and felt to exist, are *imagery*; and they may form the materials of a descriptive poem where objects are delineated as they are. Imagination is a subjective term: it deals with objects not as they are, but as they appear to the mind of the poet. The imagination is that intellectual lens, through the medium of which the poetical observer sees the objects of his observation modified both in form and colour. Burns's 'Scots wha ha' is a poor lyric composition. Ariosto and Tasso are very absurdly depressed in order to elevate Dante. I have tried to read Göethe. I never could succeed. Mr. ——— refers me to his 'Iphigenia,' but I there

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\* Life, vol. ii. p. 473-4.

† Life, vol. i. p. 311.

recognise none of the dignified simplicity, none of the health and vigour which the heroes and heroines of antiquity possess in the writings of Homer. The lines of Lucretius, describing the immolation of Iphigenia, are worth the whole of Göethe's long poem. Again, there is a profligacy, an inhuman sensuality in his works, which is utterly revolting. I am not intimately acquainted with them generally, but I take up my ground on the first canto of *Wilhelm Meister*, and as the attorney-general of human nature, I there indict him for wantonly outraging the sympathies of humanity. Theologians tell us of the degraded nature of man; and they tell us what is true. Yet man is essentially a moral agent, and there is in that immortal and unextinguishable yearning for something pure and spiritual, which will plead against these poetical sensualists as long as man remains what he is."\*

We have grouped together these opinions of Wordsworth regarding the most illustrious of his contemporaries, not only because our readers will be naturally anxious to know what so great a man thought upon a subject of such interest, but chiefly because they strongly illustrate that characteristic of his genius which we have been endeavouring to develope—that he could not appreciate any one who did not belong to his own school. He does no more than justice to the artistic skill and extraordinary powers of the unhappy and misguided Shelly, whose works are truly wonderful, when we remember that he died in his twenty-ninth year. We think his remarks regarding Southey and Moore, contain a good deal of truth, with this difference, however, that when he mentions the defects of the former, he takes care to point out his merits, whilst he has neglected to say, that, although some of the works of the latter may be more gaudily ornamented than a severely chaste taste would approve of, he has, at least produced a series of *Melodies* which are unequalled in any language. But his censure of Byron and Göethe is so unjust, as altogether to defeat itself. That Byron may be sometimes deficient in tenderness we are not prepared to gainsay, and the unhappy course of his life was but too well calculated to produce this result. But he is sometimes, as in the *Dream*, so tender, that it is almost impossible to read him without

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\* *Life*, vol. ii. p. 477-8.

tears. Still less are we inclined to defend the German protestant\* writers in general, and Göethe in particular, from the charge of profligacy and inhuman sensuality, or to deny that they wantonly outrage the sympathies of humanity. On the contrary we think that this charge is perfectly well founded. Witness not only what has been pointed out by Wordsworth, but the abominable Preface to Bürger's Poems, which could not be translated in any decent periodical in this country. But he is most unjust to Göethe, as well as to Byron; for the genius of each delighted in the grand and the terrible, and in these characteristic excellencies they had no rival among their contemporaries. Wordsworth quotes, or rather misquotes, the two first lines of the fourth canto of Childe Harold (for Byron did not write I stood *at* Venice, but *in* Venice), and says he could not have prevailed upon himself to print them. He does not tell us why he would not print the lines, but we suppose his objection must have been to the word "each," in the line, "A palace and a prison on *each* hand," and certainly to call for a critical review of so voluminous a writer as Byron, "in order to guard others against imitating him" for so trivial an error (if indeed it does go beyond the limits of poetic licence), is unworthy of any person whose literary acquirements are more extensive than those of a country pedagogue. Both Byron and Göethe are the types of their respective countries, and of the times in which they lived. They were at once the creatures and the leaders of a great literary revolution. Each of them was by the bent of his own genius, inclined to the antique and the classical, yet did they become the very standard-bearers in the revolt against the ancient system. At whatever time or in whatever country they had lived, they would have identified themselves with the literary character of that precise time and country.

There was no such elasticity in the genius of Wordsworth. He took up a system which he believed to be right, and clung to it through good and evil report with the fidelity of a martyr. Desirous he certainly was of

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\* We insert the word advisedly, for that such a charge could not be preferred against the Catholic imaginative writers of Germany, we need only mention the most illustrious name of Jean Paul Richter.

popularity, but he disdained to seek it by falling in with the taste of the times, which he scorned and despised. He found his writings treated with such contempt and scorn by the literati of the day, and with such utter neglect by the public, that he determined to set both at defiance, and addressed himself almost exclusively to the poor and the humble, to whom he sung of their own passions, and of the beauties of nature amid which they lived. They were only his present audience, for he never lost faith in his own poetic powers, nor despaired of immortality. But even when his unpopularity may be said to have reached its highest point—when his poems were neither bought nor read, and were never mentioned without contempt, he thus writes to Lady Beaumont:

“I see that you have many battles to fight for me—more than in the ardour and confidence of your pure and elevated mind you had ever thought of being summoned to ; but be assured that this opposition is nothing more than what I distinctly foresaw that you and my other friends would have to encounter. It is impossible that any expectation can be lower than mine concerning the immediate effect of this little work upon what is called the public. I do not here take into consideration the envy and malevolence, and all the bad passions which always stand in the way of a work of any merit from a living poet, but merely think of the pure, absolute, honest ignorance, in which all worldlings of every rank and situation must be enveloped, with respect to the thoughts, feelings, and images, on which the life of my poems depends. It is an awful truth, that there neither is nor can be any genuine enjoyment of poetry among nineteen out of twenty of those persons who live or wish to live in the broad light of the world—among those who either are or are striving to make themselves people of consideration in society. This is a truth, and an awful one, because to be incapable of a feeling of poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence of God. I am not afraid of censure, insignificant as probably the majority of those poems would appear to very respectable persons. I do not mean Loudon wits and witlings, for those have too many foul passions about them to be respectable, even if they had more intellect than the benign laws of Providence will allow to such a heartless existence as theirs is ; but grave, kindly-natured, worthy persons, who would be pleased if they could. I have expressed my calm confidence that these poems will live to remove all disquiet from your mind on account of the condemnation they may at present incur from that portion of my contemporaries who are called the public. Be assured that the decision of these persons has nothing to do with the question ; they are altogether incompetent judges. These

people, in the senseless hurry of their idle lives, do not *read* books, they merely snatch a glance at them, that they may talk about them. And even if this were not so, never forget what I believe was observed to you by Coleridge, that every great and original writer, in proportion as he is great or original, must himself create the taste by which he is to be relished. To conclude, my ears are stone-dead to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings; and after what I have said, I am sure you will be the same."\*

In a letter to Montgomery the poet, and on various other occasions, he maintains that an author should criticise his own writings, and disregard the opinion of the public. An author ought indeed to endeavour to come as near the standard of perfection which he proposes to himself as possible, but criticise his own writings he cannot in the proper sense of the term. As all writing is intended not for the author himself, but for the public, undoubtedly those to whom it is addressed, and in whose minds it is sought to make it take root and fructify, have the best right to pronounce upon its merits. It is true that the first impressions of the public are often fallacious, but perhaps no author, unassisted by friendly or hostile criticism, ever formed a just estimate of his own productions. What but utter ignorance of the worthlessness of their works, aided by wretched vanity, or some still more disreputable motive, could induce so many authors to burthen the press with such monstrous loads of sickly productions as are placed upon it every day? But even great authors are in general if not always deceived as to the real merits of their own writings. Shakspeare thought more meanly of his matchless dramas, than Colley Cibber did of his own productions. Milton preferred "*Paradise Regained*," to "*Paradise Lost*," and not to mention innumerable other instances, Byron seems to the very last to have considered the "*Hints from Horace*" as his best work. Wordsworth, although perhaps he did not acknowledge it even to himself, was so far influenced by public opinion as to avoid what might be called "*low*," both in the selection of his subjects, and in certain modes of expressing himself. But he never learned that there might be genuine poetry outside of his own school, and although, as the extracts which we have given from his letter to Lady Beaumont prove, he

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\* Life, vol. i. pp. 331-9.

had been considerably embittered by the virulent and unjust attacks which were made upon him ; yet we have no doubt but that in condemning Byron and Göethe, he spoke the genuine honest sentiments of his mind. He could not sympathise with the grand and awful aspects of nature—he only understood her when she spoke in accents of pity or of love. We may add here that we consider his strange disparagement of Burns's soul-stirring lyric, "Scots wha ha" a strong confirmation of what we have been saying.

It has been very truly said of Wordsworth, that "he wrote as he lived and lived as he wrote, that his poetry had its heart in his life, and his soul found a voice in his poetry." That life has now been written, and if any one expects to find in it an interesting narrative of *external* events, he will be grievously disappointed. Indeed we do not remember to have ever read a life so utterly devoid of incident. In matters of this kind the lives of many of his neighbours even in the obscure valley in which he lived, would, we have little doubt, have been more fertile than Wordsworth's. After reading the two volumes which contain his life, very attentively, we can only find three events which do not happen to every father of a family. A vessel, in which he, his wife, and his sister made the perilous voyage from Boulogne to Dover, struck upon a sand bank in the harbour, he got his head cut by a fall from his horse, and was thrown out of his gig by coming in collision with a stage coach. Nor need the reader expect to find here those lively and charming letters so replete with the genius of the authors which give a charm to the lives of Byron and of Southey. Wordsworth had indeed a perfect horror of letter writing. Writing to Sir George Beaumont in 1803, he says, "I do not know from what cause it is, but during the last three years I have never had a pen in my hand for five minutes, before my whole frame becomes one bundle of uneasiness ; a perspiration starts all over me, and my chest is oppressed in a manner which I cannot describe."\* And about 1821 he tells Archdeacon Wrangham, "I have so much to do with writing in the way of labour and profession, that it is difficult to me to conceive how anybody can take up a pen but from constraint. My writing-desk is to me a place of punishment ; and as my penmanship sufficiently testifies,

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\* Life, vol. i. p. 262.



I always bend over it with some degree of impatience.”\* On another occasion he tells one of his friends that he had not for years written a letter, except on business, or to some member of his own immediate family. The letters to Professor Reid of Philadelphia, and the reminiscences communicated by Mr. Justice Coleridge (nephew to the poet of that name), and some other friends, which will be found towards the end of the second volume, are the most interesting remains of Wordsworth contained in his Life. The numerous, but, for the most part, meagre accounts of the circumstances connected with the composition of his poems, which he dictated for the satisfaction of a friend, and which occupy no inconsiderable portion of the volumes containing his life, are too trivial, too much of a mere history of dates and localities, and too like one another to interest very much any one beyond his intimate acquaintances.

A judicious selection from these notices, which are scattered through all his writings, should have been made, but the two volumes of “Wordsworth’s Memoirs” have been “got up” in a hurried and slovenly manner. For instance, verses “upon the sight of a beautiful picture, painted by Sir G. H. Beaumont,” are printed in a note, vol. i. p. 266, and in the text, p. 275. We have before us numerous examples of the same intolerable carelessness on the part of the Editor. But on the whole, we derived a great deal of pleasure from the perusal of these Memoirs, because they contain the history of the poet’s mind, and enable us to enter more fully into the spirit of his compositions.

William Wordsworth was born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770. His father was an Attorney. In 1778, his mother died :

“ Early died  
My honoured mother, she who was the heart  
And hinge of all our yearnings and our loves :  
She left us destitute.”†

And he was soon afterwards, being then in his ninth year, sent to school at Hawkshead, in Lancashire. The beauties of the village, and of its lake and surrounding scenery, exercised a powerful influence on his mind, and have called forth frequent expressions of his admiration and love :

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† Vol. ii. p. 208.

† Prelude, book ii. p. 117.

“ Fair seed-time of my soul, and I grew up  
Fostered alike by beauty and by fear ;  
Much favoured in my birth-place, and no less  
In that beloved vale, to which ere long  
We were transplanted.”\*

“ It was his habit to make the circuit of the lake five miles, early before school hours, with one of his school-fellows—

“ Repeating favourite verses with one voice,  
Or conning more, as happy as the birds  
That with us chaunted.”†

“ The meadows, mountains, and twilight glens were his play-ground. Fishing, skating, rowing, and hunting were his games :

“ Our pastime was on bright half-holidays,  
To sweep along the plain of Windermere,  
With rival oars.”‡

“ He describes his own character at this period as follows :

“ Nothing at that time  
So welcome, no temptation half so dear,  
As that which urged me to a daring feat :  
Deep pools, tall trees, black chasms and dizzy crags,  
And tottering towers—I loved to stand and read  
Their looks.”

Indeed from his autobiographical memoranda, printed in the second chapter of the “*Memoirs*,” he appears to have been naturally of a very violent disposition. “ I was,” he says, “ of a stiff, moody, and violent temper: so much so, that I remember going once into the attics of my grandfather’s house at Penrith, upon some indignity having been put upon me, with an intention of destroying myself with one of the foils which I knew was kept there. I took the foil in hand, but my heart failed. Upon another occasion, when my elder brother Richard and I were whipping tops together in the large drawing room, the walls of which were hung round with the family pictures, I said to him, ‘ Dare you strike your whip through that old lady’s petticoat?’ He replied,

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\* *Prelude*, b. ii. p. 17.† *Ibid.* p. 130.‡ *Ibid.* p. 35.

‘No, I wont.’ Then said I, ‘here goes,’ and I struck my lash through her hooped petticoat.””\*

The country about Hawkshead was well calculated to develope the exquisite sense of natural beauty which was possessed in a most unusual degree by Wordsworth. In the evening he used to go to a spot called “the Station,” from which the finest prospect of the lakes can be obtained. “So much,” he says,† “used I to be delighted with the view from it, while a little boy, that some years before the first pleasure house was built, I led thither from Hawkshead a youngster about my own age, an Irish boy, who was a servant to an itinerant conjuror. My motive was to witness the pleasure I expected the boy would receive from the prospect of the islands below and the intermingling water. I was not disappointed.” It was at Hawkshead he made his first essay in poetry, and the “Lines left upon a seat in the yew tree,” near Esthwaite Lake, which are printed in the first volume of his works, were in part composed here.

Wordsworth’s father died in 1783. The orphan family consisted of three sons, of whom William was the second, and one daughter, who was not quite two years younger than the poet. “My father,” says Wordsworth, writing to Sir George Beaumont, in 1805, “died intestate, when we were children, and the chief part of his personal property, after his decease, was expended in an unsuccessful attempt to compel the late Lord Lonsdale to pay a debt of about £5,000 to my father’s estate. Enough, however, was scraped together to educate us all in different ways. I, the second son, was sent to college, with a view to the profession of the church or the law; into one of which I should have been forced by necessity, had not a friend, (whose name was Calvert,) left me £900. This bequest was from a young man with whom, though I call him friend, I had but little connection; and the act was done entirely on his part, because he thought I had powers and attainments which might be of use to mankind. Upon the interest of the £900, £400 being laid out in annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and £100 a legacy to my sister, and £100 more which the “Lyrical Ballads” have brought me, my sister and I contrived to live seven years, —nearly eight. Lord Lonsdale then died, and the present

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\* Life, vol. i. p. 9.

† Life, vol. i. p. 43.

Lord Lowther paid to my father's estate £8,500. Of this sum I believe £1,800 a-piece will come to my sister and myself; at least, would have come, but £3,000 was lent out to our poor brother.\* I mean, taken from the whole sum, which was about £1,200 more than his share, which £1,200 belonged to my sister and me. Whether it was insured or not I do not know."

In 1787, Wordsworth, then in his eighteenth year, entered St. John's college, Cambridge. In the third and sixth books of the *Prelude*, he has left a vivid picture of the dislike, or rather, disgust, with which he regarded that university. "He," says his biographer, (vol. i. p. 46-7,) "had a clear sense of what was noble, just, and true. If,

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\* Captain Wordsworth, who with a great proportion of the crew was lost in the *Abergavenny East Indiaman*, which struck the shambles of the *Bill of Portland*, on the 5th of February, 1805. The vessel carried £70,000 in specie, and the cargo was estimated at £200,000. There were 204 persons on board. Wordsworth thus writes of him to Sir George Beaumont, when he heard of the catastrophe: "I can say nothing higher of my ever dear brother than that he was worthy of his sister, who is now weeping beside me, and of the friendship of Coleridge; meek, affectionate, silently enthusiastic, loving all quiet things, and a poet in everything but words." His character is drawn under the name of Leonard in the poem of "the Brothers:"

"He had been reared  
 Among the mountains, and he in his heart  
 Was half a shepherd on the stormy seas.  
 Oft in the piping shrouds had Leonard heard  
 The tones of waterfalls, and inland sounds  
 Of caves and trees:—and when the regular wind  
 Between the tropics filled the steady sail,  
 Along the cloudless main, he in those hours  
 Of tiresome indolence, would often hang  
 Over the vessel's side, and gaze and gaze;  
 And while the broad blue wave and sparkling foam  
 Flashed round him, images and hues that wrought  
 In union with the employment of his heart  
 He thus by feverish passion overcome,  
 Even with the organs of his bodily eye,  
 Below him, in the bosom of the deep,  
 Saw mountains; saw the forms of sheep that grazed  
 On verdant hills—with dwellings among trees,  
 And shepherds clad in the same country grey  
 Which he himself had worn."

therefore, the tone of the university had been higher than it was, if the lives of the members of the university, and especially of its rulers, had been holier,—if a spirit of dignified self-respect, and of severe self-denial, had breathed in their deportment,—and if an adequate appreciation of what was due to the memory and injunctions of their founders and benefactors, and a religious reverence for the inheritance of piety, wisdom, and learning, bequeathed to them by antiquity, had manifested itself in their practice, then, it can hardly be doubted, the authentic influence of the academic system would have made itself felt by him. He felt himself to stand at a higher elevation of moral dignity than some of his teachers. The youthful undergraduate looked down upon some of his instructors.” He saw the morning and evening services of his college, which he and his fellow students were obliged to attend, neglected by those who eat the bread of the founders, and “felt that there was something like hollow mockery and profane hypocrisy in this.” He has feelingly deplored this “Decay of Ancient Piety,” in a sonnet which will be found in a subsequent part of this article. In common with persons who in after life achieved a far greater and more imperishable fame, he left college without having obtained any of its honours, and harbouring against it bitter hostility in his heart. The works of the English poets, indeed, supplied no inconsiderable portion of his reading whilst in the university, and he loved to retire to those groves and walks which he fondly imagined must have been the favourite retreats of Chaucer, Spencer, Ben Johnson, Milton, Cowley, and Dryden, whilst they were at Cambridge:

“Whenever free to choose,  
Did I, by night, frequent the college groves  
And tributary walks.” \*

We may easily imagine with what delight the poet returned in his vacations to his beloved vale of Esthwaite, and to the society of his sister, who was tenderly and devotedly attached to him. Of her he always speaks with deep affection:

“My sister Emmeline and I,  
Together chased the butterfly.

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\* *Prelude*, p. 138.

A very hunter did I rush  
Upon the prey.  
But she, God love her ! feared to brush  
The dust from off its wings."

Again :

" She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares and delicate fears,  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy." \*

Brougham castle, " a noble and picturesque ruin, distant about a mile from Penrith, was a favourite resort of the youthful poet and his sister :"

" Those mouldering towers  
Have seen us side by side, when having clomb  
The darksome windings of a broken stair,  
And crept along a ridge of fractured wall,  
Not without trembling, we in safety looked  
Forth, through some Gothic window's open space,  
And gathered with one mind a rich reward  
From the far-stretching landscape, by the light  
Of morning beautified, or purple eve." †

Wordsworth, accompanied by Robert Jones, a fellow collegian, spent his last college vacation in a pedestrian tour in France. He quitted Dover for Calais on the 13th of July, 1790; the eve of the day when the king took the oath of fidelity to the new constitution. This tour supplied materials for part of his autobiographical poem, (*The Prelude*), and for a poem entitled " *Descriptive Sketches*." In January, 1791, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, and quitted Cambridge. He resided four months in London, and in May made a pedestrian tour through North Wales, accompanied on this occasion also by Mr. Jones. In November he again landed in France, and remained there until the end of 1792,—one of the most exciting periods of the Revolution;—for during that time the terrible Committees of Public Safety were constituted, the king was thrown into prison, monarchy was abolished, and the massacres of September were perpetrated. He went to Paris and visited the scenes of these dreadful atrocities within a month after they had taken place. Up

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\* Poems, vol. i.

† *Prelude*, p. 144.



to this period he had been one of the most ardent and enthusiastic admirers of the French Revolution. He

“Became a patriot, and his heart was all  
Given to the people, and his love was theirs.”\*

It is even insinuated by his biographer, (vol. i. p. 89,) that his belief in the christian religion was at this time, if not shaken, at least in imminent peril. “His mind,” he says, “was whirled round and round in a vortex of doubt, and appeared to be almost on the point of sinking into a gulph of despair. His religious opinions were not very clearly defined. He had too high an opinion of the sufficiency of the human will, and too sanguine a hope of unlimited benefits to be conferred on society by the human intellect. He had a good deal of stoical pride, mingled with not a little Pelagian self-confidence. Having an inadequate perception of the necessity of divine grace, he placed his hopes where they could not stand, and did not place them where, if placed, they could not fall. He sought for ideal perfectibility where he could not but meet with real frailty.” But being reluctantly forced by business to leave Paris, he was restored to the society of his sister, who proved his better angel on this as on so many other occasions during his life.

“Then it was  
That the beloved sister, in whose sight  
Those days were passed,  
Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
With my true self.”†

In 1793 he published “Descriptive Sketches”—a poem which he addressed to Jones, his fellow-traveller, and in the same year, the “Evening Walk,” the scene of which is among the lakes of his own country. The latter was dedicated to a young lady—his sister—as he tells us himself in the manuscript notes on his poems. Neither of these poems attracted any attention. In 1797, “The Borderers,” a tragedy, which he had composed about this period, was offered to Mr. Harris, manager of Covent Garden, but says Wordsworth himself, the “piece was judiciously returned as not calculated for the stage.” It remained in manuscript near fifty years, having been first published in

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\* Prelude, p. 245.

† Prelude, p. 309.

1842. He must have been greatly disappointed by the rejection of his tragedy, for he and his sister had gone to London, and remained three weeks, making alterations suggested by one of the chief actors.

In the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne in Dorsetshire, where they employed themselves industriously in reading, writing, and gardening, "for the place was very retired, with little or no society, and a post only once a week." "I think," Miss Wordsworth says, "Racedown is the place dearest to my recollections upon the whole surface of the Island; it was the first home I had."\* In 1797 Coleridge came to Racedown to visit Wordsworth, and the latter, accompanied by his sister, returned with Coleridge to Nether-Stowey, in Somersetshire, where he then lived. So ardent a friendship grew up between the two poets, that on the 14th of August in the same year, Wordsworth and his sister moved to Alfoxden, which was near Nether-Stowey. These three made several pedestrian tours during the autumn. This was Wordsworth's favourite amusement during his whole life. Southey, he says, was so fond of books, that he used to declare, that if he had been a Catholic, he would have become a Benedictine Monk; but of himself, he declares, that if he had been born in that condition of life, he would infallibly have chosen the occupation of a pedlar. He thus describes one of these excursions (*Life*, vol. i. p. 107-8): "I will here mention one of the most noticeable facts in my own poetic history and that of Mr. Coleridge. In the autumn of 1797, he, my sister, and myself, started from Alfoxden pretty late in the afternoon, with a view to visit Linton, and the valley of stones near to it; and, as our united funds were very small, we agreed to defray the expense of the tour by writing a poem, to be sent to the *New Monthly Magazine*. In the course of this walk was planned the poem of the 'Ancient Mariner.' We began the composition together on that to me memorable evening. As we endeavoured to proceed conjointly, our respective manners proved so widely different, that it would have been quite presumptuous in me to do anything but separate from an undertaking upon which I could only have been a clog. The 'Ancient Mariner' grew and grew, till it became too

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\* *Life*, p. 94.

important for our first object, which was limited to our expectation of five pounds, and we began to think of a volume." The result was the publication of a small 12mo. volume of two hundred and ten pages, under the title of "Lyrical Ballads," of which the first in order, the "Ancient Mariner," and a few other poems, were written by Coleridge, but the greater number were from the pen of Wordsworth. The edition consisted of five hundred copies, but the publisher, Mr. Cottle of Bristol, says in his *Reminiscences* (vol. ii. p. 20), "the sale was so slow, and the severity of most of the Reviews so great, that its progress to oblivion seemed to be certain. I parted with the largest proportion of them, five hundred, at a loss, to Mr. Arch, a London bookseller."

In 1798, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge, set out together for Germany. The latter however went to Göttingen, whilst Wordsworth and his sister took up their residence in Goslar, for the purpose of learning the German language. On their return to England in 1769, Coleridge again joined them, and Wordsworth and he made a tour of the lakes, Miss Wordsworth remaining at Sockburn until her brother returned. Wordsworth had taken a small house at Grasmere for himself and his sister, and he describes their journey to take possession of their new home in a letter to Coleridge, which may convey some idea of their feats of pedestrianism: "We were now," he says,\* "in Wensley Dale, and Dorothy and I set off side by side to foot it as far as Kendal. We reached Askrigg, twelve miles, before six in the evening, having been obliged to walk the last two miles over hard frozen roads, to the great annoyance of our ankles and feet. Next morning the earth was covered with snow. It was a beautiful morning with driving snow showers, and we turned aside to see another waterfall. We had a task of twenty-one miles to perform in a short winter's day."

All this time Wordsworth was not idle, for he had written a good deal of the large poem which has been published since his death, under the title of the "Prelude." The subject was his own intellectual being—"the growth of his own mind. In it he reviews his own metaphysical history, from infancy through boyhood, school time, and college life; his travels, his hopes, and his aspirations." He

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\* *Life*, vol. i. p. 150.

also wrote several smaller pieces, so that when the Lyrical Ballads were reprinted in 1800, he was enabled to add a second 12mo volume. The price offered by Messrs. Longman for two editions did not exceed one hundred pounds. He presented a copy of them to C. J. Fox, in which he says, "in common with the whole of the English people, I have observed in your public character a constant predominance of sensibility of heart. This habit (of having his heart open to individuals) cannot but have made you dear to poets, and I am sure that if, since your first entrance into public life, there has been a single true poet living in England, he must have loved you."

"In 1802," says Wordsworth, "I married Mary Hutchinson, at Brompton, near Scarborough. We had known each other from childhood, and had practised reading and spelling under the same old dame at Penrith." After his marriage he dwelt at Townsend with his wife, sister, and sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, and in that place three of his children were born. "In the spring of 1808," he continues, "the increase of our family caused us to remove to a larger house, then just built, Allan Bank, in the same vale, where our two younger children were born, and who died at the rectory, the house we afterwards occupied for two years. They died in 1812, and in 1813 we came to Rydal Mount, where we have since lived, with no further sorrow, till 1836, when my sister became a confirmed invalid, and our sister, Sarah Hutchinson, died."

His marriage did not alter his propensity for travelling, for we find that in 1803, he, his sister, and Coleridge (for a part of the time), made a tour in Scotland. This afforded materials for many beautiful poems, and though some of them relate to humble life, the style is entirely free from that language of "real life," as he called it, which impaired the effect of some of his earlier poems. The following poem was written on a cottage-girl, whose beauty is praised by both Wordsworth and his sister:

#### TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(AT INVERSNEYDE UPON LOCH LOMOND.)

"Sweet Highland girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head :

And those grey rocks ; that household lawn ;  
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;  
This fall of water, that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake ;  
This little bay, a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy abode ;  
In truth, unfolding, thus, ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream ;  
Such forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep !  
Yet dream or vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart :  
God shield thee to thy latest years !  
I neither know Thee, nor thy peers ;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

“ With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away :  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and home-bred sense  
Rip'ning in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamfacedness :  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a mountaineer :  
A face with gladness overspread !  
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays  
With no restraint but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech :  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest—loving kind—  
Thus beating up against the wind.

“ What hand but would a garden cull  
For thee who art so beautiful !  
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;  
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !

But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality :  
 Thou art to me but as a wave  
 Of the wild sea ; and I would have  
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighbourhood.  
 What joy to hear thee and to see !  
 Thy elder brother I would be,  
 Thy father—anything to thee !

“ Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace  
 Hath led me to this lonely place.  
 Joy have I had ; and going hence  
 I bear away my recompence.  
 In spots like these it is we prize  
 Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :  
 Then, why should I be loth to stir ?  
 I feel this place was made for her ;  
 To give new pleasure like the past,  
 Continued long as life shall last.  
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
 Sweet Highland girl ! from thee to part ;  
 For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
 As fair before me shall behold,  
 As I do now, the cabin small,  
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall,  
 And Thee, the Spirit of them all ! ”—Vol. iii. p. 117.

We extract the following poems from the “*Memorials*”  
 of this Scottish Tour :

“ TO THE CUCKOO.

“ O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,—  
 I hear thee and rejoice.  
 O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,  
 Or but a wandering voice ?

“ While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy two-fold shout I hear,  
 That seems to fill the whole air's space,  
 As loud far-off as near.

“ Though babbling only to the vale,  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.



“Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird; but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery.

“The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways,  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

“To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love,  
Still longed for—never seen.

“And I can listen to thee yet,  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

“O blessed bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place,  
That is fit home for thee.”—(Vol. ii. p. 81.)

“WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S  
'OSSIAN.'

“Oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,  
Fragments of far-off melodies,  
With ear not coveting the whole,  
A part so charmed the pensive soul:  
While a dark storm before my sight  
Was yielding, on a mountain height  
Loose vapours have I watched, than won  
Prismatic colours from the sun,  
Nor felt a wish that heaven would show  
The image of its perfect bow.  
What need then of these finished strains?  
Away with counterfeit remains!  
An Abbey in its lone recess,  
A temple of the wilderness,  
Wrecks though they be, announce with feeling,  
The majesty of honest dealing.  
Spirit of Ossian! if imbound  
In language thou may'st yet be found,  
If aught, (intrusted to the pen,  
Or floating on the tongues of men,  
Albeit shattered and impaired,)

Subsist thy dignity to guard,  
In concert with memorial claim  
Of old grey stone, and high-born name,  
That cleaves to rock or pillared cave,  
Where moans the blast, or beats the wave ;  
Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,  
Interpret that original,  
And for presumptuous wrongs atone ;—  
Authentic words be given, or none !

“ Time is not blind ;—yet He who spares  
Pyramid pointing to the stars,  
Hath preyed with ruthless appetite  
On all that marked the primal flight  
Of the poetic ecstasy  
Into the land of mystery.  
No tongue is able to rehearse  
One measure, Orpheus, of thy verse ;  
Musaeus, stationed with his lyre,  
Supreme among the Elysian quire,  
Is for the dwellers upon earth,  
Mute as a lark ere morning's birth.  
Why grieve for these, though past away  
The music, and extinct the lay ?  
When thousands by severer doom,  
Full early to the silent tomb  
Have sunk, at Nature's call ; or strayed  
From hope and promise, self-betrayed ;  
The garland withering on their brows ;  
Stung with remorse for broken vows ;  
Frantic—else how might they rejoice ?  
And friendless, by their own sad choice !  
Hail ! Bards of mightier grasp ! on you  
I chiefly call, the chosen Few,  
Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,  
Who faltered not, nor turned aside ;  
Whose lofty genius could survive  
Privation,—under sorrow thrive ;  
In whom the fiery muse revered  
The symbol of a snow-white beard,  
Bedewed with meditative tears  
Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.

“ Brothers in soul ! though distant times  
Produced you nursed in various climes ;  
Ye, when the orb of life had waned,  
A plenitude of love retained ;  
Hence while in you each sad regret  
By corresponding hope was met,

Ye lingered among human kind,  
Sweet voices for the passing wind ;  
Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,  
Though smiling on the last hill top !  
Such is the tender-hearted maid  
Even ere her joys begin to fade ;  
Such, haply, to the rugged chief,  
By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief,  
Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,  
Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,  
The son of Fingal ; such was blind ;  
Mæonides of ampler mind ;  
Such Milton, to the fountain head  
Of glory by Urania led."—(Vol. v. p. 79.)

During the same year (1803) Wordsworth became acquainted with Sir George Beaumont, Bart., a man of fortune and a painter of some eminence. This friendship was only interrupted by the death of Sir George, in 1827, and Wordsworth reckons it amongst the chief blessings of his life. Sir George was the intimate friend of Coleridge, and had learned from that poet the desire which he and Wordsworth had to reside near each other. To facilitate this object, Sir George purchased Applethwaite, a beautiful spot in the vicinity of Keswick, where Coleridge then resided, and presented it to Wordsworth, whom he had never seen. Indeed, both these poets were more fortunate than many of their brother bards in being saved from poverty through the generosity of kind friends. Calvert and Lord Lonsdale placed Wordsworth above indigence, and Coleridge accepted from two of his friends—the brothers Wedgwood—a permanent income of £150 per annum. Beaumont was the constant and generous friend of both during his life, and at his death settled a pension of £100 per annum on Wordsworth, to enable him to make an annual tour. But his design of bringing the friends together failed, in consequence of the state of Coleridge's health, which forced him to seek the milder air of Sicily and Malta.

Wordsworth had been for some years engaged in the execution of a great poem—great at all events in size—which was to consist of three parts. He thus explains the matter himself in a letter to Sir George Beaumont, dated Dec. 25th, 1804: In this first poem, which was to be called "The Recluse," he says, "It will be my object to express in

verse my most interesting feelings concerning man, nature, and society. Next, a poem, (in which I am at present chiefly engaged,) *on my earlier life*, or the growth of my *own mind*, taken up upon a large scale. This latter work I expect to have finished before the month of May; and then I purpose to fall with all my might on the former, which is the chief object on which my thoughts have been fixed these many years. Of this poem, (The Recluse,) that of 'The Pedlar,' which Coleridge read you, is part; and I may have written of it altogether about two thousand lines." (vol. i. p. 304.) Writing to the same gentleman on the 3rd of June, 1805, he announces the conclusion of the poem on the growth of his own mind. In his earlier years Wordsworth had been an enthusiastic republican. This letter shows us that he was now completely apathetic regarding politics, and we shall see that in his old age he became an uncompromising Tory, and a strong partizan of religious intolerance. "I," he says, "have just been reading two newspapers full of factious brawls about Lord Melville and his delinquencies, ravages of the French in the West Indies, victories of the English in the East, fleets of ours roaming the seas in search of enemies whom they cannot find, &c. &c., and I have asked myself more than once lately if my affections can be in the right place, caring as I do so little about what the world seems to care so much for. All this seems to me a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. I have finished my poem a fortnight ago." (Vol. i. p. 309-10.)

The poem which he had finished at this time was that in which he gives the history of his own mind. It remained in manuscript forty years, and was not published until after the author's death. He did not himself give any name to this poem, but it was published in 1820 under the title of "The Prelude."

The other great poems on which he was engaged at the same period, are "The Recluse," of which he executed the first book; it takes up the thread of his personal history where "The Prelude" ends, and after describing his residence at Grasmere, propounds the subject of the third poem, in which he expresses his feelings upon man and nature. "The Recluse" is still in manuscript, with the exception of that portion of it which has been printed as an introduction to the third poem, which the author originally called "The Pedlar," a name which he was very judiciously

advised to abandon, and it was printed with the less unpoetical title of "The Excursion." Wordsworth himself says, in the preface to "The Excursion," that it is only a part of "The Recluse" which is still unpublished, and which, as far as we can gather from the Life before us, was never finished according to the original design of the author. We think this is favourable to the poet's fame; for if "The Prelude," "The Recluse," and "The Excursion"—which are in reality one poem—had been published at the same time, and as one work, they would have formed such an enormous mass of blank verse, that we are fully convinced, no one beyond the poet's own family and friends would have ever ventured on the task of reading it. But the only portion of the poem which was published during the poet's life was "The Excursion," and it did not appear until 1814.

In the meantime, he published in 1807 two small duodecimo volumes of poetry. They were received, if possible, with greater disfavour than his earlier productions. By the periodicals they were treated with contempt and scorn, by the people they were so utterly neglected that it took eight years to dispose of an impression, which did not exceed five hundred copies. At this time he seems himself almost to have despaired of popularity; for he says to Sir George Beaumont: "No poem of mine will ever be popular." (Life, vol. i. p. 340.) But he never doubted his own powers, never wavered in his fidelity to what he considered the essential characteristics of his own school, and never entirely departed from, although he greatly modified, the plan which he originally proposed to himself. Perhaps the very harshness with which he was treated induced him to retain some real blemishes against his better judgment. These were eagerly seized on, and held up to the ridicule of the multitude. On no other principles can we explain the unpopularity of volumes which contained such beautiful poems as this:

"I wandered lonely as a cloud  
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw a crowd,—  
A host of golden daffodils  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
"Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the Milky Way,

They stretched in never-ending line  
Along the margin of a bay ;  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

“ The waves beside them danced, but they  
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;  
A poet could not but be gay  
In such a jocund company ;  
I gazed, and gazed—but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.

“ For oft, when on my couch I lie,  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils.”—Vol. ii. p. 93.

This volume contained the poem already quoted, “ She was a Phantom of Delight,” and many others of equal merit. We shall insert here another of his minor poems, composed at a later period,—“the Wishing-Gate :”

“ Hope rules a land for ever green ;  
All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen  
Are confident and gay ;  
Clouds at her bidding disappear :  
Points she to aught—the bliss draws near,  
And Fancy smoothes the way.

“ Not such the land of wishes :—there  
Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,  
And thoughts with things at strife ;  
Yet how forlorn, should ye depart,  
Ye superstitions of the *heart*,  
How poor were human life !

“ When magic lore abjured its might,  
Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
One tender claim abate ;  
Witness this symbol of your sway,  
Surviving near the public way,  
The rustie Wishing-gate !

“ Inquire not if the fairy race  
Shed kindly influence on the place,  
Ere northward they retired ;  
If here a warrior left a spell,  
Panting for glory as he fell ;  
Or here a saint expired.



“ Enough that all around is fair,  
Composed with Nature's finest care,  
And in her fondest love,—  
Peace to embosom, and content,  
To overawe the turbulent,  
The selfish to reprove.”—Vol. ii. p. 200.

In 1811 Wordsworth went to reside at the parsonage at Grasmere, where two of his children, Catharine and Thomas, died. This induced him to leave the place ; and in 1813 he went to Rydal Mount, which is about two miles from Grasmere, and in this place he resided till his death, in 1840. In the same year he was appointed, through the influence of Lord Lonsdale, to the distributorship of stamps in the county of Westmorland ; a situation from which he derived an income of a little more than £500 per annum. To this nobleman he dedicated “ *The Excursion*,” which he published in the following year.

We have already mentioned, that the original name of this poem was “ *The Pedlar*,” and the hero, or whatever the principal character—*The Wanderer*—should be called, is a member of that not very aristocratic confraternity. Wordsworth himself thus explains his reason for selecting a Pedlar for his hero : “ My lamented friend, Southey, (for this is written a month after his decease) used to say, that had he been a Papist, the course of life which in all probability would have been his, was the one for which he was most fitted, and most to his mind—that of a Benedictine monk, in a convent furnished, as many a one was, with an inexhaustible library. Books, as appears from many passages in his writings, and was evident to those who had opportunities of observing his daily life, were, in fact, his passion ; and *wandering*, I can with truth affirm, was *mine*. Had I been born in a class which would have deprived me of a liberal education, it is not unlikely that, being strong in body, I should have taken to a way of life such as that in which my *Wanderer* passed the greater part of his days. At all events, I am here called upon freely to acknowledge, that the character I have represented in his person is chiefly an idea of what I fancied my own character might have become in his circumstances.”

The *Wanderer* being, therefore, avowedly the author himself, we shall allow him to draw his own portrait, both because we believe it to be, in most respects, a faithful representation of the original, and because it will enable us

at the same time to lay before the reader a few extracts from the greatest of his productions :

“ So the foundations of his mind were laid.  
In such communion not from terror free,  
While yet a child, and long before his time,  
Had he perceived the presence and the power  
Of greatness ; and deep feelings had impressed  
Great objects on his mind, with portraiture  
And colour so distinct, that on his mind  
They lay like substances, and almost seemed  
To haunt the bodily sense.

“ He thence attained  
An active power to fasten images  
Upon his brain ; and on their pictured lines  
Intensely brooded, even till they acquired  
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail  
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness,  
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye  
On all things which the moving seasons brought  
To feed such appetite ; nor this alone  
Appeased his yearning :—in the after-day  
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,  
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags  
He sate ; and even in their fixed lineaments,  
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,  
Or by creative feeling overborne,  
Or by predominance of thought oppressed,  
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments  
He traced an ebbing and a flowing mind,  
Expression ever varying ! Thus informed,  
He had small need of books ; for many a tale  
Traditionary round the mountains hung,  
And many a legend peopling the dark woods,  
Nourished Imagination in her growth,  
And gave the mind that apprehensive power  
By which she is made quick to recognise  
The moral properties and scope of things.

“ In his heart,  
Where fear sat thus a cherished visitant,  
Was wanting yet the pure delight of love  
By sound diffused, or by the breathing air,  
Or by the silent looks of happy things,  
Or flowing from the universal face  
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power  
Of Nature, and already was prepared,

By his intense conceptions, to receive  
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he,  
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught  
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.  
Such was the Boy—but for the growing youth  
What soul was his, when, from the naked top  
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun  
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—  
Ocean and Earth, the solid frame of Earth,  
And Ocean's, liquid mass, beneath him lay  
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,  
And in their silent faces could be read  
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,  
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank  
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form  
All melted into him; they swallowed up  
His animal being; in them did he live,  
And by them did he live; they were his life.  
In such access of mind, in such high form  
Of visitation from the living God,  
Thought was not, in enjoyment it expired.  
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;  
Rapt into still communion that transcends  
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,  
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power  
That made him; it was blessedness and love!  
.....Still uppermost  
Nature was at his heart as if he felt,  
Though yet he knew not how, a wasting power  
In all things that from her sweet influence  
Might tend to wean him. Therefore with her hues,  
Her forms, and with the spirit of her forms,  
He clothed the nakedness of austere truth.  
While yet he lingered in the rudiments  
Of science, and among her simplest laws,  
His triangles—they were the stars of heaven,  
The silent stars! Oft did he take delight  
To measure the altitude of some tall crag  
That is the eagle's birth-place, or some peak  
Familiar with forgotten years, that shows,  
Inscribed, as with the silence of the thought,  
Upon its bleak and visionary sides,  
The history of many a winter storm,  
Or obscure records of the path of fire.  
And thus before his eighteenth year was told,  
Accumulated feelings pressed his heart  
With still increasing weight; he was o'erpowered  
By Nature, by the turbulence subdued

Of his own mind ; by mystery and hope,  
 And the first virgin passion of a soul  
 Communing with the glorious universe.  
 Full often wished he that the winds might rage  
 When they were silent : far more fondly now  
 Than in his earlier season did he love  
 Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the sounds  
 That live in darkness.....

Birds and beasts

And the mute fish that glances in the stream,  
 And harmless reptile coiling in the sun,  
 And gorgeous insect hovering in the air,  
 The fowl domestic, and the household dog—  
 In his capacious mind he loved them all :

.....Rich in love

And sweet humanity, he was himself  
 To the degree that he desired, beloved.”

These passages give a true and vivid picture of Wordsworth's mind, and are a fair specimen of his poetic powers. Grand or sublime they cannot be called, but they express with great beauty the feelings of a man who sympathises deeply with the ideal, as well as the real beauties, of external nature. We are never startled and charmed by such a glorious image as Satan ascending through boundless space like a pillar of fire, but we everywhere read the lesson of charity and love which is hidden under the beautiful forms of this visible creation. “The Excursion,” though by no means free from the vices of Wordsworth's school of poetry, is yet disfigured by very few of them. This becomes more remarkable when we remember that all the characters are taken from humble life. Yet such was the unpopularity of Wordsworth's muse, that “The Excursion” appeared, for a long time, likely to sink into oblivion with his previous publications. “It is a remarkable fact,” says his biographer, (vol. ii. p. 51,) “that the English public was content with a single edition of the Excursion, consisting of only 500 copies for six years. Another edition, also limited to 500 copies, was published in 1827, and satisfied the popular demand for seven years.” At the same time it was unsparingly assailed in the most celebrated reviews, and received, almost without exception, unqualified condemnation from them. A few faithful friends stood by Wordsworth, and one of these, Robert Southey, on hearing that a celebrated critic was boasting that he had crushed “The Excursion,” exclaimed, “He

crush The Excursion ! Tell him he might as well fancy that he could crush Skiddaw." Wordsworth himself was not discouraged, although he was certainly greatly disappointed, for he says in a letter to Southey : " Let the age continue to love its own darkness ; I shall continue to write, with, I trust, the light of heaven upon me."

But Wordsworth had not abandoned the darling vices of his school, he had only laid them aside for a season, to be again embraced with renewed faith and fervour. In the year after "The Excursion" appeared, (1818) he published "The White Doe of Rylstone." It is in rhyme, and, perhaps, may be called a tale, though, indeed, it scarcely deserves that name. The heroine is either the White Doe herself, or the daughter of Norton, who, with all his sons, was put to death for rebelling against queen Elizabeth. " Everything " says Wordsworth, (Life, vol. ii. p. 56,) " that is attempted by the principal personages in the White Doe *fails*, so far as its object is external and substantial : so far as it is moral and spiritual it *succeeds*. The heroine of the poem knows that her duty is not to interfere with the current of events, either to forward or delay them ; but

" To abide  
The shock, and finally secure  
O'er pain and grief a triumph pure."

Or as he expresses it elsewhere in the poem :

" By force of sorrows high  
Uplifted to the purest sky  
Of undisturbed mortality."

We are not quite clear as to the meaning of these lines, but at all events, the lady after the massacre of her entire family becomes at first distracted, but ultimately takes up with a White Doe, in whose company she wanders through the country until she dies. Of this Doe, personally, we are told nothing, but that she used to attend church on Sunday, always, we presume, waiting for the sermon, and that she was " daughter of the eternal Prime." The last couplet in the poem is addressed to her :

" Thou, thou art not a child of time  
But daughter of the eternal Prime."

We are unfortunately in the predicament of a celebrated critic, who said long ago, that this, he presumed, was a

very high compliment, but that he had not the honour to understand it. Wordsworth declares that the *White Doe* is the highest of all his poems in point of conception. For our part we look upon the conception as exceedingly low, not to say foolish, and that we would consider a young lady much better employed in saying her prayers, than in wandering up and down the country with a *White Doe*. Such a conception could never have entered into the mind of a Catholic. He would indeed have found it necessary to make such a bereaved and desolate sufferer retire from the busy scenes of life, but instead of giving her up to a *White Doe*, he would have devoted her to the service of God amongst a sisterhood of religious ladies.

Nor is the execution superior to the conception, for it is full of the worst vices of the Wordsworthian school of poetry, as for instance—and these instances are taken quite at random :—

“Fast as the churchyard fills anon  
*Look again and they are all gone.*  
 They cluster round the porch and *the folk*  
 Who sat in the shade of the prior's oak!  
 And scarcely have they disappeared  
 Ere the prelusive hymn is heard,  
 With one consent the people rejoice  
 Filling the Church with a lofty voice.”

Vol. iv. p. 48.

“What *harmonious* pensive changes  
 Wait upon her as she ranges.”—p. 50.

“But now again the people raise  
 With *awful cheer* a voice of praise.”—p. 53.

“Who dragged Earl Pembroke from Barnsley Church  
 And smote off his head on the stones of the porch.”—p. 56.

“*He spake the bare truth* for far and near,  
 From every side come noisy swarms.”—p. 70.

It would be very easy, though frequently unjust, to ridicule almost any portion of Wordsworth's poetry, by turning it into prose. But these passages, as well as a great many others in “the *White Doe*” are not only prose, but very bad prose. Some of the expressions would be considered low even in common conversation, and many of the epithets are totally misapplied. It is one of Wordsworth's greatest faults, that he relies too much upon his own individual taste, and does not scruple to shock the ear, and even the



sensibility of the most refined of his readers, by assimilating things which have no connexion but in his own over-refined imagination. He seldom rejected an epithet, although he was conscious that it would appear to be absurd to the generality of readers, provided its *truth* could be perceived by a close and highly-imaginative observer of nature; forgetting that the pleasing effect is derived far more from the harmony than from the mere brilliancy of the colouring. Thus, the voices of a congregation singing the praises of God may very *truly* be called "a cheer;" nor would we venture to say that there is anything false to nature in another celebrated passage, when he says of a fish, that it gives "in the lonely tarn a solitary *cheer*." But in neither case can the similitude be carried out without becoming ridiculous. A congregation unites in praying to God or in praising Him, but it certainly does not cheer Him. So long as these things were paraded as "Wordsworth's beauties" by his friends, and as the characteristics of his poetry by his foes, (and both continued for a very long period,) he remained unpopular and unknown. But at length, and when many years had passed, even after the publication of his best poems, individuals who possessed true taste began to discover that these passages were, in fact, Wordsworth's defects—that they were the blemishes of his muse, which were amply atoned for by many exquisite beauties.

Wordsworth had, however, to struggle through a long life against coldness and contempt; for we find by a letter written to Mr. Moxon in August, 1833, that he could not be called even then a popular writer. But his fame steadily increased, and the circle of his admirers gradually included most of those who had distinguished themselves in literature. It is strange how greatly he was deceived as to his proper audience. He took most of his themes from the poor, and declared that they alone could appreciate true poetry. It was for them he wrote, and by them he hoped to be appreciated; and yet his works are still almost unknown among the humbler classes, and his fame is perhaps more exclusively confined to the educated portion of the community than is that of any of his contemporaries. Writing to Robert Montgomery in 1835, he says, "Do not, my dear Sir, be anxious about any individual's opinion concerning your writings, however highly you may think of his genius or rate his judgment. I press this

reflection upon you, as it has supported me through life, that posterity will settle all accounts justly, and that works which deserve to last will last; and if undeserving this fate, the sooner they perish the better."

In 1839—the 69th of his age—Wordsworth was honoured by the University of Oxford with the degree of D.C.L. His own feelings on the occasion are expressed in the following letter to Mr. Peace, of Bristol, dated August 30th, 1839:

"It was not a little provoking that I had not the pleasure of shaking you by the hand at Oxford, when you did me the honour of coming so far to join in the shout. I was told by a Fellow of University College, that he had never witnessed such an outburst of enthusiasm in that place except upon the occasions of the visits of the Duke of Wellington—one unexpected." "What a contrast," says his biographer, "was this to the reception which a few years before he had experienced from the most celebrated critics in England, and from the literary world at large!" (vol. ii. p. 358.)

In 1842 Wordsworth resigned the office of Stamp Distributor, having previously, through the influence of the Prime Minister, (Sir Robert Peel), obtained the appointment for his son William. Sir Robert wrote to the poet on this occasion in the most friendly and respectful manner, assuring him that he had the greatest personal satisfaction in promoting the arrangement; and on the 15th of August, in the same year, he again wrote to inform him that he had placed "his honoured name on the Civil List for an annual provision of three hundred pounds." In the following year, the Right Hon. Baronet had another opportunity of manifesting his affection and esteem for the venerable poet. Southey, who had been for some time in a pitiable state of imbecility, died on the 21st of March, 1843, and on the 31st of that month Wordsworth received a letter from the Lord Chamberlain, informing him that he had the command of the Queen to offer him the vacant office of Poet Laureate. The venerable bard declined to accept the appointment, alleging as his apology his advanced age, and that he could not undertake the duties which it would impose upon him. But Sir Robert Peel again interposed his good offices, and induced him to accept of the appointment, by the following letter, which he wrote from his place in the House of Commons, on the 3rd of April, 1843:

“ My dear Sir,

“ I hope you may be induced to re-consider your decision with regard to the appointment of Poet Laureate. The offer was made to you not for the purpose of imposing on you any onerous or disagreeable duties, but in order to pay you that tribute of respect which is justly due to the first of living poets. The Queen entirely approved of the nomination, and there is one unanimous feeling on the part of all who have heard of the proposal (and it is pretty generally known), that there could not be a question about the selection. Do not be deterred by the fear of any obligation which the appointment may be supposed to imply. I will undertake that you shall have nothing required from you. But as the Queen can select for this honourable appointment no one whose claims for respect and honour, on account of eminence as a poet, can be placed in competition with yours, I trust you will not longer hesitate to accept it.

“ Most faithfully yours,

“ ROBERT PEEL.”

Thus Wordsworth lived to receive in his old age that fame, for which he had laboured so strenuously and courageously during a long life, and which he had not long before despaired of obtaining, except from posterity. On the 7th of April, 1844, above one hundred and fifty adults, and three hundred children, in their holiday attire, assembled at Rydal Mount to celebrate his birthday. Yet this very fame, for which he had endured so much, and for which he had so eagerly panted, now that he possessed it appeared to him to be almost utterly worthless. In his youth he considered the applause which he expected from posterity, amply sufficient to compensate for the neglect of his contemporaries, but in his old age he frequently expresses the utmost indifference respecting posthumous fame. Writing to professor Reed of Philadelphia, he says, “ Your letters are naturally turned upon the impression which my poems have made, and the estimation they are held, or are likely to be held in, through the vast country to which you belong. I wish I could feel as lively as you do upon this subject, or even upon the general destiny of those works. Pray do not be long surprised at this declaration. There is the difference of more than the length of your life, I believe, between our ages. I am standing on the brink of that vast ocean I must sail so soon ; I must speedily lose sight of the shore, and I could not once have *conceived* how little I now am troubled by

the thought of how long, or how short a time they who remain on that shore, may have sight of me." It is, indeed, a lesson worthy to be learned by those who seek for happiness, and rest their utmost hopes in this world, that all it can bestow will appear utterly worthless when they stand on the brink of eternity.

Wordsworth, as we have seen, commenced life as a strong republican, and ardent admirer of the French Revolution. He had now passed from political indifferentism into strong and almost unreasoning Toryism. In a letter, dated May 15th, 1834, he says, "Since the night when the Reform Bill was first introduced, I have been convinced that the institutions of the country cannot be preserved." He strenuously opposed the concession of Catholic Emancipation; he objected to corporate reform, to a state provision for the education of the poor, and, indeed, to every innovation in the institutions of the country. But Wordsworth's prejudices did not so far blind him, as to render him incapable of seeing the beauty and the merits of that Church which alone had preserved Christianity. Indeed, it would be strange if a genius such as his had not sympathized with that glorious old Church, whose ritual is so full of pure and impassioned poetry; and if the splendour of her story, so deeply interwoven with all that is dearest and holiest upon earth, had not dispelled its prejudices, and taught it to prefer the gorgeous worship of the Catholic Church, which appeals so powerfully to the imagination and to the heart, to the cold and barren forms of Protestantism. Although his "Ecclesiastical Sonnets" are by no means untainted by the usual prejudices of Reformers, yet do they contain many just and glowing eulogiums on that old Church, which we still behold, like a bright and hopeful star, shining high above the gloom and darkness of bye-gone ages. It is thus she appeared to Wordsworth, whose writings contributed in no small degree to procure for her respect and reverence, and gave no slight impulse to that great movement, which is driving back so many into the one fold, under the one shepherd.

We wish that space permitted us to illustrate this tendency by a selection from the "Ecclesiastical Sonnets," which, although amongst the best in the language, are, we fear, not at all so generally known as they

deserve. It is necessary to observe, that these sonnets are divided into three parts. The first relates to the introduction of Christianity into Britain, the holy lives of the early Saxon clergy, and the Crusades; the second extends to the close of the troubles in the reign of Charles; the third comprises the remaining period from the Restoration to the present time. We can only make room for the following on “The Dissolution of the Monasteries,” and the kindred subjects of the Saints and the Blessed Virgin:

“Threats come which no submission may assuage,  
No sacrifice avert, no power dispute;  
The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,  
And ’mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,  
The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage,  
The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit,  
And the green lizard and the gilded newt  
Lead unmolested lives, and die of age.  
The owl of evening and the woodland fox  
For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose;  
Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse  
To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—  
She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,  
Arimathean Joseph’s wattled cells.

“The lovely nun (submissive, but more meek  
Through saintly habit than from effort due  
To unrelenting mandates, that pursue  
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)  
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek  
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,  
While through the convent’s gate to open view  
Softly she glides, another home to seek.  
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,  
An apparition more divinely bright;  
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight  
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine  
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,  
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light!”

#### “SAINTS.

“Ye too must fly before a chasing hand  
Angels and saints, in every hamlet mourned!  
Ah! if the old idolatry be spurned,  
Let not your radiant shapes desert the land!  
Her adoration was not your demand,—

The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart ;  
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,  
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand  
The dragon quelled ; and valiant Margaret,  
Whose rival sword a like opponent slew ;  
And rapt Cecilia, seraph-haunted queen  
Of harmony ; and weeping Magdalene,  
Who in the penitential desert met  
Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !”

“THE VIRGIN.

“Mother ! whose virgin bosom was uncrosth  
With the least shade of thought to sin allied ;  
Woman, above all women glorified ;  
Our tainted nature’s solitary boast ;  
Purer than foam on central ocean tost ;  
Brighter than eastern skies at day-break strewn  
With fancied roses ; than the unblemished moon  
Before her wane begins on heaven’s blue coast,  
Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,  
Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,  
As to a visible Power, in which did blend  
All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee  
Of mother’s love and maiden purity,  
Of high with low, celestial with terrene !”

Many, perhaps we should say all pious Protestants share these vain regrets. But the establishment is so far from resuming the “graceful rites and usages” of the old Church, that it is every day losing even those which it at first retained, and is rapidly hastening into frigid Calvinism. The more zealous of its ministers, who still proudly cling to that ritual which excites “a stir of mind too natural to deceive,” and gives “the memory help when she would weave a crown for hope,” are regarded as papists in disguise by “the boasted lights,” which are, indeed, but the “fiery lights” of the establishment.

Wordsworth had five children, John, Dora, Thomas, Catherine, and William. Of these Thomas and Catherine, as we have seen, died whilst very young, and the family of the poet consisted of the remaining three, together with his wife, his sister, and sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson. Never was there a more loving or a more united family. The poet was almost worshipped by his own domestic



circle, and he returned their affection in no niggardly or stinted measure :

“ Rich in love  
And sweet humanity, he was himself  
To the degree that he desired, beloved.”

They, his first enthusiastic and almost sole admirers, saw his fame gradually rival that of his most illustrious contemporaries. They saw honorary degrees conferred on him by the universities of Durham and Oxford, and a majority of votes recorded in his favour in opposition to the Prime Minister, (Lord John Russell,) for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow. He was visited at Rydal by the most eminent and most illustrious persons in the land, amongst others, by the late Queen Dowager and her sister, and was received at court by her Majesty the Queen, with the most flattering distinction, when he went to thank her for his appointment to the Laureateship. Yet at this very culminating point of his fame, he was destined to feel that neither the gifts of genius, nor the applause of mankind, nor the smiles of princes, can confer happiness. His sister, the “Winsome Marrow,” who accompanied him on so many romantic pedestrian excursions became a confirmed invalid, unable to stir from her bed, or couch. His sister-in-law, Sarah Hutchinson, died, and in his letters he feelingly deploras the ravages which death and disease had made amongst his other friends and relations. But the severest stroke of all was the death of his only and adored daughter, Dora. She was married in 1841, being then in her thirty-seventh year, to Edward Quillinan, a widower of fifty ; but her health was so delicate, that in 1845 she and her husband were obliged to seek a more genial climate in Portugal and Spain. In 1846 they came home, fondly imagining that Mrs. Quillinan’s health was fully restored, but she died on the 9th of July, 1847, being little more than a year after her return to her native vale. It does not require the testimony of his biographer to prove that his only daughter was dearer to Wordsworth than any other earthly object, for the frequent mention of her, which occurs in his works, proves the depth and constancy of his affection. Writing to Mr. Moxon, a month after her death, he says, “ We bear up under our affliction as well as God enables us to do ; but, oh ! my dear friend, our loss is immeasurable.” And

again, 29th December, 1847, he writes, "Our sorrow is, I feel, for life; but God's will be done." When it was thought right to inform Wordsworth himself of his approaching dissolution, his wife announced the sad tidings to him on the 20th of April, 1850, in these words, "William, you are going to Dora;" and when, twenty-four hours later, one of his nieces was drawing aside the curtains, he said, as if awakening from a quiet sleep, "Is that Dora?" Two days afterwards he expired, the name of his beloved daughter having been the last upon his lips. He never recovered the shock he received by her death, it was, indeed, to him a *sorrow for life*.

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ART. II.—*The Life of the Rev. Aloysius Gentili, L. L. D., Father of the Institute of Charity, and Missionary Apostolic in England.* Edited by the Very Reverend FATHER PAGANI. Richardson and Son, London. 1851.

NICOLE remarks, in one of his letters, that if he had to write the lives of the saints, he should try to find out some of their defects, as well as their virtues, for that the ordinary way in which their biographies were written, left the reader in some doubt whether or not they ever really belonged to that frail humanity, to which they were proposed as patterns. To what particular biographies he referred at the time he penned this somewhat cynical saying, he does not make known. The feeling, however, from which it appears to have proceeded, is not an inconceivable one, for the "canonized saint" is certainly the prominent feature in most biographies, to the concealment, in some degree, of the frail child of Adam, whom God, by His mercy and Providence, is training to sanctity, in order that he may become a light to future generations. In the lives of canonized saints, it is rather the mature saint everywhere that is visible, than the man in progress towards his sanctification, yet it is legitimate to wish that we might be

allowed to see, in the examples of heroic perfection, that are proposed to us as patterns, a little more than biographers usually think well to concede, of the struggles and occasional lapses through which the same heroic perfection has been obtained. St. Peter's fall and denial of his Master, succeeded by his tears of heartfelt repentance, establish an immediate bond of sympathy between the disciple and the saint, and even endear him more to such as are conscious of their own liability to fall, than the more rigid examples of virtue not known to falter, and to which, a narrative of uninterrupted panegyric seems almost in strict justice to belong. "Justus cadit septies," the just man falleth seven times, and, ordinarily speaking, a volume of a saint's life will be taken up, (that is, presuming it to be taken up, not in the way of an ecclesiastical romance, but with some kind of an intention of studying the saint's life as a pattern,) with the feeling on the part of the reader, that if he ever hopes to be canonized himself, it must be after he has had a great many faults corrected, and has acquired a great many new virtues. This will certainly be every ordinary reader's genuine conviction with regard to himself, if he takes the trouble to think. He will naturally say, "certainly if I am ever to be canonized, it is inexpressible what I have to amend, and incalculable what I have to acquire." He feels then, that his own nature, when put in contact with the saint's life, is open to extensive correction. He then proceeds to ask, how came this saint's life to be so singularly perfect from so early a date? why is he so complete a model from so early a time? I should like to see a little more into the secret of the discipline and training, the forming and the correcting which has produced this perfection. I feel that there must have been something of this process in his case, and that he must have been cured of his failings, and learnt to acquire his heroic virtues on some particular way. I experience a wish to be shown what that way was. In short, I feel a wish to see a little more of the *man* becoming the *saint*, as well as to read the uninterrupted panegyric of his sanctity. The life and actions of every saint of course abound in edification and instruction. The canonized saint, exhibited in the true picture of his sanctity, is the glory of the Christian faith. If, then, we say, that it is legitimate to wish to see more of the way in which this sanctity was acquired, it is most assuredly not from the envious expectation, that perchance we might detect

superior brightness to have been here and there tarnished or disfigured, but in the way of solid comfort and encouragement to ourselves, that having been admitted to see how Almighty God works his wonders of grace upon other men, we may ourselves rise from the study in a better frame of mind, and with improved dispositions to submit to his own merciful and mysterious dealing with ourselves.

How far the biographer to the canonized saint is at all times in a position to expose to view the whole of the gradual processes by which a sanctity formally proposed to the imitation and veneration of the entire Church has been acquired, it is not for us to say. If there be a difficulty in the way of conceding this circumstantial insight into all the minute details of the gradual personal training of the canonized saint, in the biography now before us such a difficulty does not find a place; and we are disposed to consider, that over and above the interest attached to the life of one who still lives, as Father Gentili, in the memories and affections of so many thousands, whom he has instructed and edified, and even reclaimed to a life of piety and religion. His life has this particular and special feature of interest, that it shows much of the process by which the heart and the mind admit of being trained in the way of sanctity and Christian perfection. It shows, very circumstantially for the comfort of the ordinary reader, that in order to make great advances in perfection, it is by no means indispensably necessary to start with the most favourable natural predispositions towards virtues, but that the secret of acquiring the science of the saints, lies chiefly in submission to instruction and reproof, willingness to accept direction. Dr. Gentili's life is an exemplification of the saying of Scripture, "A wise son hearkeneth to the instruction of his father, he keepeth it because it is his life."

Father Gentili's biographer, with the fervour and warmth of a friend and brother in religion, speaks in glowing terms of his virtues. How much of these virtues, under God, Father Gentili owed to the enlightened direction of his wise friend and superior in religion, Rosmini, the ensuing sketch of his life will show.

Father Gentili was born on the 14th of July, 1801, in Rome. His parents, Joseph and Mary Ann Gentili, had eight children, the oldest of whom, Aloysius, is the subject of the memoir before us. He was of a lively-spirited tem-

perament as a boy, and carried off not a few prizes for proficiency in his early studies at school. He was brought up by his father, who himself practised as a solicitor to the legal profession, and in the fourth year of his university course, obtained the degree of Doctor in both canon and civil law. During the progress of his legal studies, it would appear that he manifested a strong taste for both poetry and music. The sudden death of his patron, Cardinal Gonsalvi, made a change in his prospects of success in his profession ; and, with the versatile ardour, so often found united with naturally quick abilities, the young Doctor of laws began to turn his attention to the study of modern languages, intending to become a professor, and to employ himself in teaching them. About this time he also became desirous to figure as a vocalist, and being possessed of a good bass voice, under the direction of a skilful leader of a philharmonic academy, he became a solo singer, and obtained invitations to the soirees of the different ambassadors, where he formed acquaintance with many English families.

His success as a professor of the Italian language, at the end of two years, realized to him the sum of two thousand dollars, which he laid out in the purchase of a vineyard, situated on the Monte Mario, near the Vatican. Here, momentarily persuaded, like the usurer described by the poet, that

“ *Beatus ille, qui procul negotus  
Ut prisca gens mortalium  
Paterna rura bobus exercit suis,*”

he bought a pair of oxen and began to plough, in imitation of Cincinnatus and Cato, instructing the rustics in the true classical method of tilling the ground, until he caught a fever from over-exertion, which obliged him to return to literary employment.

Almighty God had now prepared a disappointment for him that was to influence his future career. He fell in love with a young English lady of noble birth and large fortune, and ventured to ask her in marriage ; but his hopes were suddenly and bitterly disappointed.

“ It would be difficult, peradventure, says his biographer, to describe the tumult of affections which agitated the heart of the disconsolate Gentili on receiving this refusal ; but we may form

some notion thereof from the consequences which ensued. In the first place, he became utterly disenchanted with all earthly pursuits, and felt in himself a perfect conversion to the love of divine and celestial things. The worldling and the sceptic who have no faith in an all-wise Disposer of events, and are ignorant of that divine omnipotent power which, descending from on high, penetrates and transforms, as it were, the old into a new man, usually attribute to an ignoble motive any sudden change in a Christian from vice to virtue—from disorder to regularity—or they ascribe its cause to the vexation of disappointment, or to a melancholy dejection of mind. But they do not observe how comparatively few there are among the discontented and unfortunate who take occasion from adversity to ameliorate their moral conduct according to the rules of evangelical perfection. Christian philosophy, on the other hand, indicates that reverses of fortune become causes or occasions of moral improvement in man, only when directed to this end by the previous influence of Divine Grace, which illumines and aids the sorrow-stricken sufferer to profit by the bitter yet wholesome experience. In this case, the contempt of worldly goods does not proceed from despair of ever enjoying them again, or from any scornful spite against the inconstancy of fortune, but from an interior conviction, that there is a higher and nobler happiness to be found, viz. : the Supreme Infinite Good, which is God. Then, far from leading a life of dulness and gloom, the penitent finds and enjoys true felicity. It seems incredible and incomprehensible to those who have not passed through the ordeal, how the tears of repentance can be sweeter than the faults that made them flow, and superior even to every carnal delight. They do not understand how pleasures so highly prized by themselves can be sincerely despised by the votaries of the Cross, who do so, nevertheless, just as aged philosophers condemn the toys and pastimes of childhood."

From this time forward, Gentili resolved to renounce the world. On his return home, his pictorial and musical exercises were suspended; he threw up his engagements, and withdrew from society, and gave himself up to the practice of many devotions, that drew down upon him considerable ridicule from his former companions, to which, however, he paid little attention, being well aware how necessary it is to appear a fool in the eyes of the world, in order to become wise unto salvation.

In this frame of mind he altered his way of life, and soon fell sick from an ague fever, and on his recovery sought admission to the Society of Jesus, which the discreet superior of that society, on observing his pale and emaciated appearance, declined to grant.

Soon after this, he formed the acquaintance of the Abate



Rosmini, his friend and future superior, who had then come to Rome on business relative to the Institute of Charity, which he had founded, and for the publication of his first philosophical work, *Il nuovo Saggio sull' Origine delle Idee*. The account of this turning incident in Father Gentili's life we subjoin :

“ Having heard of the projected Institute of Charity, and of its learned founder, he wished to become personally acquainted with Rosmini, and, therefore, obtained an introduction to him through the medium of a mutual friend. Finding him, at that time, about the first days of the year 1830, in an infirm state of health, his first interview was necessarily brief, but in other successive and protracted visits, a friendship was formed between the two, and many inquiries were made and satisfactorily answered concerning the new Institute. It was on one of these occasions, after musing a little time, that Gentili exclaimed, ‘ Who knows whether it be not God's will that I should become a member of your Institute ? ’ In reply to this or similar inquiries subsequently repeated, Rosmini, would simply remark, that the perfect life recommended by the evangelical counsels was excellent in itself, and highly to be prized ; that those were happy who, inspired by the Lord, corresponded with his grace ; and, in fine, that if he resolved to devote himself to this kind of life, his first step towards living solely for God, should be to leave his home, in imitation of the father of the people elect, Abraham, to whom it was said : *Egredere de domo tua*. Hereupon, Gentili took occasion to say, that as regarded following the gospel counsels his mind was already made up ; but to do so by quitting his home he did not see its feasibility, as he now depended on his family for support ; and that, were he entirely to abandon them, he foresaw that bitterness and persecution would be the result. These objections Rosmini met by merely recommending prayer to the Most High, and humble trust in His Providence.”

It was now arranged by his superior, that he should be provided with board and lodging at the Irish College, where he remained to pursue his studies, and where, on the 25th of March, in the year 1830, he received the tonsure and the four minor orders, and on the 10th of April following, the sub-diaconate.

Soon afterwards, Rosmini left Rome, and returned to Domo Dossola, and a correspondence ensues between the two friends that will be read with great interest. Gentili began now to be exposed to temptation, calling in question the truth of his vocation to the infant institute. In reply

to his superior's letters he began to give equivocal reasons for delay.

“ He urged, that it was necessary to defer his departure until a more favourable opportunity,—it was the more necessary to take this precaution, since the world had already blamed as caprice his wish to become a Jesuit, and that the obstacle caused by his subsequent illness had sanctioned, as it were, this opinion. If ill health was an impediment to his admission into a cloister on the Quirinal, how should he be able to endure a conventual life at the foot of the Alps? This, when known to the world, would be considered a greater folly than the first;—that people would wonder at his retirement to a solitude so remote; and that, finally, his parents, if not gently dealt with, would do all in their power to prevent his departure. These unusual expressions excited an apprehension in the mind of Rosmini, that such sophisms might produce a fatal effect on his companion; wherefore, he deemed it to be a duty of Christian friendship to write a strong letter of admonition, of which we subjoin a few extracts, to alarm and warn him of his danger.

“ Let me advise you to be on your guard against the suggestions of Satan, who will certainly do what he can to frustrate your holy resolutions. I doubt whether I do not see in you a want of generosity, and cowardice instead. Mind, my dear friend, that I say, I doubt; therefore, I do not mean positively; but I wish you to make a diligent examination of yourself, to see if the devil has not succeeded in tempting you to weakness and pusillanimity; in order, that if you discover anything you may immediately remedy the defect, and imitate the magnanimity of Satan's conqueror—our Divine Master, Jesus Christ. If the infernal tempter perceives that we are resolute, he becomes intimidated, and withdraws after a few attacks. But, if he finds us cowardly in resistance, his assaults continue, and when we exhibit fear, he is sure of victory. We ought, with the royal Psalmist, constantly to pray: ‘*Salva me, Domine, a pusillanimitate spiritus et tempestate.*’ A mental tempest is sure to be the result of timidity, just as magnanimous resolve produces serenity. In a generous giver only is found faith in Divine Providence, while the fearful are diffident and deaf to the Divine Word.

“ We are deceived and ruined if we give credit to the world's maxims: we wander from Christ's narrow path of righteousness, if we follow the guidance of flesh and blood! You write, ‘if the world knew of my departure from Rome—it would deem it a greater folly than the first,’ &c. But, permit me to ask (the terms being synonymous), is that really madness what the world calls folly? If it be, then the cross of Christ is a scandal, and the gospel a folly—it is madness to expose one's self to danger and suffering like the Apostles, for Christ's sake, among barbarians—it is folly to bear witness to the faith with one's own blood, like the martyrs. O en-

viable folly ! Heaven grant that I may become thus incurably mad ! This superhuman folly, I desire—sigh after, and pray for daily, as a most precious gift from the Lord ! I am sure that you esteem this folly to be true wisdom. But if that be wisdom which the world calls folly, why not learn to practise this wisdom ? Why be ashamed of the term applied by the world to this evangelical science ? Why sanction by one's own conduct the judgment of an insensate world ? I call it insensate, even including therein one's parents and friends, whether laymen or priests, (for these are sometimes imbued with a worldly spirit). At the tribunal of Jesus Christ shall any one be excused by saying : 'I did not promptly obey your invitation, because the world pronounced it to be folly ?' 'Go, then, and get a reward, from your master the world—that world, which I have vanquished, and is no more.' Such, doubtless, will be the answer of the Supreme Judge.

"According to your statement, the world will contrast the Quirinal with the foot of the Alps. But Jesus says, '*Veri adoratores, adorabunt patrem in spiritu et veritate.*'

"With regard to your health, the world, according to its wont, would draw a lying inference, not distinguishing between sickness and recovery. As to your coming 'without knowing what you had to do here,' certainly the world knows but little about what is done in holy retreats ; but they know who are called out of an insensate world by an impulse of the Spirit of God. I am pretty sure that when Christ was led into the desert, the world knew not what was His purpose. But Jesus Christ did not wait until the world got information thereof. What has the world to do with this affair ? It is our business, and not the world's, and if we pretend not to know what we are going to do, we ourselves also form a part of this insensate world. Is it possible that you are troubled by ignorance of what you shall have here to do ? I can tell the world what has been my object in coming to this place. I have come here to fulfil my vocation—to obey the voice of God—to keep aloof from a foolish world—to purify my soul and secure salvation. That is what one has to do here. Both for you and for me, it is no trifling affair. Woe to him who knows not what to do in the state to which the Lord has called him ! O how remote are worldly reasonings from the spirit of our Institute ! For charity's sake call yourself to account ; beware of the slightest contamination : without being aware of it, we inhale the world's pestiferous and blighting atmosphere.

"You say the world would strenuously oppose your departure ; but it could not hinder you if you yourself were determined. The only impediment in the power of the world, is to weaken and overcome your will ; nothing more : especially considering that the government under which you live places no obstacles in the way of religious vocations. Have not the saints been contradicted by the world because they despised it ? Have they not hated father, mother,

brethren, sisters, and all family connections, for the sake of Jesus Christ? Pray then examine yourself thoroughly, according to the rule of Jesus Christ and His saints. When Christ, at the age of twelve years, remained to dispute with the Doctors, He did not make it known to His mother. In this lesson He clearly speaks. The saints also have plainly declared themselves. He is a jealous God: and in the gospel we do not see that He ever endured more than one refusal. Walk, therefore, righteously before Him. Scrutinize your sincerity, in order that you and others be not deceived.

“There is no sincerity where there exists any affection to the things of earth. In fine, make your examination by the light of eternity, in the presence of God, and during the silence of worldly rumours and passions. This scrutiny will help you either to repair any defect caused, perhaps, by the devil in this matter, or to confirm and increase your generous resolve, and all other virtues united in the service of Jesus Christ. In this manner you will build on a solid foundation. There is no other solid basis but the security of the Cross. I hope you will afford me comfort by adopting this advice, which I consider of the greatest importance to your soul, not only, but also to the salvation of many others.”

To Gentili, who was still inexperienced in spiritual life, this somewhat bitter epistle arrived opportunely. It was wholesome and necessary, in order to counteract the before-mentioned temptations, and to fortify him against others of a similar nature to come. Other trials of the truth of his vocation to the Institute of Charity were still in store for him.

It happened soon after that a flattering proposal was made to Gentili on the part of Dr. Baines, then Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, to come to reside in England, as he wished to appoint him to an office in his college at Prior Park. He gave a lively description of the beautiful situation, and the magnificence of the buildings, with promises also not a little calculated to induce him to accept the offer. This truly was a temptation difficult to overcome, by an enterprising high-minded young man, naturally inclined to missionary duties, and whose warm and pious imagination opened before his eyes a vast field for the exercise of his talents and zeal. However, he had sufficient heavenly light to see, that it would be wrong to abandon his first vocation to the Institute of Charity, to run after another; because, to change with levity our former resolutions is not conformable to the Spirit of God, which is a spirit of constancy and perseverance in good purposes.

We regret that space obliges us to pass over the interesting correspondence to which the event gave rise between the two friends, the result of which was, that Gentili in the end became the more confirmed in his vocation. One more serious trial yet remained. His stay in Rome had been protracted by an attack of fever, which disarranged the preparations that had been made for his departure, to enter upon his Noviciate. He received Priest's Orders and celebrated his first Mass on the 19th of September, 1830; and soon after this was again solicited to abandon his vocation and undertake a mission in England—a solicitation which was now promptly referred to his Superior, and in the event proved an introduction to his career as a missionary in England.

The final temptation to which we allude happened as follows:

“ Among the many establishments which exist for the promotion of Christian piety, and the salvation of souls in Rome, there was one termed the *Opera pia degli Esercizj*. Its object was to assemble together the poorest and most destitute children—to instruct them in their Christian duties, and prepare them for their first communion. It also undertook, at stated times, to gather together poor adults, ignorant or neglectful of religion, and to enable them, in retirement, to go through a regular course of spiritual exercises. A pious Canon, named Muccioli, who was the originator of the good work, used to engage the best disposed of these poor fellows to return on Sundays and festivals to his house and garden, where, after prayer, and the singing of canticles, he provided innocent amusement for them, and thus succeeded in preventing many from relapsing into bad company. There existed, however, a great obstacle to this pious institution working efficiently and permanently for the public good; this was the want of zealous and exemplary Priests, who would, solely for the love of God, and the salvation of souls, gratuitously assist in preaching, administering the Sacraments, &c. Gentili was earnestly solicited to become a volunteer in this good work. He objected at first, that it was incompatible with the obedience he owed his Superior, not to defer a journey already too long delayed; but the request being urged with greater importunity, and deluded by specious pretexts, he gave way, and promised his assistance. To a class of these untutored youths, sixty-four in number, he preached the eternal truths with a zeal and eloquence that was natural to him, and with such effect, that his uncouth auditors were soon excited to sighs and tears of compunction. They reconciled themselves to God in the sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist, and left the retreat apparently sanctified.

This success was calculated to produce an impression more easily imagined than described, on the heart of a Priest, especially young, ardent, and talented, and to attach him strongly to the sacred ministry of the word. No wonder, then, that Gentili became enamoured of his recently assumed office, and that Satan made the most of it to divert him from his design of retiring to the religious solitude of Monte Calvario.

“He now began to imagine seriously that God had destined him to be the life and mainstay of that pious work, wherein was presented to his view a wide field of charity to cultivate by the conversion of obstinate sinners, and the instruction of the most destitute class of society. He moreover opined that this mission was not incompatible with his vocation to the Institute of Charity, since such works of Christian mercy, when there was a divine and human call, should be preferred to others of a more brilliant character in the eyes of the world. The conditional requisite he fancied evident in the result of his first labours, and in the pressing demands of some clergymen connected with the place, that he would continue his services. Besides, if he were to get a community of members belonging to the Institute of Charity, to take charge of this pious establishment, he fancied that, like other religious associations, the Institute would have a permanent residence in the metropolis of the Catholic world, and thereby become more known and esteemed by the Church at large. Nevertheless, being still uncertain whether to go or to remain was conformable to God’s will, he thought proper to remove every doubt by consulting the Cardinal Vicar, and even the Pope himself. Owing to an affectionate esteem for the Abate Rosmini, whose disciple and associate they knew Gentili to be, these high personages soon granted the latter an audience, and both advised him on the subject in question, to inform himself well, beforehand, of the views entertained by the present administrators of the establishment about confiding it to the Institute. He was also recommended not to communicate the matter to Rosmini until the negotiation seemed likely to prove successful.

“Pleased with this reception and advice, to which more importance was attached than was needed, he wrote to Rosmini a somewhat mysteriously worded letter, apologising for his delay by intimating that a very serious affair detained the writer in Rome; and that, owing to the injunction of a superior authority, he could not just now enter more fully into an explanation of the matter. Gentili afterwards went in quest of the Canon Muccioli, and informing him of a recent interview with the Pope and Cardinal, he wished to know exactly what were the Canon’s intentions. The good Priest, on hearing that the enquiry came from such high quarters, expressed himself ready to confide the concern to a religious corporation, of which he himself would willingly become a member, or a guest, in order to spend the last years of his life



in devout peace ; hoping that any opposition on the part of his fellow-directors might be overcome by a gentle solicitation, or the Pope's interference. These statements were repeated by the Canon to the Cardinal Vicar, who sent for Gentili, and gave him to understand that the key of the house had been given up, and that, to conclude the negotiation, it was to be regretted that Rosmini himself was not in Rome, in order that this pious work might be speedily undertaken for the spiritual and material benefit of the poor of so great a city. In fine, he recommended that a detailed account be sent forthwith to Rosmini ; and his Eminence also gave a note of invitation, written with his own hand, to be inserted in Gentili's letter to his Superior.

“ From the first enigmatical letter, the prudent Superior soon inferred that his friend had been caught by a bait of the astute enemy ; wherefore, to meet the imminent peril without delay, he wrote as follows : ‘ I can neither praise nor blame the nature of the business you allude to, as you keep it a mysterious secret to yourself. I may tell you, however, that if you are sincere in giving me the title which I so unworthily bear, viz., of your Father and Superior in Christ, your mysterious obscurity appears strange. I add, that although I do not blame you, the affair must be very weighty to make you defer your departure ; because, at the present time the first and most important of all affairs is to train ourselves. After that, if God pleases, we may be better able to serve our neighbour. An act of charity, or a neighbourly kindness, is all very well when opportune ; but if called by God to enter the religious state, and under pretext of attending to his neighbour, a person says to his Superiors, ‘ At present I do not wish to make my novitiate, but to attend to something else,’ this would be to give up the reality for an appearance of good. For charity's sake, my dear Gentili, let us not be deceived. Write to me instantly.’ ”

“ But when Gentili's letter of the 25th of June unveiled the whole affair, and seeing how really different it was to the imaginings of his inexperienced friend, Rosmini thought it high time to conclude the matter categorically. Wherefore, on the 1st of July, he wrote to the following effect : ‘ Your last letter has caused me great affliction ; I see therein that you are under the control of your imagination. Into how many fallacies and delusions have you not fallen ! However pious the work you aim at, you could not accomplish it, because you were called to train yourself in the Institute of Charity. If your vocation be genuine, this is the good work, which now becomes you. The next is nought else but a distraction, misdirecting you out of your proper sphere. A traveller who stops at every little pathway to discover whither it leads, quits the direct high road to his destination, which, perhaps, he never reaches. If, as was observed before, you are called to the Institute, it is levity, not to say presumption, to allow yourself to be drawn into inopportune undertakings. Did not the Cardinal Vicar himself

grant you leave to depart, when he knew you had received the order? Why then remain? You say, that you felt an inspiration to do so. But I wish you had fewer inspirations and more firmness, and more obedience above all. This following your own whims and fancies, which divert you from what is suggested by your superior and enjoined by your vocation, fills me with pain and apprehension. You ask me to pray God to grant you a little humility, of which you feel the need; and I reply, that I will heartily do so, for it seems to me that you greatly require it. You speak in the tone of a man inspired: surely you must entertain a high opinion of yourself! You even talk heroically, saying that you are resolved to make your pilgrimage on foot, 'sine baculo et sine pera.' My dear friend, I am not contented with mere words; the facts are, that you have not travelled hither; that you have been building castles in the air; and that you have imprudently committed yourself in many things. In your letter, you heap together so many ideas, you bring together so many personages, that I hardly know with which of your indiscretions I must first begin. But let me tell you, that this talking with so many about our affairs, and your acting as my procurator, are not entirely in accordance with the spirit of our Institute, which recommends us rather to be unobtrusive, humble, and contented. You speak of persecutions; how can it be otherwise where there is so much talkativeness and imprudence? You must not imagine that every persecution is for justice's sake. There are persecutions which a man brings on himself by his own folly. It was highly indiscreet of you to ask an audience of the Supreme Pontiff for the solution of doubts, which proceeded from an over-heated imagination, and from a lack of simple Christian docility. Is not the right royal road before you when you are called to the Institute of Charity, and the Superior warns you that the time is come? To wish to turn from it is not the way to reach the goal. The triumphant style in which you apologise for seeking, without my orders, an interview with the Pope, gives me so much displeasure, that I must disown you, if you do not acknowledge your fault and inconsiderate behaviour. What temerity and presumption induced you to negotiate so many things without first requesting to know my opinion? And when you were doubtful, why not write to me immediately and wait for my advice, instead of going to the Pope? Had you done so, how many false steps would you not have avoided? But you feared, perchance, I would give suggestions contrary to your wishes, and hence you desired to get the words of the Pontiff as a shield to protect you while acting in conformity with your own pleasure. But, away with these devices! Let us be actuated by simplicity alone. We want no subtle diplomatist. Our Institute is not benefited by similar manœuvres; nay, it could not exist by such means. The extreme kindness of the Holy Father towards me has induced him

to be affable to you, but I will let him know, if necessary, that I had nothing to do with your proceeding, and that I am grieved you should have abused his benignity, and that, if you do not amend, I shall no longer recognise you as one of our body. Besides, you say, that you several times sought an audience of the Holy Father, since his exaltation to the throne, in order to congratulate with him in the name of our society. But, who gave you the commission? Who made you its ambassador? Your own fanciful notions made you think yourself the representative of a society which you did not even consult, much less give its authorization. How many mistakes have we here? I am ashamed when I think of the pretty credit you procure in Rome to myself and the poor Institute, exhibiting yourself as our general commissary and plenipotentiary envoy. But God's will be done; my sins have, no doubt, deserved it. Let me, however, tell you plainly, that I admit no more excuses, and that I insist upon an acknowledgment of your faults. Moreover, if you have not hitherto deceived me, and if you have a true vocation to the Institute of Charity, I order you to set out on your journey to Domodossola, forthwith, and not on foot, (as it would be tempting God with your frail constitution,) but by coach."

This firm and penetrating letter of his superior had the effect of preserving the postulant in his vocation. No sooner did he receive it, than he saw through the deceit of the Devil and his own self-love. He wrote to his superior immediately, thanking him for his forbearance, and acknowledging his fault, promising, at the same time, that he would lose no time in taking his departure from Rome, which was shortly afterwards happily accomplished.

The memoir now shows us Father Gentili in his novitiate at the Monte Calvario, where, to his surprise, he was made Master of Novices in the Infant Society, and was forced from circumstances to divide his time between the duties of his post, and those of preacher and confessor. Chapter iv., of book ii., gives an animated account of his various labours in the novitiate, which is the more interesting, as it was here that Gentili laid the foundation of that extensive practical experience, which afterwards rendered his labours in England so fruitful in happy results.

The volume proceeds to give a full account of the various negotiations, which ended in the mission of Gentili, with two companions, to reside in the college at Prior Park. Early in May, 1835, Gentili left Roveredo with his companions, on their way to Rome, to beg the blessing

of the Apostolic See upon their mission, which they happily obtained, the Holy Father, as they all knelt before him, saying to them,

“The Lord opens for you a large field to do good therein ; be firm in good principles, and teach sound doctrine”—then raising his hand to bless them, he thus concluded : “ May God bless, help, and prosper you.”

They then left Rome, and proceeded on their journey, arriving in London on the 16th of June.

The impression which the sight of this town, described in so many different ways by the visitors of different nations, deserves notice :

“ We seemed to be really entering,” he wrote in a letter, “ the city of Pluto : black houses, a black sky, black shipping, and black looking sailors—filthy to an extreme degree—the waters of the Thames were tinged with a colour between black and yellow, and emitted a stench highly offensive ; on land, there prevailed a confused noise, with horses, carriages, and men of every condition running and crossing each others’ path—in fine, to make a long story short, here the devil is seen enthroned, exercising his tyrannical sway over wretched mortals.”

This impression of England does not appear to have been improved by a further acquaintance, for we find Father Gentili afterwards describing his missionary life in Leicestershire, in the following terms :

“ Here I am, among heretics ; alas ! what a humiliation it is for a son of Holy Church to behold his mother here in the most deplorable slavery ! What errors, vices, miseries, and folly prevail ! Who will give tears sufficient to my eyes to weep over such a desolate state of things ? God’s judgments are inscrutable ; but it appears a divine malediction has fallen upon this land. It is a chaos, where ‘ nullus ordo, sed sempiternus horror inhabitat.’ Even nature seems to concur in reducing it to this condition ; for the country, generally speaking, presents nothing to view but hay and oak trees. The atmosphere is almost always cloudy, and whenever it shows itself serene, it appears with a leaden coloured veil, which weighs down one’s spirits. O where are those evenings and days of another clime—when at morn, or at noontide, I could raise my eyes towards the sun’s brilliant beams, and at night, to the starry vault of Italy’s azure sky, and feel at the same time, my soul, of the world unmindful, wholly absorpt in God ! Where, in fine, amid the warbling of nightingales, I used to raise my voice in psalms and canticles,

in behalf of my own necessities, and the Church's wants, to the Creator's eternal throne? Here, on the contrary, a flock of garrulous crows continually stunning my ears, render my abode still more dismal."

Such were our missionary's impressions of a country, whose own inhabitants regard it as the favoured and choice spot of the earth, and its people as specially blessed, by their enjoying the pure light of the Bible, and the Divine Revelation unadulterated by human traditions.

We must pass over Gentili's career at Prior Park, where, against his own inclination, he was made superior of the college, by the Bishop, the account of which is full of interest, and must also omit his various labours in different parts of the diocese, in order to follow him again to Italy, whither he returned in 1839, to take his vows as Presbyter of the Institute. This was happily accomplished on the 22nd of August, in a subterranean chapel selected for that purpose near the catacombs of St. Sebastian.

Soon after his admission as a professed member of the Institute, he had to pass through another trial, the account of which we must give at length, in an extract from the work, which is especially interesting, as showing the struggle of mind to which an ardent spirit is so often liable to subject itself, when walking towards perfection in the path of obedience, and the happy victory which the good father gained over himself:

"Before parting, the Father General took Gentili aside, and after tenderly embracing him, gave him to understand that probably he would not have to return with the others to England, but to remain in Italy; and that until further orders, he must take up his abode at Monte Calvario. The superior came to this determination for the three following reasons: In the first place, he wished to relieve from embarrassment Bishop Baines, who seemed averse to the recall of Gentili to Prior Park; and on the other hand, to employ him exclusively in the direction of convents would not prove agreeable to the members of the Institute. In the second place, it was considered that Gentili might be more usefully occupied in charitable works in Italy; or in founding a new mission in England, as certain providential signs indicated as soon likely to happen. Thirdly, it was intended also to afford Father Gentili an occasion of exercising those virtues so becoming a religious man; viz., humility, indifference, and obedience.

"In this state of mind he set sail from Civita Vecchia, and on the 24th of August, landed at Leghorn, where he remained the

following day, which happened to be the fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost, and dedicated to the Sacred Heart of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In the company of his brethren, while visiting the churches of the city, he entered the Armenian temple, wherein a beautiful image of the Queen of Angels happily attracted his attention. Prostrating himself before it, and showing to his dear mother his own afflicted heart, with humble and filial confidence, he begged to remind her, that the present festival in honour of her sacred heart, had been first introduced at Rome, by his own paternal uncle—the pious Abate Marconi, and that in consequence, he hoped to be freed on that day from his many temptations, in order to execute cheerfully in every thing, the will of her Divine Son! Wonderful to relate, he had no sooner finished this devout prayer, than he felt himself profoundly moved to compunction—and a torrent of sweet tears soon flowed from his eyes. Thus his heart he felt had become durably changed; and replete with consolation, he was enabled to thank the Lord, who, after permitting Satan to depress him so frightfully, had at length filled him with such spiritual fortitude and joy, as to render pain and confusion not only tolerable, but desirable even, ‘*usque ad mortem.*’ ”

It proved, shortly afterwards, to be the will of God to recall him to England, where he was sent by his superior to become chaplain to Ambrose Lisle Phillipps, Esq. of Grace Dieu Manor in Leicestershire, where he arrived in safety, and was most cordially received, on the 12th of June, 1840.

- Gentili's career as a missionary among the stocking weavers and colliers of the benighted neighbourhood, where Providence had conducted him, is very vividly and circumstantially described, and is a part of the volume abounding in interest. He has to instruct himself in the habits and feelings of the people, to overcome the instinctive aversion and alienation, with which the Saxon aborigines of an English country parish regard the advances made to them by a foreigner who speaks their language imperfectly, and shows that he does not fully understand their habitual ideas. He has to go on foot from village to village, to bear to be pelted with mud by the boys, to be abused by the parsons and Methodist preachers from their pulpits, to be burnt in effigy. He has, by addressing himself unweariedly to individuals, to gather together his little congregation, and all the while, alone and single-handed, to withstand a violent opposition from a multiplicity of quarters. But what is there that can daunt a zeal bent upon serving God, and, strengthened by the firm conviction



that God calls to the work, what can discourage a heart that is fixed by divine charity upon the procuring the salvation of souls, by bringing them to the communion of the Church? It was in the labours of this mission, as Gentili himself acknowledged, that he gained that intimate knowledge of the actions, thoughts, and ways of life of the labouring poor of England, among whom he was to soon spend the remaining years of his life as an itinerant missionary.

Various were Father Gentili's personal adventures as a missionary at Grace Dieu, which are all told in a very pleasing and natural manner; and at the end of two years, his success was such, that he was removed to Loughborough, to take charge of the mission that had been formed there some years ago, the bishop having placed the mission-house at the disposal of the Institute. Here Father Gentili remained engaged in parochial duties, and in giving retreats, until he was formally appointed to the office of itinerant missionary, in the year 1845.

But it is time we should relate one more instance, which forms as honourable a testimony to the firmness and wisdom of the superior, as it shows the real goodness of Father Gentili, and how much his ardent spirit owed to the wise and judicious direction, to which he received the grace to submit himself:

“The case happened thus. The superior of the Institute in England, the Rev. Father Pagani, with the sanction of the Bishop, had undertaken to provide for a very important mission in Birmingham, and all that remained to be done was to send the appointed labourers from Loughborough.

“But apprehensive that this undertaking might check the work of extraordinary missions, which he deemed of paramount importance, not to mention his other fears, and deceived by the appearances of a greater good, Father Gentili so warmly opposed the Birmingham negotiation, that it miscarried, much to the displeasure of his superiors, and not a little also to their discredit. To justify his own conduct in this affair, he wrote a long letter to the Father General. This wise superior, who soon perceived his correspondent's mistake, pointed it out to him in a reply of which we give the version entire:

“‘I have received your letter of the 3rd April, (1844) in which, for the discharge of your conscience, you apprise me of what you have said and done relative to the missionary affair at Birmingham, in order that I may give you a due penitential reprimand, in case I find you faulty. Ah, my dear friend, to my great grief and infinite

sorrow, I do find fault with you indeed. The substance of your letter is this, that, for the good of the Institute in England, you have managed to defeat the completed plan of a work already arranged by your superior. Now, pray tell me, do you perchance admit the principle, that subordinates may bring about the failure of their superior's regularly concerted operations, when they opine them to be injurious to the society to which they belong? If you reflect on this principle, you must see that it contains the destruction of religious obedience—the only basis of true virtue, and without which holiness becomes illusory and ungodly, and there can be no well-grounded hope that the Lord will prosper the Institute. Now, tell me, have you not acted according to this destructive principle? How could your conscience suggest such a war against the work of your superior? You say (perhaps) to save the Institute from a threatened misfortune. Had you the authority? Were you charged therewith by a legitimate commission from God? Why did you not hold firmly the principle of faith, that he who obeys does not err, and that he who submits, without leaving his own sphere, is assured of God's assistance? Does not the Holy Ghost say, *vir obediens loquetur victorias*? How much greater good would you not have done the Institute, by placing trust in obedience—a virtue so dear to the Lord, and by steadfastly believing that in this way God would not fail to reward you, and bless the Institute, and draw good out of evil, even supposing the superior had made a mistake. How deplorable, then, is the illusion! But herein does not consist the whole of your guilt. To succeed in what was not your business, not satisfied with openly thwarting your superior's judgment, you resort to blameworthy means for succeeding in your intent, disapproving of what your superior had concluded with respectable parties, diminishing thereby his credit and authority, and, while worthy of much esteem, making him appear to be a man of little prudence! Oh God! Who would have thought that to such a degree Satan could have deluded you, '*sub specie boni*'? I greatly deplore the real injury you have done to the Institute by this bad example; and I grieve that you have become the instrument of discord, while you ought to have been the centre of union, the model of perfect obedience, and the cement of fraternal charity. Ah! my dear brother, open your eyes to the imprudence committed, and to the violation of the virtue and spirit of your vow. Ask, therefore, pardon of God, and promise Him a true amendment. I desire you not to appear holy in the eyes of man, as this often imperils a man's eternal salvation; but rather to be truly a saint in the sight of God. Withal, you will never attain to holiness, if you do not make it consist in a total abnegation of your own judgment, and in a perfect obedience to your superiors. Do then, my dear friend, afford me the consolation of seeing you re-enter yourself, and draw profit from my words, which are a warning which God sends you, through my unworthy medium.

Promise me in writing that you will never fall again into errors of a similar nature, that you will do nothing more unknown to, or against the will of your superiors, and that, to carry out your own views, you will not rely for support on the influence of others out of the Institute. In fine, write to me in such a manner as to prove that your error, though serious and imprudent, was accidental and transitory. Renounce for ever your own will to follow that of God ; then shall I bless the Lord for having enlightened you, and entertain the hope of you being a worthy son of the Institute, which has for its foundation obedience, “*usque ad mortem, mortem autem crucis.*”

The remainder of this interesting memoir contains a circumstantial account of the different missions—the success of which is too well known that we should now need to refer to them—on which Father Gentili, with his colleague, Father Furlong, were engaged, up to the time of the death of Father Gentili in Dublin, on the 26th of September, 1848, who fell a victim to that divine charity which had been the rule of his life in the Institute which bears that highly favoured name.

To those who love to trace the designs of a wise and merciful Providence interposing in the events that happen in this world, there is afforded matter for reverent and thoughtful contemplation, in considering why it should have pleased God to take Father Gentili away, with such apparent suddenness, from the scene of his labours, in which he seemed to be accomplishing so useful and even necessary a work in the revival of faith and the reformation of morals in the Church of both kingdoms. He was in the height of carrying on a great work, and for a time this seemed to be stopped by his death.

Yet, doubtless, this has been a wise and merciful dispensation, even though we were to remain completely at fault in trying to trace wherein the mercy and wisdom of the dispensation could be said to consist. The subject affords scope for consideration, and we ourselves will venture to hope, that the dispensation took place in order that it might be with this holy Father as it was with the Israelite champion of old, with whom those whom he slew at his death were more than those whom he slew in his life ; viz. that the holy missionary who fell with his weapons in hand, and in his spiritual armour, on the field of battle, the victim of divine charity, will win more souls to God by his death alone, than he would have done by his life.

“Skin for skin,” answered Satan, “and all that a man has will he give for his life.” “Yet the Good Shepherd giveth His *life* for the sheep.” These are the credentials of the Catholic missionary, “Oves occisionis sumus.” What are a few years more or less to us in this world, compared with the question of discharging our duties in it? If the people of England are to be won to the faith, morals, and discipline of the Catholic religion, they are to be won by those who come to them, superior to the question of life or death. If the Catholic missionary is not superior to this consideration, he is not equal to the exigences of his position, for any moment may call him to the bedside of a fellow creature dying of a contagious disease, which he himself might take, and die in less than a week.

In Father Gentili’s death we have this principle of our faith and practice clearly avowed, and placed in open day; that rare talents, high natural gifts, choice abilities, the uncommon qualifications of the orator, the theologian, the casuist, and the able and enlightened director, qualifications uncommon, each by themselves individually, and still more uncommon in combination, are yet no ground of exemption from the chances of the battle-field. We do not say, here are rare qualities found in combination, here is a choice subject, fitted for special purposes, he must be nursed and sparingly used, lest a mischance befall him, no; he must go to his post, and there take his stand on the field of battle, and, if it please God, die as becomes a soldier, with his arms in his hand. What can be more simple?

In this point how instructive is the contrast of Father Gentili’s death as a Catholic missionary, being, in this respect, but a specimen of what his brethren engaged in the same labours are also, with the lives and labours of the clergy of the Established Church, and the sectarian preachers as a body. With them the last thing to which they expect their religion to introduce them, is the necessity of preparing to run the risk of death; and although there have been honourable exceptions, still whenever anything happens to bring them in contact with duties involving risk of life, either the duties are neglected, or like officers who sell their commissions the moment they hear of their regiment being ordered upon dangerous service, the persons in question absent themselves from their post,

and seek safety for themselves and families in flight. The Catholic missionary stays at his post, and if it is God's will, dies *there*. Less than this could not be expected from a divine religion. "The hireling, because he is a hireling, seeth the wolf coming, and betakes himself to flight, because he careth not for the sheep." "The Good Shepherd layeth down His life for the sheep."

In another point of view also, we venture to anticipate much excellent fruit from the memoir before us. Father Gentili's life, as we have sought to show by the extracts we have given, is a signal example how much may be owed, in the path of spiritual advancement, to the wise training and government of superiors in religion; in this respect the memoir abounds in instruction, both to superiors and their subjects, and may, with the blessing of God, exercise a most beneficial influence in deciding future vocations to the religious life.

Lastly, with regard to the characteristic features of Dr. Gentili's career as a missionary in England, it is quite in place to point attention to the plain and obvious fact, which, in our opinion, speaks so much for the good sound sense, and plain enlightened wisdom of this holy Father. He was an Italian, of an ardent temperament, of refined tastes, of naturally delicate perceptions. If ever there was a person by nature disinclined to sympathise with the qualities of the Saxon mind, Father Gentili was this person. If there ever was a person of whom it might naturally have been expected that he would have come among us, hopelessly in love with a type of religious worship, and incurably prepossessed with an order of religious ideas, imbibed under the influence of the eager mind, and the more genial climate of his own beloved Italy, Gentili again was that person. Behold, then, this ardent admirer of Italy at his missionary labours; at Grace Dieu see him, going from cottage to cottage, studying, yes, deeply, profoundly studying, the nature of the people he had been sent to instruct, acquainting himself with their traditions, learning their ways of thought, their interests, their very foibles and failings, all to discover where an access might be found to implant, if not a Catholic doctrine, at least a desire to learn what Catholic doctrine might be.

But it is time to take leave of this interesting and most instructive memoir, and in taking our leave we again

ferverently repeat our desire and hope, that the numbers of those estranged from God and their salvation, whom this victim of charity will gain by his death, may far exceed in number those whom he gained by his holy and self-denying life.

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ART. III.—1. *Jesus the Son of Mary*; or, the Doctrine of the Catholic Church upon the Incarnation of God the Son, considered in its bearings upon the reverence shewn by Catholics to his Blessed Mother. By Rev. JOHN BRANDE MORRIS, M.A., 2 vols. 8vo. London: Toovey, 1851.

2.—*Lettres Catholiques sur l'Evangile. Catholic Letters on the Gospel.* By the ABBE MASSIOT. Paris: Dentu, 1851.

WHEN, some numbers back, we treated first of the Parables,\* and then of the Miracles, of the New Testament, † and showed how they could only receive their obvious explanation, as instructions, through the Catholic system, we felt that the same principle was applicable to all that our Redeemer said or did to make us wise unto salvation. To suppose that the less direct teaching of the Gospel belonged exclusively to the Spouse, and that the more immediate announcement of religious truth was common property to her and to her rivals, would indeed be an anomaly of reasoning, whereof we should be sorry to have any one suspect us. The miracle was for the unbelieving multitude; the parable was for the heartless priest and scribe; for friends and dear ones were the ordinary and domestic actions of Christ's earthly life; for apostles and disciples were His words of eternal life, the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. The Church that alone can claim succession, in ministry, in truth, in grace, and even in history, from these, must alone be entitled to appropriate to herself what was done and said for *them*. Others may

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\* Vol. xxvii.

† Vol. xxvii.



stand in the skirts of the crowd, and listen; some may even penetrate into the inner circle that stands about Jesus, to interrogate, being doctors of the law, or to tempt, being pharisees. And if, like those who were sent to apprehend Him, but remained to listen to Him, they attend with sincerity, to His doctrines in parables and in mighty works, they will find them directed, as we have before seen, to force them into communion with, and submission to, the one holy and apostolic Church, in which alone His teaching ends, which alone His miracles illustrate.

But when the day's labour is closed, and no Nicodemus comes by night, to prolong it, before our heavenly Teacher retires to the mountain-top, or to His humble chamber, to pass the hours of repose in *His* rest, "the prayer of God," we see Him seated in the company of the few, of the faithful, and the loving; the Shepherd of the little flock, the Father of a slender household, partaking with them of their homely fare, and sharing with them in their untutored conversation. That His speeches to the multitude and to the priests were clothed in noble and elegant language, no one can doubt. The people admired not only the wisdom, but the grace, which flowed from His lips; \* the learned, like Nicodemus, conversed with Him respectfully; † and all wondered at the gifts, ordinarily of education, spontaneously springing from the mind of a reputed carpenter's son. ‡ But without repassing the ground trodden over in the first of the articles referred to, we will content ourselves with saying, that had the language or accent of our Saviour betrayed any symptoms of Galilean rudeness, the ridicule which might have been cast upon it would have been too keen and too useful a weapon, to have been refused by his unprincipled foes. The Jewish writers are unsparingly severe upon it. But when we come to contemplate our B. Redeemer retired from the crowd into the society of His disciples and familiar friends, we cannot but see Him descend into the familiar dialect of His own country; as senators in Venice, or nobles in Provence, would do when in the bosoms of their families. With Peter, whose speech in the priests' hall made him known for a Galilean, § he would converse in those homely phrases, and with those local tones, which formed the language of the more favoured

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\* Luke iv. 22.

† John iii. 2.

‡ Matt. xiii. 56.

§ Matt. xxvi. 43.

cottage, as of the surrounding dwellings, of Nazareth, and which He condescended to lisp in infancy, as if caught from the sweet lips of His humble Mother. For affectation must be removed, as much as coarseness, from our estimate of His character who chose to be poor among the poor.

And thus also we come to contemplate the frugal meal at which this heavenly conversation was held, as corresponding in its outer form and features. Rude furniture in an unadorned chamber, rough-hewn tables and stools, the wooden platter, and the earthenware beaker, are the preparation for a repast, of which the bread is not from Aser,\* nor the wine from Engaddi. Yet what a banquet! Here it is that the parable is explained, and the want of faith censured; that contentions for precedence are checked, and deep lessons of charity and humility are taught; that, in fine, the mysteries of revelation are disclosed, and the gospel seed is dropped into warm and panting hearts.

Surely then, if the Church can claim the more mysterious teaching of adverse or curious crowds, as all directed for her improvement, she must have as fair a right to appropriate to herself that more intimate and direct instruction, which was addressed to those, whom she alone represents, and succeeds, on earth. And such is the teaching by actions and by words. To the first we shall confine ourselves in this paper, reserving the second to a future opportunity.

But though we have drawn a faint outline of our Lord's dealings with His Apostles and friends, by way of describing the scenes of familiar life in which we may find instruction, in so doing we have kept before us an ulterior view.

I. In fact, if "Christian" signifies a follower and disciple of Christ, one who looks up to his Master's example as a perfect model, there must, and will, be among those who bear that name, many that will gladly copy whatever He has been pleased to do. To all, this may not be given, any more than it is granted them to resemble Him in His ministry, or in His sufferings, or in His more spiritual prerogatives. But as His type is not to be found reproduced in any one of His disciples, as John came nearest to Him

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\* Gen. xlix. 20.

in love, Peter in elevation and headship, Paul in eloquence, James in prayer, Andrew in death ; and as in later times His sacramental grace lives in His priesthood, His patience in His martyrs, His union of soul with God in His holy virgins ; so may we expect to find in some class of His chosen imitators this love and choice of poverty, this denudation of worldly comfort, and neglect of bodily ease. Our B. Redeemer is indeed a fount of burning light, the very sun of the spiritual firmament in His Church ; and the rays that are concentrated, with dazzling intensity in Him, diverge and are scattered over earth as they descend ; and one is reflected back from one soul, and another from another, reproducing jointly the image of Himself ; but each one brightly rendering back only one, though absorbing many more. Now if one of the virtues of our Lord was contempt of earthly things, and love necessarily of abjection, it must yet be reflected upon earth somewhere in His Church ; and if this virtue be found only in one among contending parties, it surely will form a moral note, a seal of Christ not to be mistaken.

We imagined, for instance, just now, this heavenly teacher joining His disciples in their temperate repast, entertaining them meanwhile with that word, on which man lives, no less than upon bread.\* Now let us descend eleven hundred years in time, and travel from Palestine to a more westerly region. There is a cleft in a mountain's side, down which, though most precipitous, and seemingly carved out by an ancient torrent, rarely a drop of water flows, into whose dismal avenue no songster of the grove is known to penetrate. Patched against the side of this gloomy glen, and rooted in its grey crags, is a dwelling, half built, half excavated, which, at the period alluded to, had just been constructed. The inmates are at meat. Just enter in. Their refectory is low, dark, and damp, for one part of it has its walls of rock. All else is in admirable keeping : the tables and forms are scarcely less rugged. And what is on the former does not fall much behind. A few herbs from the impracticable garden, seasoned poorly, bread of the coarsest, and drink of the sourest, form the provision. At this are seated young men and old, all simply clad, of grave aspect and modest demeanour. One alone is not engaged as the rest. He is seated

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\* Matt. iv. 4.

apart, and reads to them that eat. Let us listen to his words, which seem to rivet the attention of all, and give a dainty relish to their homely food. Is it from the "Romaunt of the Rose" that he is reading? Is he reciting scraps of minstrelsy, that tell of chivalrous deeds, or of some high-born dame on her ambling palfry, escorted by a gallant knight? Something of the sort, forsooth; but sweeter, Oh! by far! From the Book of books he is reading, how in cold winter a gentle maiden rode from Nazareth to Bethlehem upon an ass, attended by a poor carpenter; and at her journey's end, lodged in a stable. At this simple tale, behold, he who presides puts away his frugal platter, and rises from his hard seat, trembling with emotion, his eyes glistening with tears, his hands clasped convulsively. What has caused this sudden outburst of grief? Why, he seems to himself a base poltroon, a dainty, delicate fellow, lodged gloriously, clothed luxuriously, fed sumptuously, the very rich glutton of the Gospel, when he compares himself with her, who, delicate, and pure as the lily bending over the snow-drop, adores the heavenly Infant who has come, in that hour, to share her cold and poverty. And so he crouches down in shame and humility on the clay-pavement of his refectory, and in a low wailing, broken with sobs, exclaims: "Woe is me! The Mother of my God seated on the ground, and I comfortably placed at table! My infant Saviour poor and destitute, and I enjoying an abundant meal!"

Now to the scripture read, this was then a commentary, and it must be allowed a practical one. It said, more plainly than the neatest print of modern fount could convey it, that if Jesus Christ chose poverty and discomfort for Himself and those whom He best loved, He cannot but be pleased with those who, out of dear love of Him, choose a similar state. It goes on to say, that even when we have done our best to copy, the divine original stands far above us, and beyond our reach, and there is room left for humility at seeing our distance. And so the holy St. Francis, one of whose many beautiful actions we have been narrating, as well as many of his companions, had been rich, but had become poor, nay, wretchedly poor, and mortified, and neglectful of self, and all for God's sake. Yes, though in a cavern, clad in a single tunic, girt with a cord, and feeding on commonest fare, he saw enough to make him weep, in the greater abasement of God made man.

A proud supercilious age will no doubt tell us, that St. Francis did not rightly read the Gospel. Was he wrong, then, in understanding from it, that our Saviour loved and chose poverty? Or was he wrong in believing it good to love and choose what *He* loved and chose? If the meal which we have described is not to be considered as approaching to the character and spirit of the repast enjoyed by the apostolic college, with their divine Head, then we will agree to go elsewhere to look for a parallel. Whither shall we go? To the workhouse, with its inflexible dietary? Or to the hospital, like St. Cross, with its stinted fare? But it is the voluntary imitation of the divine example, in the Church, that we are seeking; and not the compulsory fasts inflicted on others by the State or the Church. Perhaps when churchmen meet in hall—the nearest approach to the monastic refectory—for example, in one of our universities, may be expected the closest adaptation of necessary refection to the evangelical standard. On a fast-day, particularly of the Establishment's appointment, we may hope to see how well it reads the gospel injunctions. Beneath the well-carved, lofty roof-tree, beside the emblazoned oriel, amidst the portraits of the great and rich men, who have sanctified the hall before then, around tables well furnished—we will say no more—sit the ministers of a dispensation, which if it be of invisible and spiritual goods, neglects not the ponderable and the perceptible. Perhaps, after the duties of the hour are over, one of them will wipe his mouth, and proceed to evening lecture in the pulpit, there to assure his hearers that, among the superstitions of popery is that of embracing a life of poverty and abjection, voluntarily suffering privations, subjecting the body by austerity: all which comes of not studying the scriptures; as neither the example of our Lord, nor the writings of Paul, give the least warranty for such unnatural conduct. And he will instance, as proof, the grovelling Francis, who quite lost sight of his Saviour, by going on the path of poverty.

In the life of St. Gregory the Great, we read that he daily entertained, and served, at table twelve poor men, in honour of the twelve apostles; and that one day a thirteenth unbidden guest sat with them. “And none of them that were at meat durst ask Him: Who art Thou?”

knowing that it was the Lord.”\* Now were it to please that same divine Being to visit thus, in visible form, the haunts of men, and seat Himself at table, where most congenial to His meek heart; we are simple enough to believe that He would be more naturally to be expected in that very refectory of St. Francis’s *Carceri*, yet existing in that cloven Appennine, near Asisi, where the same poverty and frugality are still practised, than in the midst of a clerical party, in the combination room of any University college.

It may perhaps be said, that our parallel is unfair. But we are driven to it, by the absence from the “pure and apostolic branch of the Church established in this country” of anything more likely, *a priori*, to bear analogy with our Saviour’s repasts among His apostles. And we cannot forbear remarking, how, in every Catholic community, the presence of Christ instructing His disciples, at their common table, is imitated by the reading of scripture during meals; a practice, we believe, confined to our “unscriptural” and “scripture-hating” Church.

But our main purpose hitherto has been to show, how this maligned, but only faithful Spouse, has alone read her Lord’s poverty as a practical lesson, has artlessly believed that it was not a chance but a choice, has unaffectedly deemed it a virtue, has found it a key to many otherwise locked-up treasures, a way rugged and steep over Calvary to Thabor. And this poverty of Christ, our Saviour, may be well put at the head of his actions, as ruling, modifying, and colouring them all, from His cradle to His cross.

It is not, of course, our intention, or we might properly say, our presumption, to go over even the principal actions of that life. We will only cull out a few, and we must premise that our selection will not be systematic; only we shall begin with the beginning, and choose classes or groups of actions, in preference to single acts. In the early period of the divine life on earth, we have necessarily to contemplate the influence which it had upon another person, inferior indeed by far, but nearer to Him of whom we speak than any other created being. A Catholic at once understands us to mean His Blessed Mother.

II. Now it has appeared to us, when contemplating the early scenes of the gospel history, that her place has been

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\* Jo. xxi. 12.



far from duly considered, with reference to questions controversially agitated. It is true that the Catholic attaches importance to all recorded concerning her in the gospel; and finds there proofs incontestable of her virtue, her dignity, her privileges, and her influence, or rather power. The protestant is, on the contrary, prone to depress, to extenuate, to disattach importance from, all that relates to her; nay, he seeks to overlook it all, as merely secondary, casual, and almost dangerous. Now it is surely important, and it can hardly fail to be interesting, to ascertain what place is appointed to her by the Word, and the Spirit, of God, in the twofold economy, of faith, and of grace. In the earlier part of gospel history we must look for our answer.

1. We shall perhaps a little weary our readers by the course of remarks through which we must beg to lead them. They will contain nothing new, and nothing very brilliant.

It is clear that the historical books of the New Testament present a twofold aspect, as trust-worthy, and as inspired, compositions. Their writers used every human industry and pains, to record what they believed and knew to be true; and the Divine Spirit superintended, guided, secured from smallest error, and sealed the work which Himself had suggested to the writer's mind. There were two excellent reasons, among others, for this mode of dealing. First, those books had to go forth and be examined by men who were unbelievers, and before whom their authors came merely as honest, accurate, and credible historians. They were to be received by Pagan and Jew, and later, by sceptic and sophist, antecedently to any recognition of their inspiration. They were to be submitted to all the tests of human ingenuity, and even malice; put on the rack; compared with every other sort of document; tried by geography, physics, history, morals; examined by every possible light, heathen, rabbinical, Gnostic, Jewish; tortured philologically in every member of every sentence. Then the character of each writer was to be investigated; when he lived and where; what were his means of knowing; what his right to speak; what his language, his dialect, his idioms, his peculiar turn of thought; what his object and purpose, and what his mode of attaining it; what his interest, his gain, his loss, his chances. In fact, men who were called upon to give up everything that human nature hugs, and evil passions stick to, on

the strength of certain most extraordinary facts related by what seemed very ordinary people, were not likely to do so upon a claim of inspiration, but would search into the evidence of the facts, through the credibility of their vouchers, with the sharp scrutiny of a repugnant mind. Now this inquiry must be exercised on the varied elements of a human truth. The earthly author must appear, if not in his infirmities, at least in his peculiarities, to lend a grasp to the eager searcher. Where there are no veins, no grain, no colour, no separable ingredients, no penetrable point, investigation is hopeless. Hence every defender of the Gospels, from the beginning of the Church till now, has laid hold of those coincidences with, or approximations to, other writers, which proved humanly the perfect veracity of the inspired writers ; and even minute research has been employed, to discover apparently trifling corroborations of particular statements. Let the reader but look at the first sentence of Dr. Lardner's "Credibility," and he will see how an able Protestant vindicator of the New Testament undertakes what we have described. The same course is pursued by Catholics, enforcing the credibility of the gospel history against unbelievers.\*

A second reason for this economy is that of its becomingness. The gift of inspiration could not be supposed to be bestowed on negligent or careless writers. We cannot well imagine a consciousness of inspiration (we do not speak of vision or revelation) in one who had witnessed facts, superseding all care or effort, accurately to remember what he had witnessed. He did his best to render himself worthy of the marvellous gift, by his own thoughtful and diligent application to the task. He wrote as conscientiously, and with as anxious a desire to give the truth, as though he had no guarantee against error.

The result is, consequently, as we have remarked, a double aspect under which the evangelical records present themselves. First, they will bear the strictest scrutiny as histories, antecedent to all proof of revelation ; so as to compel the acknowledgment of the facts contained in them—facts which form the basis of christianity. And this secures moral certainty to one previously an unbe-

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\* Every course of theology will show this. E. g. Perrone, tom. i. cap. iv. pr. i. : tom. ix. par. ii. sect. i. c. i. pr. iii., where the usual arguments for credibility are brought forward.

liever. Secondly, they have on them the sacred and divine stamp of inspiration, of which no sufficient evidence can exist out of the Catholic Church ; and this furnishes them with supernatural authority, making them be believed no longer with a human, but with a divine, faith. The one makes them credible, the other infallible ; the one true, the other certain.

But the surest proof that the first character pervades the gospel history is, the appeal made by the writers themselves to the usual grounds of credibility. These are of two classes. St. John claims the rights of the first,—that of an eye and ear-witness. “ That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life ; (for the Life was manifested, and we have seen, and do bear witness, and declare unto you the Life eternal, which was with the Father, and hath appeared to us,) that which we have seen and have heard, we declare unto you.” \* Again, of the mysterious flow of blood and water from Christ’s side. “ And he that saw it hath given testimony ; and his testimony is true.” † And at the close of his gospel : “ This is the disciple that giveth testimony of these things, and hath written these things.” ‡ St. Luke contents himself with being evidence of the second class, as the accurate recorder of events carefully collected from first witnesses. “ Forasmuch as many have taken in hand, to set forth in order a narration of the things which have been accomplished among us, according as they have delivered them unto us, who from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the word ; it seemed good to me also, having diligently attained to all things from the beginning, to write to thee in order, most excellent Theophilus.” §

And, in fact, if we diligently peruse the Gospels, we shall perhaps be surprised to find, how few events are recorded, of which the knowledge could not have come from human testimony. The prayer in the garden, which was unwitnessed by man, and the first moments of the Resurrection, perhaps form the only exceptions ; but they can, and may, be supposed to have been communicated by Him, whose testimony infinitely transcends that of man.

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\* 1 John i. 1.

† John xix. 33.

‡ John xxi. 24.

§ Luke i. 1-3.

We may seem to have made a long digression, or to have taken a circuitous path to our purpose. It is indeed so. But we have gained these two points: first, that the chain of evidence, whereby the great christian system is mainly sustained, must be unexceptionable as to strength, decision, and completeness, without a flaw or imperfection; and secondly, that the divine inspiration confirms and sanctions the solidity and fitness of every link. Hence arises the high position of evangelist in the order of saints. St. John is styled "the Evangelist," in preference to "the Apostle," because the first title is a distinctive beyond the second. And no small portion of the Apostles' glory consists in their having been chosen witnesses of our Blessed Lord's actions, to manifest them to the world; whence St. Paul hesitates not to say, that we are of God's household, because we are "built upon the foundation" (that is, the testimony) "of the Apostles and prophets."\*

But whatever may have been the importance of the facts or events to which they were called to be witnesses, there was one of more importance than them all, one which is the very ground-work of the christian dispensation, without the certainty of which the entire system falls to pieces. This is the mystery of the Incarnation, as accomplished upon earth. To this God willed that there should be only one witness; of all its holiest details one sole evidence. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may stand,"† except the Word of words, the Incarnate Word. This must stand attested to the world for ever by only one witness,—and that was Mary the ever blessed. Who could tell that Gabriel came from heaven, and brought her, from the Eternal Father, message? Who, that she was alarmed at his greeting? Who, that she hesitated to accept the proposed prerogative of a divine maternity at its imagined price? Who, that he manifested the fulness of the gift, and the miraculous agency by which it had to be accomplished? Who, her virginal consent, and its concurrent effect, the Mystery of life, the Emanuel in existence, a God-man in being? Only she, the chosen, exclusive partaker, on earth, of the most hidden counsels of the Almighty.

Now, first, take away her contribution to the gospel testimony, efface her testimony to christianity, and you find

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\* Ephes. ii. 20.

† Matt. xviii. 16.

not simply a link broken, but the very fastening of the whole chain wanting; not merely a gap, or a break, made in the structure, but the foundation gone. In the laws of belief on testimony, what elsewhere appears unnatural is true. If you want to make a structure look unsafe, you represent it as a pyramid resting on its point. Yet where the number of believers increases at each generation, from the first source of evidence, it is clear, that a diagram representing this fact, and the unity of derivation of the truth believed, would present this very form. Now here the belief in the wonders wrought in the Incarnation, of ages and of the world, rests upon one point of testimony, a unit, a single voice—that of the B. Virgin Mary.

Again we say, cancel her testimony, and what becomes of all other witnesses? Had she not let out the secrets of her breast, or in higher truth, had not God's Spirit moved her, as He moved the Evangelists, not to collect indeed, but to scatter, not to enquire, but to teach; had He not thus made her the Evangelist of the Evangelists, and the Apostle to Apostles; had not that same divine influence, which overcame her first reluctance of purity, prevailed over her second unwillingness, from humility, (of which we shall treat later) and compelled her to speak; the whole tale of love, which fills the holiest of histories, would have wanted, not only its tenderest and most affecting beginning, but the very root from which its loveliness and beauty spring, to circulate through it all. We should have read with wonder the account of miracles most amazing, and discourses most admirable, and virtues most divine; but it would have been difficult for us to separate, in our minds, this narrative from what we attribute to prophets or patriarchs, had not the clear, and most sweet, and consoling record of our Lord's appearance on earth been preserved for us, so as totally to segregate Him from the very highest orders of holiness, and make Him even here "higher than the heavens." And let it be remarked too, that even the principal circumstances of our Saviour's Nativity and early life rest exclusively upon the same evidence. When St. Luke collected his narrative from those who had been witnesses from the beginning, Joseph was long departed, and so were Zachary and Elizabeth, as well as Simeon and Anna. She only who laid up

all that happened in her mother's heart, \* survived, witness of the journey to Bethlehem and of the flight into Egypt, of the angelic messages which accompanied these events, and of the presentation in the temple. Who else had retained in memory the words so admirable, and so important to us, of Elizabeth and of Zachary; above all, that canticle of dearest interest to the Church for ever, her unfailing evening hymn, the *Magnificat*? It is a treasury, the mother's bosom, at once capacious and retentive, in which can be secured words and deeds that have passed from every other mind. And so when, after forty years, the early life of our Redeemer is enquired into, there remains one faithful and most loving witness, to give proof of what ennobled, ratified, and stamped with divine evidence, every action and every word of His after life. Mary alone supplied the testimony to His miraculous conception and birth, and to the fulfilment of the prophecies in her pure virginal being.

But we may go further. So completely had these wonderful occurrences been concealed, so well had "the secret of the King been hidden,"† that when our Lord came before the public, its uncontradicted opinion pronounced Him to be Joseph's son, "being, as it was supposed, the son of Joseph."‡ And the people hesitated not to say in His own very country, "Is not this the carpenter's son? Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren James, and Joseph, and Simon, and Jude; and his sisters are they not all with us?"§ And again they said, "Is not this Jesus the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? How then, saith he, I came down from heaven?"|| Here were valid elements of human evidence, a strong foundation for historical assertion. Had any one gone into the very country and neighbourhood where Jesus had lived, to enquire into His early history, he would have found concurrent testimony that He was "the carpenter's son." The espousals of Mary with him, would have been quoted, as well as their enrolment in Augustus's census. Public repute,—that is, the testimony of thousands, might have been powerfully alleged. And against all its authority what have we to oppose? The simple assertion of Mary. So

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\* Luke ii. 19, 51.

† Tob. xii. 7.

‡ Luke iii. 23.

§ Mat. xiii. 55.

|| Jo. vi. 42.



high, so sacred, so undoubted is her word, that to the Christians of all ages it has sufficed to counterbalance every other source of information. Surely then, her place is the very first in the order of Gospel evidences, and so in the economy of faith.

Let us again consider, what gives her this position. When an apologist, as writers on the evidences are most unbecomingly called, wishes to establish the claims of the evangelists to our credit, antecedent to the proof of inspiration, he justly insists upon what they did and suffered, to demonstrate their sincerity. We are most rightly shown, how every interest was surrendered, every dearest affection sacrificed, prospects, comfort, home, friends, family; how every suffering was incurred, every hardship courted, from the discomfort of an uncertain life, to the extremity of certain death; and who, it is powerfully asked, would act thus without firm conviction, and on behalf of anything but truth? And further appeal is justly made to the wonders which they themselves wrought, and the supernatural gifts which they displayed, in attestation of their truthfulness. Now, all this being most true, let us see how it influences our idea of the character of God's blessed Mother. Long before the three first gospels were written, very long before the last of them was penned, the Apostles had given their testimony, to the whole world, "their sound had gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world." Some of them had even sealed their doctrine with their blood. And there may have been some who, like Thomas in India, or Bartholomew in Armenia, never used the written word, to teach Christianity. And no doubt each of them spoke as a witness of the Resurrection, and other miracles. But they were just as ready to die for the truth of much which they had not seen; for the certainty of the virginal conception of Mary, and the marvels of the Nativity. They indeed had divine internal conviction of all these facts; but they preached them to the heathen and Jewish world, as witnesses. They would claim therefore the same credit and authority, for what they taught on Mary's testimony, as for what they had witnessed with their own eyes. And if any one asked them what motives of credibility they could give for her witnessing, they would indeed neces-

sarily be of a nature totally different from any other. To her were granted no miraculous power, no supernatural gifts. To her was not accorded the rougher evidence of apostolic trial and suffering. No prison, no rack, no sword, save that of grief, is her appointed lot. How could it have been otherwise? She lives in quiet; she dies in peace. What then was the corroboration of *her* testimony, which an apostle would allege? Her spotless innocence, her heroic fortitude, her unfailing sweetness, her peerless holiness; in one word her matchless virtue. But further, her participation in all the evidences of her Son's mission. Every prophecy which He uttered, every heavenly doctrine which He preached, every miracle which He wrought, every grace which He displayed, was witnessing to her, every time He called her His mother. Whatever proved to the world who He was, showed it equally what she was. Every work which demonstrated Him to be the Son of God, proved her irrefragably to be the Mother of God. "Beatus venter qui te portavit, et ubera quæ suxisti,"\* was the natural expression of feeling regarding both. It was a contradiction of reason, and a blasphemy against God, to suppose that she was not worthy of her high dignity, her awful relationship, or rather her appointed office, in the scheme of man's Redemption.

Such was the ground of credibility accorded to her testimony; one superior far to what was given to any of the Apostles. Let us then imagine the "glorious choir" of these holy men, about to spread over the whole earth to preach the Gospel, and collecting together the great facts, which they must proclaim, as the basis of their doctrine, and to which they must bear witness, even by the shedding of their blood. There is as yet no written word of the New Law; and this is therefore the very first source of universal teaching. Each one comes to pour into the common fountain his jealously-guarded store, thence to well forth, and flow unfailingly, as the stream of tradition through the Church—the life-bearing river of the earthly paradise. Some bring less, and some more: while those who have been born after time, into the faith, receive almost with jealousy what into their eager ears, by the more favoured ones, is poured. John and his brother and Peter attest the anticipation of celestial glory on Thabor.

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\* Luke xi. 27.

The first of these alone can recount, while others hang down their heads and blush, what took place on Calvary, and on its rood: and the last bears witness against himself, of his triple denial in the high priest's hall. Nicodemus has a hidden treasure which he brings out, in the mysterious conference that he held with Jesus; and Magdalen may be the only one to tell the history of her forgiveness. But when each one has contributed his all, miracles, and parables, and gracious words, and wisest discourse, and splendid acts, they have but furnished materials for a history of three years of a life of three-and-thirty. Where do the remaining thirty lie hidden? Who holds their annals? Who is the rich treasurer of that golden heap, of blessed words and acts divine? One, only one. Let her be entreated to enrich the world by participation of her recondite knowledge. She comes to pour, into the bright waters that flow from the apostolic fount, the virginal cruse which, Queen of wise virgins, she treasures in her bosom. Yea truly, and the lamp which it feeds cannot be extinguished. A few drops indeed only will she give; for by those thirty years it may be said, that she mainly was intended to profit; they were *her* school of perfection. But every single drop is most precious—is as a peerless and priceless pearl. “*Oleum effusum nomen tuum.*”\* The very name of JESUS, that name of blessing and salvation, she makes known as a divine revelation to her, and with it all the promises of what He should, under it, accomplish, and the proclamation of what, by it, He was declared. While Apostles surrounded Him to witness His wonderful works, while multitudes pressed in admiration to listen to Him, she hung, at times, on the skirt of the crowd, or stood outside the door, the solicitous, because loving, mother. But the maternal heart naturally flies back to the days of infancy, which are there laid up in vivid recollection. The woman will most gladly remember the hour of her purest joy; when she rejoiced that a man was born into the world.† What then, if He was, the “Wonderful, God the Mighty.”‡ And such are the precious, and most soothing manifestations which Mary will make, for the comfort of devout souls, even to the end of the world. She will lay the very groundwork of the evangelical narrative. Whatever

\* Cant. i. 2.

† John xvi. 21.

‡ Is. ix. 6.

gratitude the Church bears towards the collectors and preservers of our first sacred records, is due in signal manner to her. Whatever of credibility, authority, and truthfulness is warranted by Christian belief, to the witnesses of what constitutes the basis of faith, must be peculiarly extended to her. Nor may we doubt the justness of her title in the Church—*REGINA APOSTOLORUM*.

This our obligation is further enhanced by a consideration to which we have alluded, and which has often struck us in reflecting on a passage in the Gospel. May we be allowed to add, that its beauty, as well as its importance, seems to us to have been much overlooked. From Mat. i. 18—24, it is clear that the angel's visit to the B. Virgin was by her completely concealed. This would have seemed almost impossible. It was a subject for the purest, yet intensest, joy ; for an exultation of spirit that would beam forth from every feature, would quiver on the lips, betray itself by involuntary gestures of bliss. Then to be so exalted, and not show consciousness of it ; to be raised above every attainable dignity, to find oneself become the theme of prophecy, the fulfilment of types, the term of the Old Law, the dawn of the new day, the mother of the world's life, in one word, the Mother of God, and not, by look, or word, hint it ; to be as calm, as simple, as natural, the next time she spoke with Joseph, as if nothing had occurred ; this gives us a truer estimate of the beauty and perfection of her character, than almost anything else that is on record. And further, that naturally foreseeing or knowing, as time went on, Joseph's tormenting perplexity, she should have preferred to bear its pain—the most grievous possible to her pure and affectionate heart, to a manifestation of her lofty privileges, and heavenly maternity, proves both a humility without parallel, and a confidence in God's providence worthy of it. But now, is it rash to say, that, if even such strong motives as were here presented did not suffice to overcome her humble modesty, and induce her to manifest her hidden glory, there must have been a reason stronger still, to influence her, when afterwards she gave minute details of Gabriel's interview, and the circumstances of the divine Incarnation ? And this will be supplied by the same power which impelled St. John, in extreme old age, to record his remembrances of our Lord's discourses ; the Holy Spirit's prompting to a work important for our instruction, and so for our salvation.

And now we may ask, is there anything exaggerated, unnatural, or repugnant to God's word, in the view which we have taken of the B. Virgin's place in the economy of faith? We feel sure there is not. We have then only further to ask, is this her position one in accordance with Protestant ideas, or Protestant affections? Would it suit the pulpit or the pen of Anglican or Dissenter, Lutheran or Calvinist? Would it be tolerated even as a speculative thesis in a Protestant university, or be proposed as a theme for devout meditation by a high church director? Take the whole range of heretical feelings towards the Mother of the Incarnate Word, from brutish abhorrence, (we blush to write it,) to formal indifference, and see where her claims will fit in. But to a Catholic such a position is at once natural and acceptable. He greets with joy whatever tends to enhance her merits, or increase her praise. He recognises her as a being placed above his power of adequately doing justice to either. It is gratifying, therefore, and consoling to him to learn, even though it may not have struck him before, that the ever holy Virgin Mother of God holds a high, or the highest, place, in any relation which binds her, on the one side, to the merciful counsels of God, and, on the other, to those for whom they are decreed.

2. And now let us proceed to enquire, what place those early records of our dear Saviour's life assign to His Parent in the order of grace. That she was full of grace when she was chosen by God for that high dignity, we have an angel's word.\* That the inpouring of all grace into the already full vessel, by the incarnation itself, made it overflow, who can doubt? We have only to examine what happened, on the first occasion of proof, to satisfy ourselves of this.

There must have been particular reasons, as we have before suggested, for the selection of any given Gospel history from the abundance withheld; and, therefore, it is no presumption to believe, that one of the most remarkable, and profitable events, succeeding the incarnation, was the visitation of Mary to Elizabeth. Simply read, it is a touching record. The humble condescension of that now sovereign lady towards her aged relative, in travelling into the mountains to congratulate with her, on her miraculous conception, and the lowliness of respect and

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\* Luke i. 28.

veneration with which her greeting was received, and the breaking out from Mary's holy lips, of her first and last recorded canticle and prophecy, render this meeting remarkable in the eyes of the most superficial reader. Catholic meditation will go deeper than this. Gabriel's was the first salutation of Mary, Elizabeth's the second; and in the Church's both are united and fit together, and are rivetted as naturally, as we are told the chains of Peter at Jerusalem and at Rome did, when brought into contact. "Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb!" This might have been all spoken by one, so well do all its parts cohere. And what wonder? An archangel sent from God, and a matron filled with the Holy Ghost, are but different instruments moved by the same breath, and must sound in perfect harmony. And hence Elizabeth is the second, external witness of the incarnation, receiving knowledge of that marvellous mystery from the Spirit of God. What a full and overpowering sense of its grandeur, and of the dignity of Mary, do not her words convey? "Whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? and blessed art thou who hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord."\* Suppose, three months before, it had been announced to Elizabeth that her relation Mary had come to see her, would it have appeared to her anything astonishing? She was the elder by many years, and her husband was a priest of high rank: could it have been thought a wonderful favour, an unexpected condescension, that the young maiden, betrothed to a carpenter, and their relation, should come to pay them both a visit? But Zachary, moreover, had been favoured by an angel's visit, a rare honour in those days, when the direct word of God had become precious, as in the time of Heli.† And let us observe, as we pass, that the respective positions of Zachary and Joseph, in relation to Elizabeth and Mary, are definitely distinguished by the difference of the two annunciations. In the first, the archangel Gabriel appears, and conveys the tidings of a son to the future father; in the second, he brings his message only to the immediate mother. But to return, Elizabeth, too, had been blest by a miraculous gift, of a child in her old age, of a child pre-

\* Vo. 43—45.

† 1 Reg. iii. 1.



described by the greatest of the prophets. In the order of grace therefore, both had been signally ennobled. How much more sublime must the position of the B. Virgin have appeared to them, how much superior her rank, that her coming to them should have been, to their minds, as a royal visit, of which they could not, in any way, consider themselves worthy? Nor must it be forgotten that the expression of these sentiments proceeded not merely from a personal conviction, but from the Holy Spirit, who spake through Elizabeth. The words which she uses are worthy of special note. "Whence is this to me?" In other words, "What have I, or what am I, that such an honour should be conferred upon me? However favoured I may have been myself, however honoured by God's choice, and God's blessing, the distance between me and thee is so immense, that I cannot account for this act of kindness." Then how does she describe it? "That the mother of my Lord should come to me?" She was indeed the mother of the Precursor; Mary, of her, and his, Lord. Her son was to close the Old Testament, (for "until John was the law,"\*) Mary's was to give and ratify the New; John was to be the sealer of prophecy, Jesus its fulfilment; John was the herald, Jesus the King. But the words "my Lord" recall to our minds a similar expression, where the two ideas of the Messiahship and the Godhead are united. "The Lord said to *my Lord*," as spoken by David, and explained in this sense by Christ Himself:† "*My Lord* and my God," as similarly applied by St. Thomas.‡ Elizabeth, then, the woman "just before God, walking in all the commandments and justifications of the Lord without blame;"§ Elizabeth, the mother of the "greatest who rose born of woman,"|| given to her miraculously; Elizabeth, in fine, the inspired of the Holy Ghost, here assigns to Mary a place immeasurably superior to her own: in virtue of her prerogative as the mother of the incarnate Word, the Saviour of the world, the only begotten of God the Father.

We may pause to ask with whose belief about the B. Virgin does this feeling of Elizabeth agree—with that of Catholics or with that of Protestants? The latter, as we

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\* Luke xvi. 16.    + Ps. cix. 1.    Luke xx. 42.    † Jo. xx. 28.

§ Luke i. 6.    || Mat. xi. 11.

are told in a most important work just published,\* consider her as “a good woman,” perhaps a holy one. But with the exception of a few more ultra high-churchmen, none are prepared to exalt her so completely, by right of her prerogative, above every other order of sanctity, even that which the word of God has pronounced “without blame.” In the Catholic system, on the contrary, no one will deny, that this superiority is not a matter of opinion, but one of universal belief; not a sentiment, but a doctrine. And it is assigned on the same ground as it is by Elizabeth, the incommunicable privilege of the divine maternity.

But all that we have said goes no further than allotting to the B. Virgin the highest place in the order of grace; whereas we have to enquire what is her relation to the economy, or dispensation of grace. For we have remarked, that the Visitation is a fair test of this. If any Catholic sentiment, respecting her, give particular offence to the Protestant mind, it is one which forms the basis of confidence in our devotion towards her: that it pleases God to make her the channel of great spiritual graces. In reality, there is nothing very unnatural in the idea, when one considers that it pleased Him to give, through her, to the world, the Grace of graces, the very Fountain of every good gift. While the ordinary laws of nature were so over-ruled, as that she alone should have a part in this god-like work, they were so preserved, as that her share should be real and complete. She was the only being ever created, from whom God at any time received or took anything. And it was that humanity thus derived in truth from her,† that, united with the divinity, in one person, but two natures, was the ransom of man, and the source of salvation and grace. After this, can it be wonderful, if by the same means are dispensed the fruit of that first and divine Gift? But let us see how it was in the Visitation.

Elizabeth thus addressed our Blessed Lady: “For behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in

\* We have received, while writing the preceding paragraph, the Rev. J. B. Morris's most learned and interesting work, “Jesus the Son of Mary,” in two volumes. We may probably save ourselves and our readers trouble, by referring to it as we proceed. We here refer to vol. i. p. 345.

† “Misit Deus Filium suum, *factum ex muliere.*” Gal. iv. 4.

my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy." \* It has been the unfailing tradition of the Church, attested, with perhaps one exception, by every Father, that, in that instant, the Baptist was cleansed from original sin, and sanctified in his mother's womb.† In fact, it would be repugnant to imagine consciousness of his Redeemer's presence so prematurely granted him, and a joyful recognition of Him made, without this boon. For the very knowledge, thus miraculously communicated, would imply conviction of sin, whereof He was the Redeemer; and this could only inflict pain, unless accompanied by immediate removal of what estranged one from the other. The joy attendant on the consciousness reveals that this took place.

St. John was thus purged and hallowed in the womb; this was a fruit of redemption, and, in fact, its essential result. To purchase for us forgiveness of sin, to reverse the original curse, and make us once more children of God, and heirs of His kingdom, were the great objects which brought down the Word from the bosom of His Father. Not only was this purification of John, before birth, a fruit of Redemption, but it may be well considered the first act of our Saviour's life, in application of His atonement. It was indeed meet that His very first recorded action, being yet unborn, should be the forgiveness of a sinner. It was no less becoming that this first deed of mercy and grace—the forerunner of so many similar ones, should be performed in favour of the Precursor; the theme of whose preaching, the burthen of whose prophetic song may well be supposed to have been taught him now: "Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!"

Now through whose instrumentality was this first act of graciousness performed, this first application of the fruits of redemption made? There was nothing to prevent its taking place silently. Jeremiah was not made aware till his mission commenced, that he had received consecration before birth.‡ But in this instance God was pleased to employ an outward agency, and we are told what it was.

\* Luke i. 44.

† See the proofs collected in the work referred to, "Jesus the Son of Mary," vol. i. pp. 378.

‡ Jer. i. 5.

It was the voice, the word of His mother. As soon as the voice of her salutation sounded in Elizabeth's ears, so soon, and no sooner, does the act of mercy take place. Had that salutation been anticipated or delayed, by her will, the prophet's liberation would have come sooner or later. Her word of greeting was the sentence of his forgiveness. The pardon was our Lord's alone, the grace His, the love His; but the conveyance of them all was left to her; she transmitted pardon, grace, and love to the exulting prisoner.

This gives us then the place assigned, by the early records of our Lord's life, to His most blessed Mother, in the economy of grace. It makes her the dispenser of the very first grace which He bestowed after His incarnation; a grace of the most sublime order, in favour of his dearest saint, the friend of the bridegroom. Now let us take, in conjunction with this remarkable fact, another, and a parallel one. We mean the performance of Christ's first miracle at Cana. From St. John's account it is evident, that our Lord performed it in obedience to His Mother, and even anticipated His appointed hour for her sake: "My hour is not yet come." Heedless of this protest, she feels confident that He will grant her request, and orders the servants to make preparations for the miracle.\* Again we have the same principle acted upon. The first temporal grace, though it required a miracle, and that miracle involved departure from a predetermined plan, was for her, at her request, through her means. The wine would never have been obtained, had she not interposed.

Our divine Master's actions, as we have before now remarked, were never purposeless. They give us principles and analogies which cannot deceive us. His first action especially, in a given case, may be supposed to lay down a rule. Thus we are told how He called His first disciples—Peter and Andrew, the sons of Zebedee, and Matthew. It was by a command to leave all and follow Him. We do not doubt, though not informed of it, that every other Apostle was called on the same terms. We find how He treated Magdalen, and the woman accused before Him; and nothing would induce us to believe that He ever showed Himself austere or unforgiving. Nay, one action of our Lord suffices to give a certain law. For

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\* John ii. 4, 5.

instance, could we doubt, after seeing His conduct at Cana, that had His blessed Mother, at any subsequent period of His life, asked Him for any other similar favour, or exercise of power, He would have refused it? The common sense of analogy forbids us to think so, with an *a fortiori* power; for it would have been much less to ask for a miracle when thousands were being performed, than to ask and obtain a first, and, in some sense, a premature, one.

Again this argument of analogy, or precedent, carries the Church always beyond this life. It is not necessary to enter upon any elaborate reasoning on this subject, but we may illustrate it by one or two examples. We assign to the Apostles their place in the celestial court, by that which they occupied, in relation to our Saviour, on earth. We do not compare their actions with those of others, and award relative merit accordingly. We do not consider whether St. Francis Xavier, or St. Boniface, may not have laboured more, or converted more to Christianity, than St. James, whom Herod slew, so early as the year 42.\* We do not even give them rank by reason of their martyrdom; for St. John, who was not allowed to lay down his life for Christ, holds his pre-eminence as an Apostle far above all martyrs; nor would it make any difference in the place of any Apostle, could it be proved that he did not die for the faith. Why this? Because our Lord, by His mere choice of the twelve to be His companions, and by the high commission, and the powers which He bestowed on them, assigned them a position above every other class of saints, and this we believe to be continued to them in heaven. Again, Magdalen and Martha were sisters. The second preserved to the end of life an unblemished character, and is honoured by the Church among her holy virgins. She follows the Lamb in heaven whithersoever He goeth. Her sister has not this privilege; she is a saint only as a penitent. Yet the Church bestows upon Magdalen her higher honours, and gives to Martha an inferior reverence.† Wherefore the difference? Simply because on earth our

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\* Acts xii. 2.

† The Feast of St. Mary Magdalen is a greater double, that of St. Martha only a semi-double. To the first is also accorded the Nicene Creed in the Mass; which is not read in that of any other female saint except the B. Virgin.

Redeemer, by His conduct, gave her this rule. It was clear that He granted precedence to the ardent penitent, whose love and tears had blotted out every trace of guilt, before her more faultless, but less fervent, sister. It was really the parable of the Prodigal in action; the blameless son who had never left home, saw the best garment prepared, and the fatted calf killed, for his wandering, but rescued brother.

If then there be truth in all the foregoing remarks, we come to the following conclusions: That, firstly, it pleased our Saviour to make His dear Mother His instrument in the first conveyance of the highest grace, and of the first fruit of redemption, after He came on earth; secondly, and similarly, He made her the first cause and motive in the exercise of His beneficial miraculous powers, in favour of men; thirdly, His conduct being always a principle or rule, we may deduce, that on other similar occasions, He would have allowed her a similar privilege or right; and, fourthly, this argument of analogy does not end with His life, but gives the Church a just ground of belief and action, after both He and His Mother have been re-united in heaven. So far, then, from there being any strangeness, or impropriety, in considering the B. Virgin to be an ordinary channel of grace, and that of the highest order, such a view of her position seems borne out by our Lord's conduct, interpreted by the usual rules which we apply to it. This reasoning places our B. Lady, in the economy of grace, in the same position which we have seen her occupy in the economy of faith. She stands immediately next to her divine Son, above every other created being.

For if we compare her power even with that of the Apostles, we shall find it of a different, and a superior, character. They had in all fulness a double gift; the sacramental energy in its completest development, and a miraculous command over nature and its laws. The first was surely not comparable to the conveying directly saving virtue, from the Son of God in her womb, to the Precursor in Elizabeth's; thereby not only cleansing him from original sin, but probably arming him with immunity against actual transgression, sanctifying him for his high calling and spotless life. And who will surmise that it was a higher gift to hold the delegated power of working miracles from her Son, than to have obedience owned by Him who communicated it, and to possess the acknow-



ledged subjection of Himself and all His gifts? The meaning of the words, “*Et erat subditus eis*,”\* came out to its full extent, in the act which closed the hidden life of Jesus, the miracle of Cana.

III. When we advance into the active life of the Word incarnate, every action speaks ; and our difficulty is, out of so much that is admirable, what to choose as most excelling. We will take, therefore, as an illustration of our principles, a series of actions which, separately, may appear indifferent, but collectively afford a meaning too striking to be accidental, and yet only fitting into the Catholic system.

Our Lord selected His principal Apostles from among the fishermen of the Sea of Galilee. The particular call of four is especially described, of the brothers Peter, and Andrew,† and the two sons of Zebedee.‡ Thomas also and Nathanael, supposed to be the same as Bartholomew, were of the same profession.§ The reasons for this selection do not enter into our present subject ; though they are not without their interest and importance. But the choice once made, it is evident that our Saviour associated Himself to His Apostles in their mode of life, and made use of it for His holiest purposes. A great part of the first year of His public life was passed on the borders of the Sea of Tiberias or Galilee ; and He took advantage of His Apostles’ skill, and familiarity with the coast, to move from place to place. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and eighth chapters of St. Mark will show how the fisherman’s boat was almost His home.|| It was His place of sleep,¶ the pulpit from which He addressed the people,\*\* His refuge in fatigue.†† Now, connected with this frequent use of the boat, are several remarkable passages of His life, which, apart from their miraculous character, present importantly instructive features. Indeed it may not be superfluous to remark, that in some of our blessed Redeemer’s acts, the miracle may be considered as secondary : that is, we may contemplate the action independently of any miracle which accompanied it, and find that what was wonderful was only subservient to a lesson, inculcated by the action itself.

\* “And He was subject to them.”

† Matt. iv. 18.

‡ Ib. 21.

§ Jo. xxi. 2.

|| Mark iv. 35 ; v. 2, 18, 21 ; vi. 32, 54 ; viii. 10-14. ¶ Ib. iv. 38.

\*\* Luke v. 3.

†† Mark vi. 32.

Perhaps the instances on which we are going to dilate will afford the best illustration of this principle.

That our Saviour Himself saw, and consequently designed, an analogy between the Apostle's and the fisherman's occupation, He Himself has deigned to inform us. "I will make you fishers of men,"\* or "from henceforth thou shalt catch men,"† were His words, naturally suggestive of the parallel. But besides this very natural analogy, there were surely others, which must be considered most apt, in another view. What more like the Church, launched on the sea of this world, and, freighted with a heavenly burthen, borne forwards towards a sure harbour, than the vessel laden with Apostles, and bearing their Lord, lashed by the angry billows, and buffeted by the raging blast, tossed, shaken, distressed, almost broken, yet holding on her good course, and riding fearless over the wave, and through the storm? So natural is this comparison, that it has ceased to be one. The "nave," or "ship," of the material church is no longer so in simile; and it is scarcely an allegory to describe the visible, yet spiritual, Church, as a ship in which Christ is pilot, or as the Catholic would call it, as the bark of Peter. From the rude galley carved on the oldest monumental slabs in the catacombs, to Giotto's mosaic over the inner gate of St. Peter's, or Raffaele's miraculous draught of fishes, the symbol has been continued, till a very child in the Church can comprehend it.

But wherefore Peter's boat? This it is that we must see. If our blessed Saviour was pleased to retire into a vessel, and travel by it, it was not a chance one picked up on the shore, but one especially chosen by Himself to attend Him. "And He spoke to His disciples, that a small ship should wait upon Him, because of the multitude, lest they should throng Him."‡ What bark was this, so privileged, and so ennobled, scene too of such wonderful works? "They that go down to the sea in ships, doing business on the great waters; these have seen the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. He said the word, and there arose a storm of wind, and the waves thereof were lifted up. They were troubled, and reeled like a drunken man, and all their wisdom was swallowed up. And they cried to the Lord in their affliction, and He brought them out of their distresses. And He turned the

\* Matt. iv. 19.

† Luke v. 10.

‡ Mark iii. 9.

storm into a breeze, and its waves were still. And they rejoiced because they were still; and He brought them to the haven which they wished for.”\* All this was more literally fulfilled in the fisherman’s skiff on Galilee’s blue waters, than ever it was in the proud trader on its ocean path to Ophir.

There were two boats ever keeping company on that inland sea, and they are so mentioned together, that we can have no difficulty in determining to whom they belonged. When our Lord began to call His Apostles, the two vessels were close to one another; He went but a few steps from Peter’s, to find that of Zebedee and his sons.† At another time going to the lake, He “saw two ships standing by it, and going up into one of the ships that was Simon’s, He desired him to draw back a little from the land, and sitting, He taught the multitudes out of the ship.” The other ship was Zebedee’s. For having given Simon a miraculous draught of fishes, “they beckoned to *their partners, that were in the other ship*, that they should come and help them.” Simon then “fell down at Jesus’ knees, saying: Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord. For he was wholly astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of fishes which they had taken. And so also were James and John, the sons of Zebedee, *who were Simon’s partners*. And Jesus said to Simon, ‘fear not, from henceforward thou shalt catch men.’”‡

This remarkable passage leaves us no doubt on several interesting points. Two fishing boats keep company on the Sea of Galilee. They are consorts, fishing in company; *paranze*, as they are still called on the Mediterranean. One belongs to Peter, the other to the zealous and loving brothers, the “Sons of thunder.” But we are carefully told that Jesus selected the first. Such a detail was surely of no great consequence in itself; and if specified must be so emphatically. It was Simon’s boat that our Redeemer chose. Of what interest was this to Theophilus or the Greeks for whom St. Luke wrote, if Peter was no more than any other Apostle? Surely the mention of such a circumstance implies that it was not by accident, but by choice, that his bark was taken for His use by our Lord. And for what purpose?

\* Ps. cvi. 23.

† Matt. iv. 18-21.

‡ Luke v. 2-10.

First, to teach from. This favoured boat is the one from which the Divine master instructs the multitudes.

Secondly, to bestow on Peter the earnest of his future success, as the Apostle of Jew and of Gentile. It is impossible to misunderstand the meaning of the allegory performed, not merely spoken. Our heavenly Lord has Himself explained it. "From henceforward thou shalt catch men, as plentifully and as marvellously as, just now, thou hast caught fishes." Thou shalt cast thy net into the vast and dark depths of the earth, and thou shalt draw up in them safe, and lay up in thy bark, thousands, who shall bless the hour of thy capture." Nor is it possible to mistake the relative position of the parties in the scene. Peter is the chief, the actor; James and John are but his assistants, and subordinates in the work. He begins it, they follow it up; he receives the Lord's gift, the blessing, the miracle, they partake of His fulness, and are enriched from His store. His stock is superabundant, his measure well shaken and running over; and they come to share it, almost to relieve him of it, as it runs over into their bosoms. And hence it is carefully added, that to Simon were Christ's words of promise exclusively addressed.

Here we have a case where the miracle is absorbed in the action. The lesson is to us more important; for the miracle is only wrought as a means to convey it. But we have another miracle perfectly analagous to this, wrought at a very different period of our Lord's earthly existence; after His Resurrection. Between the two, Peter had given proof of his frailty, even of his dastardliness. John at the same time had shown himself faithful, even to the Cross. Peter, however, in company with him, his brother, and other disciples, expressed his intention of going a fishing. "They say to him, we come also with thee." Peter therefore is again at the head of the party, he is the captain of "the ship;" the rest are his mates and assistants, in other words, his crew. They toil for the night in vain; at morning, Jesus, unrecognised by them, stands on the beach, and bids them cast their net on the right side of the vessel. Their obedience is rewarded by a magnificent draught: and Peter throws himself into the sea, to reach his Master, whom John has detected. Once more it is in favour of Peter's boat and net, that the sea is compelled to give up its prey; and what makes the occurrence more personal and pointed is, that it is immediately followed by

his Lord's charge, to feed His sheep and lambs.\* Here was the distinct fulfilment of the promise made after the first miraculous draught. Simon's humility was there rewarded by an assurance of future apostleship; Peter's penitent love is here crowned by elevation to its headship. On the first occasion, his virtuous timidity prompted him to throw himself on his knees, and entreat his Lord to depart from him a sinner; on the second his penitential ardour urged him to dash into the sea, and go straight to his forgiving Master. Thus completely is the fishing of Peter's boat, after the Resurrection, the counterpart of the same action before the denial.

Jesus then taught in Peter's ship, and gave to it the power of gathering into its nets, the multitude of the deep. But it was not always to be a calm with it; storms were to assail it, even in spite of His benign presence; storms so fierce, that they who manned it were to fear, that He had forgotten them, or had forgotten His power. "And behold a great tempest arose in the sea, so that the boat was covered with waves; but He was asleep." But He soon awoke at their call; and, reproving them for their want of faith, He "commanded the winds and the sea, and there came a great calm."† Again we may ask, whose ship was this, to which this divine favour was accorded, of stilling the storm, and smoothing the sea? It is not difficult to ascertain it. We are told that, "when Jesus was come into Peter's house, He saw his wife's mother lying, and sick of a fever; and He touched her hand, and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered to them." At evening multitudes come to be healed; "and Jesus seeing great multitudes about Him, gave orders to pass the water, and when he entered into the boat, His disciples followed Him."‡ It is from Peter's house that He steps into the vessel; who can doubt that it was that Apostle's? And we may observe, that our Lord acts as the master of the boat. He commands its services, as He afterwards did that of the ass for His entry into Jerusalem. "Tell him that the Lord hath need of it, and he will let it go."§ To Peter's boat is granted this further privilege, that storms may be permitted to assail it, but not to wreck it, nor even to shatter it. The waves may dash over it, and threaten to en-

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\* John xxi, 2-17.

† Matt. viii. 24.

[‡ Matt. viii. 14-23.

§ Matt. xxi. 3.

gulf it, all may think it is about to perish, and Jesus may appear asleep, and heedless of their danger. But in good time, He wakens up, and His beaming eye is as the sun upon the billows, and His hand waves with a charm against the blast; and the rippling waters dance, rejoice, and sparkle in the light, and the soothing breeze glides playfully into the sail.

If the bark represent the Church of God, where is His Church? What is there that assumes the name, that has ever weathered a real storm, or rather that lives in the midst of tempests, with consciousness of a life that cannot fail, and of a vigour that cannot abate? Is it the stationary religion of the east, for ages water-logged and motionless, in waters dead and pestilent; neither battling with them, nor assailed by them, left in unrippling but fatal calm; originally too well framed to fall to pieces, but stripped of mast and sail, and rolling heavily with the dull swell and fall, of the element in which it happens to be embedded? For it has itself

“ nor breath nor motion ;  
As idle as a painted ship,  
Upon a painted ocean.”\*

Unhonoured by persecution, not bearing even the note of the world's hatred, the Christianity of Asia feeds its languid life, upon paynim toleration, without an aspiration of hope, or an effort of charity. It sends no missionary to distant regions to pluck the palm of martyrdom; it gives to the world no sisters of mercy, no brothers of Christian doctrine, no active clergy, no learned hierarchs, no studious monks, no zealous laity. It dreams on from age to age, achieving nothing great, and yielding nothing good; adding nothing to the knowledge or experience of the past, and opening no bright destiny to the prospect of the future. It is not worth a storm, the lazy, slumbering craft. Neither has it a net to cast abroad or to draw home. It is quite clear *this* is not Peter's boat.

Then what shall we say of a more splendid and well-laden vessel nearer home, which calls itself modestly a branch only of Christ's Church? Surely there is some stir, if not activity, about it; internal commotion, if not onward progress. Every modern improvement is there, to

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\* Coleridge.



hide defects, or to mend imperfections; all is trim, neat, and respectable, as on any other vessel belonging to the state. And it is splendidly manned, with skilful officers and a zealous crew, whose whole interest is in its prosperity. Abundance and comfort are provided for all on board. But it keeps carefully under the shelter of a safe shore, it tempts not the storm, it shuns the perils of the deep. Its sails and masts are not made for rude conflict with the wind and wave, it loves the smoother waters of vicinity to earth.

“ Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus  
Fidit: tu, nisi ventis  
Debes ludibrium, cave.”\*

It has not the fisherman's blessing; it draws into its own compass nothing from without; it sends out quietly and decently, as a genteel angler might, not as depending on it, its well ordered tackle; but it pretends not even to gain, by it, increase. Yet of conflict and clamour it has enough. Within all is dissension, contention, strife. It is no wonder that it does not move. If its chief commander set the sails in one direction, his mate will trim them oppositely on another mast. If one rows forward, the other strikes backwards. And still more strange, there are those who applaud, and think their bark is going bravely on, because one out of twenty engaged in its direction, pulls alone against the rest. This surely was no more than the other, the ship to which it was said “*Duc in altum,*” go out into deep waters, and there face the billows, and throw into them the apostolic net. It is none of Peter's boat.

And moreover these, and others, have one complete disqualification: they profess *not* to be Peter's bark. They repudiate the connection; they are indignant at being supposed to have anything special to say to him. They have made their choice of another ship, or of many smaller craft, but they will take particular care that it be not his. Anything but that. Now St. Mark tells us, that when our blessed Lord went into the ship, where he slept during the storm, “there were other ships with Him,”† that is, keeping in His wake. What became of them during the tempest? We hear no more of them. Only one ship had

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\* Horace.

† Mark iv. 36.

Jesus on board, and only of it is the Gospel narrative. They may have put back to harbour, they may have been dispersed in the darkness; some may have been cast on shore. But we read of only one that reached its destination, because only one bore the sure Pilot, and the Queller of the storm; and that was Peter's.

But there remains one more instance, in what we may term the sea-faring part of our Saviour's mission, of its connection with St. Peter's prerogatives. We allude to the miracle of our Lord's walking on the waters, related succinctly by St. John,\* and more fully by St. Matthew.† In the storm above described, Jesus was in the boat, but sleeping; here He was absent, but near. In the midst of the tempest He appears walking on the waters. The Apostles are terrified, and their Divine Master reassures them. There is one of them, however, bolder than the rest. As afterwards he casts himself into the sea to swim to his Lord, so now Peter claims the desperate evidence of walking to Him on the waters. It was a test worthy of himself; ever ardent, ever eager. "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come to Thee upon the waters. And he said: Come. And Peter going down out of the boat walked upon the waters, to come to Jesus." It was important, nevertheless, that he should be informed of the danger into which his ardent temperament would lead him. As later he would protest his readiness to die rather than deny his Lord, and yet would fail; so here it was expedient to show him, of how little avail would be his own strength where supernatural support was needed. For, "seeing the wind strong, he was afraid; and when he began to sink, he cried out, saying: Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretching forth His hand, took hold of him, and said to him: O thou of little faith, why didst thou doubt? And when they were come up into the boat the wind ceased." Now here are several remarkable circumstances. Peter alone claims the right of walking upon the billows. It is not the ship that must support *him*; it is not because he is in it, that he does not perish. He has a power independent of it, so to speak; which no other Apostle has. The right hand of Jesus is directly his support, when fearless and alone he commits himself to the troubled waters. To doubt that, so supported, he has this marvellous prero-

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\* John vi. 19.

† Matt. xiv. 26.

gative, is to be of little faith. He is allowed partially to sink, that this reproof may be administered to him ; and, through him, to us. And then, “when *they* came up into the boat, the wind ceased.” For they go together hand in hand, Jesus and Peter, the Head sublime, invisible, and divine, and the Head inferior, visible, and earthly, of the Church—the hand of one is power, the other’s is confidence ; thus linked they give security. Both ascend the ship together, from which they seemed to have withdrawn their care, Master and pilot ; and to their joint presence is attributed the calm. Can any one believe that there was no connection between our Saviour’s act and Peter’s ? That the one was not performed for the sake of the other ? Did Jesus defer accompanying His disciples, and follow them walking on the waters, and, instead of thus passing over the narrow sea, go on board their boat half way across only to astonish them ? Is all that relates to Peter merely secondary ? On the contrary, no one can read this passage, and doubt that the whole narrative is inserted mainly for the sake of the Apostle’s share in it. It is clearly the *lesson* of the history.

Now let us come to our practical conclusions from all that we have here put together.

1. It is evident that our Saviour, during his mission in Galilee, wished, or rather ordered, that a boat should attend Him, from which He preached, and in which He sailed. And though His beloved disciple had one at His disposal, He gave preference to that of Peter.

2. Three classes of miracles are recorded, as taking place in connection with the boat and its occupation : two miraculous draughts of fishes, two quellings of storms, and our Lord and Peter walking on the water.

3. Every one of these is wrought in favour of this Apostle or his bark ; and the discourses preceding or following these relate to him.

In the first draught of fishes, as we have seen, he is ordered to go into the deep and cast his net ; and after his successful obedience, the promise is made to him that he shall take men. In other words, our Saviour shows that the material action was symbolical of a spiritual one ; and the miracle wrought was a proof or guarantee of the truth of the promise. It was as though our Lord had said : “In the same wonderful manner, by the same power,

to the same extent, and as surely as you have this day taken such an unwonted netfull of fishes, you shall in due time haul from the depths of sin, misery, and ignorance, the souls of men." In the second, it is Peter who has led forth the Apostles to their work, and again a miraculous capture rewards him, upon obeying the same command. So completely was it his, that when "Jesus saith to them, Bring hither of the fishes which you have now caught, Simon Peter went up, and drew the net to land;"\* a net which, though overladen, was not allowed to break. The other Apostles had brought the net to the shore, but it required the presence of Peter to draw it upon land. And in what did this miracle end? In nothing but the fulfilment of the assurance, given him after the earlier corresponding miracle. Our Lord here met his disciples, apparently for only one purpose, to invest Peter, before them, with the dignity of supreme Pastor. The only discourse that follows, is the thrice-repeated commission to feed the flock; and as if to show that all was then ended, Jesus leads his now inducted Vicar away from the rest, for confidential discourse, by adding, "Follow me." So individual was this call, that when Peter would have had his, and Christ's, loved one to join him, he was checked and refused by the words: "What is it to thee? follow thou me."† It seems impossible to reject the analogy between the two passages, and not to consider one as the complement of the other. In both, Peter is the distinct end of the miracle, both wrought in his favour, and introductory to his privileges.

In the two cases of stilling the storm, the same connection with the Prince of the Apostles is to be found. In his boat our Lord appears to slumber, and awakes to reproach His followers generally, for want of faith, or confidence in Him, and for fear that the vessel could founder, in which He was pleased to abide. In the second instance He seems to them to be further off, to be out of the ship, and the storm goes on, till He and Peter have shown themselves on board.

Finally, not to repeat what has been so lately described, Peter is taught to tread fearlessly the waters alone; and is reproved, in particular, for want of confidence in his powers to do so, in the very words addressed to all the

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\* John xxi. 10.

† John xxi. 19-22.

Apostles in the first storm. As though it were said to him: "If the others showed weakness, in doubting of their safety in the boat, thou dost the same, in hesitating about thy security independent of it. Besides the assuring presence of Jesus in the ship, thou hast His right hand supporting thee, in personal safety, over the abyss. This can no more swallow up thee, than it." And this assurance is confirmed to him by the miracle.

We certainly do not mean to deny, that our Lord may, in the course of His Galilean mission, have entered other barks, besides Peter's. But this we claim as proved, that the Holy Spirit has been pleased to select for our special instruction, out of no matter how many, those occurrences in which St. Peter is specially concerned. A Protestant will say: this is merely accidental and secondary; what matters it if the boat were his, or anybody else's, the miracles and lessons were independent of this consideration. Now a Catholic has too much reverence to treat inspired writings so. With us there is no chance, no accident, in what God does, or says. We cannot consider it a mere result of blind chance, that every evangelist should have given us narratives of our Lord's "going down to the sea in ships," and yet have, in every specific instance, been careful to let us know that Peter's was the chosen bark. Moreover, we cannot consider it accidental, that every single miracle wrought on board, should have been connected with him. If it was matter of indifference whose the boat was which Jesus took, if no lesson depended on it, why are we distinctly told, that there were two boats, and that he selected one, which was Simon's?

All this is unimportant to a Protestant because it bears on nothing in his system. When even he may be disposed to allow, that the ship tossed by the storm was an emblem of the Church, and Jesus subduing the war of elements no unfit symbol of His ruling presence in her, he will not see any connection with the destinies of the vessel, in the presence of Peter. He gives no definite meaning to those clear and most dogmatic passages, in which supremacy is bestowed on him. And so all the beauty and interest of a minute application of each detail, which we have drawn, perhaps tediously, forth, is lost upon him.

But the Catholic has begun by taking in their literal force, those passages in which Peter is as closely bound with the constitution of the Church, as the foundation is

with a building. The safety of one is the security of the other. He becomes an essential, not an accidental part, a primary, not a secondary element, in its formation. The Church of Peter is also the Church of Christ, because the fold of Christ is likewise the fold of Peter. These principles laid down, in obedience to other positive teachings of Christ, all the narratives which we have analysed have a consistent meaning, as well as a definite object. They not only cohere most admirably, but they complete, and illustrate, most beautifully, the constitution of the Church.

According to this view, the Church is but one; for though there may be other, and stately looking ships, launched upon the ocean, there is necessarily only one in which Jesus is pleased to abide: and that is Peter's. To it alone is given assurance of safety, whatever storms may assail it; for in it alone is He, whom winds and waves obey. All are safe who are embarked in it, none who are without it. To it alone is committed the work, not only of mastering, but still more of gaining, the world. It is not a rich argosy laden with treasure, nor a lofty galley rowed by captives, nor a fierce war-ship, bristling with instruments of destruction, but a fisherman's craft, intent on filling itself with living spoil, snatched from the gulf of destruction. Now when the Catholic reads all this described in allegory, by our Saviour's actions on the sea, and notes how exactly it fits his theory of the Church, whereof Peter is the head, his faith is strengthened and his heart consoled. For he discovers a purpose in every detail, in every word; and sees that each has been registered for his sake. These lesser coincidences serve to confirm a belief, based upon direct teaching; they fill up the picture, they add to it colour and life. If the Catholic view is right, and if Peter was meant to occupy in the Church of Christ, the place which it assigns him, then every smallest particle of these narratives has its significativeness, and was studiously recorded for an important purpose. Remove him from it, and there is no intended meaning in the details of their histories; or rather, we reverently say it, they are calculated to confirm, what the Protestant must consider, an erroneous system.

And not only is the Catholic strengthened in his dogmatic convictions by these corroborative, and supplementary, arguments, but he derives from them most comforting assurances. It is no fancy-picture that comes



before him, when he thinks of the tempest-tossed fisherman's bark. He looks at its trials and its triumphs through the very mist of ages. Afar, as if leaving the distant coast, its first harbour, he beholds it steering straight for the very port of the earth's capital, in serenest confidence. It is not long before the gates of hell let forth, a blast more fearful than Æolus could command from his cavern of storms. The abyss is upheaved, and the might of earth sweeps over it, to destroy the daring invader.

“Ponto nox incubat atra  
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus æther:  
Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.”\*

But death from such a tempest has charms for the valiant crew. On, the fearless little bark holds its course; now it is almost lost to sight in the war of persecuting elements, now it crests nobly the topmost wave, till we find it safe riding in smooth water. Peter has been acknowledged the spiritual conqueror of Rome. Yet he must not rest. After the Resurrection he said, “I go a fishing,” and this is his occupation, and his delight, till the end of time. What a glorious employment it has been to him! How his heart rejoiced, much more than on taking a hundred and fifty-three large fishes, when Patrick drew in his net on Erin's coast, or Augustin on England's, or Boniface in Germany's deep streams, and brought into the ample ship their willing inhabitants! Nor was this calm and peaceful pastime for him. High in the regions of the North commenced a swelling surge, which broke, in successive waves, over the toiling bark. Hun, Vandal, Goth, and Lombard, in rapid course followed each other, and seemed to overwhelm it in their turn. And still the fisherman went on; while his tempest-tight skiff shook off the cataract of waters, he plied his net in its very depths, and carried from them their living prey. And now again came the calm, and the ocean seemed still. But soon the storm began again. The rude assault of a rough, indocile age, of the world of an iron chivalry, broke loose, again and again, against the charmed ship of Peter. For centuries the conflict lasted, and the gallant vessel held on its course, dashing the spray from its prow. Then came a trial, forgotten for ages—since Arius and Nestorius divided the

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\* Æneid i.

Church. Mutiny on board, insubordination, rebellion. Treacherous crews, from its own decks, man a hostile fleet; its own skill and prowess, learnt within it, are turned against it. Able foes, armed with all the powers of earth, threaten her destruction, and swear implacable hatred. And still the noble vessel fears them not, but goes undaunted on her errand. She sees them tossed to and fro by every wind, sailing apart, without compass to guide them, quarrelling with one another, and only combined when they agree to assail her; and she notes how they have not been able to bear away with them the grace of her noblest functions; no shred of the Apostolic net has been allowed to be filched from her. She alone bears aloft the Cross as her banner; she alone boasts that Peter, in his successor, sits at her helm; nay, she alone dares proclaim that she has Jesus Christ Himself on board, as He was on the fisherman's craft on the sea of Galilee. Such is the Catholic's review of the past, and in it he reads the assurance of the future. When, a year ago, this country was agitated from end to end, in opposition to Catholic progress; when the Government, the Parliament, the Establishment, the Press, the aristocracy, seemed combined to thwart the purely ecclesiastical action of the Church; when all that clamour, eloquence, insolence, and calumny, addresses, speeches, meetings, essays, and journalism could do, to raise a storm, was unsparingly and perseveringly carried on for months, to overwhelm the new hierarchy; in what did we place our hopes, nay, our assurance, that peace would return, and the Church would be justified, by results, in the wise measure which she had taken? Not merely in the knowledge that such a step had been long and wisely considered, not in the high estimate which we had formed, of the virtues and gifts of the Supreme Pastor from whom it proceeded. But knowing that the Letters Apostolic which he issued were given under "the Fisherman's Ring," we could not be of little faith, or doubt that what thus was declared to be the solemn act of Peter, partook in the promises made to him, and the assurances given, that his bark should not be crushed by the tempests of earth. And so when pontiff after pontiff, like the sixth, the seventh, or the ninth, Pius, seemed borne apart from the vessel which he guided, to experience, in his own person, the whole violence of the

storm, and walk alone over the troubled and treacherous waters, never did the Catholic doubt, that the powerful right hand, in which the Psalmist trusted, and which was stretched forth to Peter, would support them, and guide them, and bring them safe back, if necessary, to the faithful friends from whom, in body, they had been torn. "Exenim illuc manus Tua deducet me, et tenebit me dextera Tua."

IV. We will now briefly bring together a few passages, which refer to a point of secondary importance, but not devoid of interest. Among the puzzling inconsistencies of Protestantism is its Sabbatarian theory. After protesting, in every possible way, against tradition, and Church authority, the Protestant accepts, without a murmur, the change of the Jewish Sabbath into the Christian Sunday, of which the only voucher is tradition, and the only foundation ecclesiastical authority. Having thus admitted perhaps the greatest stretch of this power and of that testimony that exists, he begins to forget that any change has been made, and applies to the new day of rest, all the burthens and restrictions of the old. He tries to overlook that it is the first, and not the last, day of the week; nay, if he become more solemn in his speech, through increased rigour of religious notions, he rejects the profane name of "Sunday," and studiously and emphatically styles it "*the Sabbath*." These two terms have become positively watch-words; a Catholic never uses the latter. "Sunday" sounds to his ears as a day of radiance and joy; as a day of smiles at home, and laughing peals of gladness in the air; as a day of cheerful service to Him who loves a cheerful giver, in canticles and hymns, and noble offices of prayer. But "Sabbath" rings with Puritanism in the ears, and gives the idea of drawling sounds, and sour looks, of bitter theology and domestic gloom. There is no balminess, no sweetness in the name. It belongs to a dispensation that is dead, and to obligations which the law of love has abated, or abolished. But singularly enough, that religious system which affects to put all its faith in Christ, and to loath the Law and its works, by a judicial blindness, clings to its very deadeast branches, and tries to find there its most nutritious fruit. Having reduced all its practical worship to the compass of one day, it makes that a mere superstition; it condenses, only to corrupt.

What makes this strange infatuation still more amazing

is, that in the New Testament, it is so clearly attributed, as a characteristic, to the Pharisee. A simple-minded reader of the Gospel would naturally ask, who defended Sabbatarian strictness, our Lord, or His enemies? Who there represent the strait-laced party? It is impossible to hesitate in answering.

Not less than seven times in the Gospel history, He lays down His doctrine of the Sabbath, in opposition to Pharisaical objections. Surely He must have considered this an important question of moral and ecclesiastical observance, so to expound it. But applying our often repeated rule, we must conclude, that, supposing our Redeemer to have never spoken besides on the subject, there was a particular reason for recording so many different inculcations of one idea. If, on the other hand, we maintain that He much oftener argued the point, we must still conclude, that a strong motive led to so many repetitions of the same subject, in a record so limited as the Gospel. In other words, the selection of this topic seven times, in picking out the materials of that sacred history from a mass left behind, proves it to be one on which the spirit of God was pleased, that we should accurately know the divine doctrine in the New Law. It shows an earnestness in guarding Christianity against a particular theory; and we may safely conclude, against one sure to be taught. We must therefore take actual, not imaginary, systems; and judge which among them our Saviour taught, and which he excluded. Without entering into the details of each case, we will analyse the evidence before us, and reduce it to distinct heads.

1. First therefore we will remark, that all the Gospels give more than one instance, of attack upon our Lord for laxity on Sabbath observance. St. Matthew and St. Mark give two cases; St. Luke gives four, two being the same as those evangelists record; and St. John three, perfectly distinct ones. This concurrence of the inspired writers on a secondary topic is very striking.

2d. Of these cases, three directly accompany in the performance of miracles, three are indirectly connected with miraculous works, and one relates to an ordinary occurrence.

3d. We will proceed with the first class. A withered hand

is cured in the synagogue.\* This is done with previous attention called to the fact of its being the Sabbath day; the Pharisees put the question whether it be lawful to heal on that day; and Jesus first defends the propriety of doing it, and then confirms His assertion by the miraculous cure. A man sick with dropsy comes into the house of a Pharisee, where He is a guest. It is again the Sabbath, and His enemies "watch Him." He, this time, puts the very question to them which, on the former occasion, they had put to Him; "Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?" Again He argues the point, and performs a miracle to prove His doctrine.† A woman bowed down by an ailment of eighteen years' duration is in the synagogue on the Sabbath; she does not ask to be relieved; but Jesus calls her: and lays His blessed hands upon her, and she is made straight. "The ruler of the synagogue (being angry that Jesus had healed on the Sabbath) answering said to the multitude," (that is, not liking to address our Lord, with whom, in reality, he was displeased, reproved Him through the people, "saying, Six days there are wherein ye ought to work, in these therefore come and be healed, and not on the Sabbath day."‡ Again our Lord replies, vindicating what He had done, and beginning His answer by the significant words: "Ye hypocrites!")

The next instance is also one in which the attack is first made through the subject of the miracle. Jesus cured a man at the pool of Bethsaida, saying to him: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." He obeyed; "and it was the Sabbath that day." Immediately he was told, "It is the Sabbath, it is not lawful for thee to take up thy bed." Upon discovering that Jesus had given him the command, the Jews transfer their hatred to Him. "Therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, because he did these things on the Sabbath." And when He again defended Himself, saying, that as His Father worked until now, so He worked; that is, that as His Father, on the Sabbath, went on with His beneficent work of Providence, so did He, who had the same power; the Jews only redoubled their hatred. "Hereupon therefore the Jews sought the more to kill Him, because He did not only break the Sabbath, but

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\* Matt. xii. 10; Mark iii. 2; Luke vi. 6.

† Luke xiv. 1.

‡ Luke xiii. 10.

also said God was His Father, making Himself equal to God.”\*

After this discourse, our blessed Lord left Jerusalem, where it took place, and taught in Galilee; on His return to the holy city, he again returned to this subject, in the following singular terms: “One work I have done, and ye all wonder. Therefore Moses gave you circumcision—and on the Sabbath day you circumcise a man. If a man receive circumcision on the Sabbath day, that the law of Moses may not be broken, are you angry at me, because I have healed the whole man on the Sabbath day?”† Now, no miracle has preceded this speech, in the Gospel narrative; and as we can hardly suppose the allusion to be made to the miracle wrought at a former visit, nor could that be called “one work,” for many signs had been wrought between, we are naturally led to suppose, that St. John, or rather the divine Spirit, considered the record of this instruction more important than that of the miracle. The latter was therefore omitted, and the former preserved.

Again the Pharisaical spirit is roused, when Jesus performs one of the most severely tested of His miracles, the cure of the man born blind. He might at once have restored his sight by a word or touch. He preferred performing the cure, by what might be called a mechanical, or manual, labour. He made clay, and therewith anointed the man’s eyes. “Now it was the Sabbath, when Jesus made clay, and opened his eyes.” This is sufficient ground with the Pharisees for rejecting the miracle. “This man is not of God, who keepeth not the Sabbath.”‡

One more instance remains, wholly unconnected with any miraculous operation; yet three evangelists have recorded it. The incident is trifling, but its instruction very great. The Apostles going through a corn-field on the Sabbath, pluck the ripe ears, rub them in their hands, and eat the grains. This mechanical operation is construed by the Pharisees into a breach of the Law, and reprovèd as such. Our Redeemer defends them, in the same manner as He had defended Himself.§ What gives particular interest to this case is, that each evangelist who records it, proceeds immediately to the narrative of the cure of the withered

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\* John v. 1.      † John vii. 22.      ‡ John ix. 14.

§ Matt. xii. 1; Mark ii. 23; Luke vi. 1.



hand, as though our Lord wrought this miracle expressly to confirm His vindication of the Apostles.

4. From all these facts we conclude, that in seven cases, two views of Sabbath observance were discussed between our Saviour and the Jews ; and that in every one, He represents and upholds the lenient and moderate side, they the intolerant and oppressive. Now, a similar discrepancy exists at the present day, between Catholics and Protestants, and there can be no doubt which party corresponds to each of the former disputants. It may be said that zeal for the Sabbath was carried to excess by the Jews, in every one of these instances, far beyond what the most infatuated Sabbatarian nowadays would require. We are not so sure of that. We need not go back to the days of wild puritanical fanaticism, for instances of extreme rigour on this subject. We need not travel to old Banbury for the well-known enforcement on feline propensities, of Sabbath observance, by making a solemn example of the cat that presumed to mouse on the Sunday. But we recollect not many years ago a case of death from starvation at a large town in the West of England, because the society from which relief was sought, rigidly refused to grant it on the Lord's day. Still more recently a well-known instance was publicly quoted, of a lady of high rank, who in vain implored conveyance by railway in Scotland, to pay the last offices of affection to a dying relation, though empty mail trains passed to and fro. And we know that a similar refusal was made to a Catholic ecclesiastic of high dignity in the same country, when it was the only means of bearing the last rights of religion to a departing parishioner. Now here is Sabbatical observance preferred to charity ; in one instance, though death might be, and was, the consequence. This is carrying the principle to the full Pharisaic standard. "Come and be healed on week-days." In fact, what would any of the four who were purposely cured on the Sabbath, have lost by waiting till next morning? After eighteen, and thirty-eight years', infirmity, one day more would not have been a heavy addition : the dropsical patient could still walk, and therefore could not be in any danger ; and the withered hand could not be much needed on the Jewish Sabbath. Had our Lord said, in these cases : "to-morrow come and I will heal you, for this is the Sabbath," He would have spoken words with which Exeter Hall would have rung, and given

a text to be stereotyped by tract dealers, and engraved for children's copies. But He says exactly the contrary always; and we find the upholders of the Sabbatical superstition, they who pretend to look to our Saviour for everything, carefully overlooking His teaching on the subject, suppressing His words, and running to the law of fear, and its abolished rigours, nay to its exaggerated traditions among the Jews, for the pattern of their observance.

5. On the other hand, they tax Papists, particularly on the Continent, with being habitual Sabbath breakers. We condemn utterly every violation that is contrary to the laws of the Church; all traffic, public works, shop-keeping, and unnecessary business. But we reprove no less the other extreme, which forms the Protestant principle. Rest was not meant to be idleness, and no Christian festival was intended to be gloomy. One cannot fail to be struck by the strong language employed by our Redeemer, when He denounced the rule of Sabbath observance, which our modern reformers have selected, "Ye hypocrites!" And the charge of this hateful vice is fully justified by what we read in the passages referred to. The poor disciples pluck some ears of corn, "being hungry," and eat them. The Pharisees immediately cry out, "Behold Thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do on the Sabbath days."\* And then we find, that "when Jesus went into the house of one of the chief of the Pharisees, *on the Sabbath day to eat bread*, they watched Him."† Now, is not this exactly the case with our modern Sabbatarians? they always have one law of observance for the rich, and another for the poor. The one must not pluck an ear of corn on the Sabbath, without the rich man's reprehending him, and then going home to his luxurious dinner with his friends. It used to be proposed to suppress all Sunday cooking in public bakeries, where alone the poor could have a warm meal prepared, on their only day of rest; but no Sir Andrew ever dreamt of shutting off the steam of the boiler, or putting a break on the smoke-jack, of aristocratic kitchens. There is something hypocritically profane in the spectacle, described as taking place on a Sunday at fashionable Scotch kirks, of some twenty carriages at the door, with their human appurtenances, waiting, for devout listeners to a discourse against Sunday

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\* Matt. xi. 2.

† Luke xiv. 1.

travelling! Nor have we ever heard that the eloquent Boanerges ever whispered a wee word of reproof to the gentle folks, for their zeal to lay the burthens of the law, only on the already overburthened shoulders of the poor. Depend upon it, he never called them "hypocrites," though that is Scripture.

6. However inconsistent was the Pharisee's theory of having a good dinner himself, while he was horrified at a hungry poor man's rubbing the wheat ears in his hand, to eat them, our dear Lord, who looked to our instruction, did not hesitate to dine with him on that day. And He justified His conduct by the cure of the dropsical man, who possibly presented himself with the connivance of the host; for he, with his friends, were "watching" our Lord before the cure. He did not, however, despise Jewish prejudices merely to this extent. He braved hatred and persecution, for His views and practice regarding the Sabbath. St. Luke tells us, that the Scribes and Pharisees on account of His healing on the Sabbath-day, "were filled with madness, and they talked to one another, what they might do to Jesus."\* St. Matthew explains, that this consultation was, "how they might destroy Jesus."† St. John informs us, that "therefore did the Jews persecute Jesus, because He did these things on the Sabbath."‡ This contempt for the prejudices of the bigot Jews, this braving of their hatred and persecution, for the sake of a principle on such a subject, at once stamps the view of those men with the note of reprobation and wickedness. One so meek as Jesus, who had come to "fulfil all justice," who asserted boldly, and with divine truth, that "not a jot nor tittle of the Law should pass away," who attended to every legal obligation, from His twelfth year to the eve of His death, who would "not bruise the broken reed, nor extinguish the smoking flax," so tender was His tread to be on earth; one, in fine, who was come to purchase the soul of the most cynical Pharisee at as dear a rate as that of His holy Mother, must have considered that an evil principle, which He crushed so unmercifully seven times, and which to uproot, he braved the fury and hatred of the dominant party in church and state. Hence the Catholic moralist well understands the term *scandalum pharisaicum* as

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\* Luke vi. 11.

† Matt. xii. 14.

‡ John v. 16.

opposed to the *scandalum pusillorum*,\* the first of which may safely be despised ; but the latter, never.

7. Finally our Lord, whose example so clearly sustains the temperate and Christian views of the Catholic Church on this ritual question, lays down principles conformable to His practice, which form the basis of this Church's conduct. " 'The Son of Man is the Lord also of the Sabbath ; the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.' " These two aphorisms contain the whole of our doctrine and of our discipline on the subject. He who declared Himself Lord of the Sabbath, also said to His Apostles : " All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth ; as My Father hath sent me, so I also send you. "† Within the compass of this delegated power came the Sabbath ; and the Catholic at once acquiesces in the transfer of its obligations, by the Apostles, to the Sunday. And if the Sabbath was made to serve man, whereas man, was not created to be the slave of the Sabbath,—man's true interests are to be the standard, whereby the Church will ever regulate her precepts respecting it. Moroseness and debauchery are equally alien from her thoughts : nor could the spouse of Christ have devised a mode of spending it, which makes its morning dull, and its evening dissipated. It could not have crammed into it the spiritual duties of the six other days, and so made it an iron yoke. It could not have sanctified it, by excluding from it the performance of even charitable works. It could not have consecrated it to stupidity and sloth, by withdrawing from it all innocent recreation and refreshing cheerfulness. All this would not have been considering or treating the Sabbath as made for man. This can only be the case where it promotes his happiness ; where it instructs his mind, applies rightly his intellect, tones his feelings, by a gentle sway, to wholesome kindliness, raises his thoughts by a noble and beautiful worship, improves his social and domestic relations by a more virtuous intercourse, invigorates his frame by seasonable repose, mingled with temperate recreation ; and, in fine, makes him live one day of every seven of his life, under the chastening discipline of religion, but still more under the sweet influence of God's countenance, felt to be more present, more benign,

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\* " Pharisaical scandal," and " scandal of Christ's little ones."

† Matt. xxviii. 18 ; John xx. 21.

more radiant than on other days, with an eye more watchful, indeed, over evil, but more open to our better deeds. This is the Lord's Day of the New Law; this is the Sunday, on which the glory of the spiritual firmament reigns supreme.

V. We opened our essay with the transactions of our blessed Saviour's infancy, and we will close it with the last actions of His life. We promise to be very concise.

Here, as in the noblest tragedy, action becomes equivalent to suffering, and our Redeemer may be said to do for man, whatever man does against Him. Now, to our minds, there is nothing more decisive of the respective claims of Catholic and Protestant to be the religion of the New Testament, than the manner in which they treat its most solemn portion, that which records the final act of redemption. The very essence of modern Protestantism is to treat this greatest act as a mere abstraction. The mind is concentrated on the sole apprehension of an accomplished atonement, and its instrumentality by death. By a process eminently selfish, the price and its purchase are transferred to the individual soul appropriated by it, and are viewed extraneously to Him whose they really are. There is no contemplation in the Protestant view, it is one of mere self-application. To contrast it with the Catholic idea, and so illustrate both, perhaps a simple parable may be useful.

Let us imagine to ourselves two spendthrifts, for whose debts a loving father has given bond; the day of reckoning comes, and the surety comes willingly to pay the ransom. One son stands by, grateful indeed, but cold and calculating. He looks not at the huge sum that is counted out, but is eagerly waiting for the last coin to be told, and then exultingly cries out, "I am free," and goes his way. But there is another beside him, who watches with the intensest gaze every particle of the precious offering, because he knows what it has cost his father to procure it. In every piece he recognises the fruit of some privation undergone, or some cruel humiliation endured. On one he reads his father's hunger, on another his abject toil. He remembers, as one portion of the store is brought out, that it was gained at the expense of calumny and hatred from friends; and when another is produced, that it was earned by the loss of those most dear to him. At every instalment he looks into his dear parent's countenance,

and sees its manly sorrow, and its varying emotions, as these same recollections pass over his heart; and though the smile of love is on his lips, as the last golden drachma falls from his hand, at thought of what he has achieved for his children, even this is but more heart-rending to the tender one of the two, and he almost loses all sense of his own liberation, in the anguish inflicted by its price. He thinks not of himself, for love is not selfish. He goes not away, singing, "I am ransomed, I am free," but he rushes to his father's feet, exclaiming, "Thou hast purchased me, I am thine!"

Such we believe to be the true difference between the Protestant and the Catholic modes of looking at our Saviour's passion. The one looks at it with an acquisitive eye, the other with the eye of love. To the Protestant it would have been the same if the simple act of death had been recorded, and its preliminary and accompanying sufferings had been suppressed. Not one emotion would have been lost to him, any more than, in his system, any advantage. What does the cruel agony in Gethsemani give him? It does not redeem him. What does he gain by the welts and gashes of the Roman scourges? They do not ransom him. What profits him the mock coronation, and its insulting homage? It does not save him. And then what can Mary and John do for him at the cross's foot? He declares he does not care for them. What matters it to him if the seamless garment be diced for, or rent? It bears no deep mystery of faith to him. No; only let him secure that moment when the last breath passes over the Victim's lips, and it is enough—for it is the atonement.

Yet all that we have briefly enumerated was suffered for our sakes, and recorded for our profit. Although the last piece completed our ransom, all that preceded it composed the sum. For surely our divine Redeemer did nought in vain, nor aught superfluously. He was generous, indeed, but not wasteful. The Catholic, therefore, treasures up in his heart every smallest gift of love, where the smallest is immense. From this minuteness of Catholic preception springs a sense of reality, an approximation of feeling, which makes that not merely vivid, but present, which is separated from us by ages. On the other side is a mere hazy and vague generality, merging in a conception of the mind, instead of a real fact. And from this unreality easily springs up a lurking infidelity, that saps the founda-



tion of Christianity. The mind comes to think it unnecessary to trouble itself about details, so long as the one apprehended truth is certain. "Christ died for us, no matter how," is the whole needful dogma of an evangelical mind.

But there is another view from which the Protestant eye habitually shrinks, but one which the Catholic boldly contemplates ; it is that which completes the circle, by joining the beginning and the end of the Gospel together, steadily uniting the incarnation and the death. The first of these great mysteries receives but little prominence in modern Protestantism, because it lacks the daring of faith, to believe that He who died was the Word incarnate. And it is this feebleness of belief that leads to that vagueness and generalization in doctrine, which we have described. Say to a Protestant, "God was struck in the face ; God was scourged ; God was crowned with thorns," and he dares not trust himself to look upon the doctrine. The eagle eye that can gaze upon the sun belongs not to his system ; it is but a craven bird. He feels himself unable to grasp the awful mystery. If he deny the divinity of our Lord, his atonement is gone. But he dares not contemplate the dogma through its various applications, and he shrinks from such phrases as we have given with a mis-giving terror. They sound shocking and almost profane. And thus he is driven to suppress in his thoughts those detailed sequels of the incarnation, and dwell upon only obscure perceptions of two doctrines, which he has not heart to firmly combine. Socinianism thus becomes the refuge of a vacillating attempt at faith.

The Catholic Church is a stranger to this wavering. She pursues one doctrine through all the mazes of the other, and combines the two inextricably. The Infant and the Victim are equal realities, nay, a unity, beginning in God, and in God ending ; God throughout, in feebleness as in might, in obscurity and in brightness, in suffering and in glory. Nothing in Him is little, nothing unworthy ; the fool's garment on Him is as sacred as the snow-bright vesture of 'Thabor ; the scourge of cords in His uplifted hand is as powerful as the thunderbolt ; the first lisping of His infant tongue as wisdomful as His sermon on the mount, a bruise upon His flesh as beautiful to angels' eyes, as adorable to man's soul, as His first smiling radiance shed upon his virgin mother. Thus does the

Church believe, thus realise her faith. She alone understands the true doctrine of her Saviour's death, as He Himself expounded it; for none other has learnt this lesson from His actions, that love is an essential condition of forgiveness as well as faith, and love it is that will linger over every detail of love.

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ART. IV.—*The History of the Church of Rome, to the end of the Episcopate of Damasus, A.D. 384.* By EDWARD JOHN SHEPHERD, A.M., Rector of Luddesdown. 8vo. London: Longmans, 1851.

“DO you think,” said Pere Hardouin, to a friend who remonstrated with him on some of those historical paradoxes, which have made his name so notorious; “do you think that I have been rising all my life at four o'clock in the morning, merely to say what every one has been saying before me?” It would be too much to expect the same significant avowal from every imitator of Pere Hardouin; but there can be no doubt that the love of new and startling views is one of the most dangerous temptations which beset the path of the antiquarian; and that for each fresh investigator the danger increases in the exact proportion of the industry and research which have been bestowed upon the subject by his predecessors in the career of investigation.

And certainly, if the mantle of the learned but eccentric Jesuit still remains on earth, we cannot help suspecting that, by some strange caprice of fortune, it has fallen upon the shoulders of the Rector of Luddesdown. The imputation of such an affinity, we fear, will be distasteful to the religious prejudices which his book betrays; but it is impossible to read even a single section, without recognizing it as an emanation of the same paradoxical school. The scepticism which Pere Hardouin carried into the study of classical antiquity, Mr. Shepherd has indulged, with even more reckless audacity, in the investigation of the histori-

cal records of primitive Christianity. There is no opinion too firmly established, or too universally received, to be proof against his daring criticism: no fact is too clearly demonstrated to withstand his suspicious scrutiny: the Christian history is, in his view, but a vast field of doubt and uncertainty; and his only rule of criticism appears to be, to question, or rather to deny, the genuineness, or, at least, the authority, of everything which, before his time, had passed under the denomination of authentic history, and, in his own phrase, "had floated down its broad stream, if not unsuspected, yet, as far as he knew, unchallenged." (Preface.) Pere Hardouin held that, except the works of Cicero, and a few of those of Pliny, Horace, and Virgil, all the so-called "classics," are forgeries of the monks of the middle ages. The *Æneid* of Virgil he believed to be a religious allegory of the thirteenth century. He looked upon the Odes of Horace as an emanation of the same school, and held the *Lalage* of that witty poet to be but a mystical impersonation of the Christian religion. Mr. Shepherd applies just as reckless a hand to the entire fabric of early patristic literature. There is scarcely a record of the first ages which he does not pronounce to be either wholly spurious, or, at least, interpolated; many of them he even represents as the fruits of an extensive and systematic scheme of forgery, and as composed or modified for the purpose of supporting each other; and he applies this indiscriminating scepticism not alone to the genuineness of the writings of the period, but to the reality of the characters and the truth of the events of its reputed history. Thus he "has his doubts" about the visit of St. Polycarp to Rome, in the time of Anicetus (p. 12); he "doubts" the letter of Dionysius of Corinth to Soter, (p. 17.) and the letter of Dionysius of Alexandria, preserved by Eusebius (p. 29); he "entertains a suspicion of the truth" of the reference of the Donatist controversy to Constantine (p. 38); he thinks that the statement of Pope Sylvester's sending legates to Arles and to Nice, "may be doubted" (p. 50); he "is not clear" as to the exile of Liberius (p. 90); nor as to his recall (*ibid*); he "questions whether any of the documents connected with it are genuine" (p. 99); he holds "that the very existence of the council of Alexandria, [on the accession of Julian,] is doubtful" (p. 103); and declares that "there is scarcely an event in the pontificate of Damasus, on which any reliance

can be placed" (p. 106)! In truth, if there ever has been, since the days of the renowned Governor of New Amsterdam, surnamed "THE DOUBTER," an individual who may legitimately succeed to the honours of the title, Mr. Shepherd may fairly claim to be the man!

There is one very important difference, however, between the system of doubting adopted by Mr. Shepherd, and that of his illustrious predecessor. It is recorded of "Walter the Doubter," that he could never "make up his mind on any doubtful point." Now Mr. Shepherd appears to doubt solely for the purpose of deciding the point on which his doubt is expressed; and his decisions never fail to run all in the same direction; that is to say, *against* the authenticity of any work, or the truthfulness of any statement, which he may happen to have called into question. Thus he declares Eusebius's history of Polycarp's visit to Rome to be, "as a whole, incredible." (p. 210.) He holds the history of the controversy of Pope Victor with the Asiatics, and the Pope's threatened excommunication of the latter, to be a pure fabrication. (p. 27.) The similar excommunication issued by Pope Stephen, and, indeed, the whole controversy in which it originated, he holds to be "equally fabulous." (p. 28.) He rejects, as spurious, the whole series of the "so-called Cyprianic Letters, and thinks it "extremely doubtful whether there ever was such a person as Cyprian at all." (p. 185.) He rejects with contempt the alleged charge of heterodoxy made to Pope Dionysius of Rome, against his namesake, the patriarch of Alexandria. (p. 32.) He considers, in like manner, the Spanish appeals to Rome; the reference of the case of Marcian of Arles to Pope Cornelius; the Donatist trial at Rome; the Council of Arles; the Council of Laodicea; and above all, that of Sardica, to be mere "Roman fabrications." In the same spirit, and with the same view, he disbelieves the entire history of the flight of Athanasius to Rome; the letter of the Eusebian party to Pope Julius; Julius's reply to them, and his authoritative decision in the merits of the case of Athanasius; the similar appeal of Marcellus of Ancyra, and his restoration to his see by the judgment of Rome; and, in a word, all the hitherto received details of the history of the life and times of Athanasius, and of the later Arian controversy.

But there is one opinion, which, more than all the rest of Mr. Shepherd's book taken together, may illustrate the

wholesale scepticism that pervades it. With all his anti-Roman tendencies, he abandons, without a struggle, what have been the traditional strongholds of the enemies of Roman supremacy, whenever the maintenance of their genuineness would clash with the sceptical theory which it is the main object of his work to uphold. We have already seen him sacrifice, without a sigh, the angry and intemperate invectives of Firmilian and Cyprian. He relinquishes, with equal indifference, the fierce and arrogant rejoinder made to Pope Julius by the Arian antagonists of Athanasius (225); and, most wonderful of all, he discards, as an idle tale, the long-cherished history of the fall of Pope Liberius, and rejects as spurious, every single historical document upon which it is ordinarily believed to rest! These histories he holds, like all the rest, to have been fabricated for the purpose of sustaining and extending the ambitious pretensions of Rome; and lest it should appear strange that a clever fabricator should have gone to the trouble to invent records so ill-calculated to forward his views for the aggrandisement of Rome, as those which represent the Roman bishop as insulted, despised, set at defiance, weakly betraying the cause of truth, and lapsing into a hideous heresy, he coolly avers that all this but shows the craft and ingenuity of the fabricator, who threw in all these seemingly unpalatable adjuncts in order "to render the forgery less suspicious!" (p. 144.)

What we have said may suffice to supply some idea of the lengths to which, as regards the facts of history, this strange writer has carried his wild and reckless scepticism. Considered, therefore, as a historical composition, or tested according to any recognised principles of historical authority, we need hardly say that his work is almost beyond the pale of sober or serious criticism. But we cannot help, nevertheless, regarding it as one of the most remarkable, though unconscious, tributes to the self-evidence of the claims of Rome, which has ever been laid at her feet by a reluctant enemy. We shall make no apology, therefore, for dwelling at some length upon its general argument. For the simple truth is, that, *in order to bear out the anti-Roman position which he assumes, Mr. Shepherd is compelled to discard almost everything in the shape of history which has come down to us from those times!* Not content with this wholesale scepticism regarding the writings of the first three centuries, of which we have

already submitted a few passing specimens, he unhesitatingly rejects the authority of the professed historians of the fourth century, whenever they clash with his preconceived theory. Eusebius's history, he holds, is corrupted throughout;\* his Life of Constantine is the work of a nameless fabricator (p. 39); Socrates and Sozomen are utterly beneath the consideration of any enlightened reader (p. 69); Theodoret's name is assumed by a Roman forger, as his evidence in favour of Roman supremacy might be expected to carry immediate conviction, (p. 69;) the *Historical Tracts* of Athanasius (223); the *Chronicle* of Eusebius; St. Jerome *De Scriptoribus Ecclesiasticis*; Lactantius *De Mortibus Persecutorum*; St. Basil *De Spiritu Sancto*; the *Historical Fragments* of St. Hilary, St. Basil's Letters, St. Gregory Nazianzen's Autobiographical Poem, and, indeed, everything which can be called the history, or materials illustrating the history, of the fourth century, is set down as having originated in the same monster manufactory of falsehood, or, at least, as having been, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, unscrupulously *doctored* under its influence and direction! It is difficult to know how to deal with such a writer; and it requires no little effort to avoid regarding the entire book in the light of a good-humoured satire upon the art of historical criticism, perhaps designed to work its cure by demonstrating its absurdity.

And yet, if we may believe the profession of the preface, Mr. Shepherd has, in this first publication, but expressed *a portion* of the historical doubts which he privately entertains! He "has not thought it expedient to state *every* suspicion that has arisen in his mind" (p. viii.); he has been "desirous to preserve *as much as he could*, of the small remains of history which we possess," and has, therefore, felt himself justified "even in cases where he entertained doubts, to speak at times without imputation of doubt, respecting some things which pass unquestioned in history." (p. ix.) If this be indeed so, we tremble for the result of any further revision of the history of the period which Mr. Shepherd may chance to undertake. And we cannot help recommending our readers to make the most

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\* See pp. 160, 180, 186, 198, 215, 222, 253, &c., &c.



of the small remnant of the history of those times which he has been good enough to spare them for a little longer. If, during the interval between this and his second edition, his views enlarge in the same ratio, we can hardly hope that we shall be permitted to retain our belief in the fact of the establishment of Christianity under Constantine, or even in the existence of the great council of Nice itself!

It is difficult, indeed, to avoid suspecting that the very novelty and startling character of these views, have had a secret attraction for this eccentric writer. He is evidently not insensible to the glory of being, or fancying himself to be, the first to call in question what has passed "unchallenged" through the scrutiny of all former critics. And yet we fear that, from the specimens of his capacity here exhibited, the learned reader will hardly be disposed to recognize his claim to sit in judgment, and to pronounce definitively, upon the labours of all the mighty men whose verdict he would thus unceremoniously set aside. It is sufficiently plain, from his preface, that his studies of antiquity are of a very recent date. He has not even the poor excuse for eccentricity alleged by Pere Hardouin, of having "risen all his life at four o'clock in the morning;" and it may be fairly questioned whether Tillemont, Mabillon, Coustant, Ceillier, Baluzzi, and their fellow-labourers, are to be quietly set aside by a writer who, according to his own showing, has not devoted to the enquiry as many months as they had given years.

We are sorry to add, that Mr. Shepherd's book illustrates but too plainly the common belief, that dogmatism and presumption are generally allied with incompetency. Mr. Shepherd has undertaken to pronounce definitively upon almost all the great questions in the critical history of the primitive Church, without knowing one word of what the great masters of the subject have written or decided, and in very many cases seemingly even without knowing that the question on which he presumes to decide had ever been opened for doubt, or at least for discussion. It would be tedious to enumerate the examples of this strange union of ignorance and assumption with which his book is charged; but there is one which may place the matter beyond all doubt. We have already alluded to his speculations as to the spuriousness of the letters of St. Cyprian and Firmilian in the controversy upon the bap-

tism of heretics. In all that he has written upon this subject, he proceeds upon the supposition that these writings had hitherto "floated down the stream of history unsupported, or, at least as far as he knew, unchallenged." (pref. v.) Now certainly this is a degree of ignorance which we could hardly have conceived in any one presuming to write upon the subject at all, much less in one who undertakes to decide it with the authority of a master. It is plain that Mr. Shepherd's scanty reading must have lain among the minor Protestant controversialists, who, as a matter of course, clung too fondly to Firmilian's abuse of the Roman bishop, to entertain, or, at least, to repeat, the doubts expressed as to the authenticity of the letter. If he had looked into almost any Catholic authority upon the question, he would have found that the authenticity of these letters had long been "suspected;" and if he had only referred to any of those by whom the question has been expressly treated, he would find that the genuineness of the letters had been directly challenged, not alone, as he had casually learned, by "one Raymund Missorius," but by many others, even as far back as the time of the celebrated Christian Lupus.\* Besides the learned Franciscan, whom he thus vaguely names, another member of the same order, Father Marcellinus Molkenbuhr, published two lengthened and elaborate dissertations on the subject.† Another essay to the same effect was published by the Jesuit Father Tournemine.‡ Morcelli, in the *Africa Christiana*,§ maintains the same view; as also the more modern historian, Alber, both in his *Ecclesiastical History*,|| and moreover in a

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\* See his Dissertation on Tertullian, *De Prescriptione*.

† Munster, in 1790 and 1793. The first is printed by Lumper in his *Historia Theolog. Critica*. vol. xii. p. 796 and seq.

‡ See the *Memoires de Trevoux*, 1734. § Vol. ii. p. 138.

|| Vol. i. 211, and following pages.

It is an interesting evidence as well of the candour of Catholic historians and critics, as of their confidence in the truth of their cause, that although these letters of Cyprian and Firmilian have been for centuries the stronghold of the anti-papal theory, the opinion of their spuriousness has been received with little favour among them. On the contrary, its most strenuous opponents have been Catholics, as Sbaralea, Cotta, Lumper, Palma, and many others. These too, have, as may be supposed, escaped the notice of Mr. Shepherd.

special Dissertation. That Mr. Shepherd should not have examined the arguments of these writers, and the answers of those who have defended the authenticity of the letters against them, will doubtless appear strange enough, even to the unlearned reader; but that he should not even be aware of the fact that *they had written on the subject at all*, or that *any doubt* had ever been suggested by any writer, until some unnamed correspondent vaguely "informed him of a note of Mr. Poole, in his 'Cyprian and his Times,' in which he mentions a Raymund Missorius, who attributed the letters to the Donatists" is, we submit, a degree of ignorance utterly inconceivable in one who holds himself privileged to lay down the law with all but infallible authority, not alone on this, but on every other conceivable point in the critical history of early patrology! The very "Manuals" of Church History would have supplied him with at least so much information. One of the most compendious of the entire, that of Gieseler, enumerates, in a brief note, almost all the writers to whom we have referred above!

We should not have space to particularize the other examples of Mr. Shepherd's haste and inaccuracy which we have observed in turning over his pages. We might overlook, for instance, the silly conjectures which he indulges as the semi-arian heresy (p. 73); the absurdities into which his love of paradox betrays him about Pope Liberius (90-1); his confounding Felix the anti-Pope elected in opposition to Liberius, with Felix the martyr (94); and many similar blunders. But some of his mistakes are of such a character as almost to appear incredible in one who has any pretensions to the reputation of an ecclesiastical scholar. Will it be believed, for instance, that after the lengthened and well-known discussions which have taken place on the subject of the Paschal controversy, after the learned and conclusive labours of Ussher, Prideaux, Smith, Bingham, and so many others, a scholar can at this day be found so ignorant of all that has passed upon the question, as still to think that the British Churches agreed in practice with the Asiatic Quarto-decimans, and to found thereon an argument for the oriental origin of British Christianity? Mr. Shepherd puts this repeatedly forward with all the complacency of ignorance (pp. 18, 56, &c.) as though no one had ever doubted the statement! Yet this is the writer who under-

takes to remodel the whole scheme of primitive Christian history !

Indeed the origin and tendency of all Mr. Shepherd's critical speculations are sufficiently apparent from the brief words of preface by which his book is introduced. A few years ago, he informs us, thinking that there were sufficient materials to give a far more intimate knowledge of the Roman Church than the general reader then possessed, it occurred to him to endeavour to collect and arrange them. He had no object in view, he declares, beyond "a desire to represent the truth." *What this truth was, however, he had already made up his mind.* "Feeling assured, ON OTHER GROUNDS," he writes, "that Roman pretensions *could have no sound foundation*, he thought that a *true and simple statement* of historical facts would *show their fallacious origin.*" He commenced his enquiry, therefore, according to his own avowal, with this foregone conclusion. He had "*viewed the controversy,*" he admits, "*through a Protestant glass of the present day,*" (p. 5.) and with this view firmly fixed before his eyes, he set about the investigation of the historical question ; satisfied that no other *could be* disclosed by genuine history, and, in good truth, resolved to find this and no other, in the records of the primitive times.

Unluckily for the framers of foregone conclusions, it sometimes happens that the premises fail to substantiate what they themselves are predetermined to deduce. Mr. Shepherd, satisfied "upon other grounds" that the Roman claim of supremacy "*could have no sound foundation,*" never dreamed that it could be possible that "history should not support Scripture and common sense in rejecting them." What must have been Mr. Shepherd's amazement at the first result of his patristic researches ! Taking the records of the early Church, such as they have been hitherto received, he is not long in discovering expressions on the subject of Roman rights which he cannot help suspecting will, "in spite of all the twistings of commentators, be more fashionable at Rome than at Canterbury" (p. 139.) He finds, for instance, a distinct acknowledgment that "there was an authority invested in Pope Cornelius to enter upon the question whether Cyprian was true bishop of Carthage" (p. 141). He finds that "nothing of importance passed in Africa but it was immediately notified to Rome ; that synodal decrees passed there were all sent for approval ;

that their (African) sentences of excommunication were immediately forwarded to Rome ; that appeals were frequently made from African decisions, and more or less listened to ; and that if not listened to, it was from no want of authority in the Roman Prelate, but from his own judgment and information that they were rejected." (p. 145). He sees the Roman Prelate connected with Peter, sitting on the same chair with him, and deriving his authority through him" (Ibid.) And he is "surprised by some mysterious expressions, importing that, at that early period, the notion was maintained, that there was properly only one bishop of the Catholic Church, and that the Bishop of Rome was that one" (p. 145.) He finds the same appeals and the same interference in Spain (p. 147.) He discovers a still more signal illustration of the Papal power in Gaul (p. 148-9) ; and another, reported from various quarters, in Asia Minor" (p. 150). At another point he discovers "the same active intercourse and proceedings taking place between Rome and Alexandria, as are going on between Rome and Carthage (p. 150) ; he finds the prelate of that great see "consulting the Roman Prelate, and communicating information ;" in short, he sees that "Alexandria is another Carthage, another offshoot of Rome !" (p. 151.)

But -to cap the climax of his amazement, he meets a letter which goes far beyond all the previous claims. The writer of this letter is the Bishop of Rome ; the parties to whom it is addressed are "the primate of Cappadocia, the primate of the east, the bishop of Constantinople, and other oriental prelates ;" and the purport of the letter was to complain that they had not obeyed the writer's summons, and met at Rome to confront the primate of Alexandria, who had some charge to make against them ! (p. 247.) "What a magnificent conception !" exclaims Mr. Shepherd, in the fulness of his wonder, "worthy of Rome's palmiest days—the bishops of Egypt, Antioch. and Constantinople, pleading in person before the bishop of Rome on his own judgment seat ! It had not been realized, not even in the plenitude of their power, by a Gregory or an Innocent, and yet in Rome's very cradle it had almost come to pass !" (p. 247.)

These, no doubt, were rather startling discoveries for one who had come to the enquiry, "satisfied that Roman pretensions *could* have no sound foundation : " discoveries

rather calculated to cast a shade upon that "Protestant glass," through which he had hitherto been "viewing the controversy!"

It is worth while to take in detail his sketch of the several cases, or at least, of the most important of them. He devotes a large space to the well-known case of St. Cyprian and the African church. The following is the result of his study of the letters of Cyprian and his correspondents in the course of that celebrated controversy with which his name is connected in history.

"If we grant to the Cyprianic letters the dates which have been hitherto assigned to them, we may say that the fifty-fifth contains the first mention of the chair of Peter as applied to Rome. There is no attribution in any Ante-Nicene writings which I have seen of any chair to any Apostle, except in these writings of Cyprian, in which the Roman chair is assigned to Peter.

"The fifty-seventh is a synodal letter from Africa to Cornelius, telling him of a council which they had held, and the decree which they had made, and which they hope he will approve.

"The fifty-ninth is an important letter. A rival bishop of Carthage is introduced (nay there are two); but one is introduced as sending his legate to Cornelius. The legate is said to have been a man of most atrocious character, as most of Cyprian's opponents are, and to have been excommunicated by a council at Carthage. The pseudo-bishop had been consecrated by a party of African bishops, all of whom, either for crimes or heresy, had been excommunicated at Carthage, and one of them also at Rome. The new bishop, therefore, does not seem to have begun his career under good auspices. The first thing, however, that he does, and rather a bold one it would seem, but still it only the more shows its necessity, is to *send his legate to Cornelius* to announce his election. At first the legate is said to have been repelled, and Cornelius writes to tell Cyprian so; but by a second letter, which arrived also by the same messenger, an acolyte (these letters contain the first announcement of this officer, and he would appear to be no novelty), it would seem that Cornelius had by strong menaces and threats been afterwards induced, if not to receive his letter, yet to do something which was in some measure an acknowledgment of the new bishop. Cyprian in this letter replies, but instead of saying, what right have you to interfere in an African quarrel, or to receive any letters from Carthage except from me, he expresses great distress at Cornelius's conduct, and enters upon a proof that he is the true bishop of Carthage, vindicating his conduct from some charges which are represented as having been made against him, and in return traducing his opponents, whose character should have prevented Cornelius from attending to their statements; all



which implies that *there was an authority vested in Cornelius to enter upon the question*, whether Cyprian was true bishop of Carthage, only in this case the infamy of his opponents was so well known, while Cyprian's position was so fully acknowledged, that Cornelius was not justified in paying the least attention to the complaint. Such appears to me to be the meaning of this letter.

"We may infer from it, too, that every act of the African Church was notified to Rome. We are told, moreover, that Cyprian had sent the names of all the orthodox bishops to Cornelius, that he might know to whom to write, and in a previous letter we hear of an African prelate writing to Cornelius." (pp. 139-141.)

He passes on to the letters which date within the pontificate of Stephen.

"The second series of the Cyprianic letters is supposed to have sprung from a controversy in the days of Stephen, bishop of Rome, on the question whether heretics, on coming over to the Church, should be baptized. Cyprian is represented as maintaining the affirmative, and Stephen the negative.

"There is first a report of a letter which turns out to have been written by Stephen; also of a letter from Stephen to Cyprian; but neither are seen; only a sentence or two is bestowed upon us. This interference of Stephen is represented as having caused much tumult in Africa. Many Synods were held, and one synodal letter is sent to Stephen, containing two decrees which they had made. These are, in reality, the forty-fifth and forty-sixth of the Apostolical Canons. Although Cyprian maintains his right of private judgment in his diocese, still there are *angry insinuations about a bishop\* of bishops*, and expressions like the following are now and then seen.

"Reason, and not custom, should prevail. Peter [in whose chair Stephen was sitting], whom the Lord chose first, and on whom he built his Church, when Paul was disputing with him afterwards on circumcision, did not claim more than he ought, or arrogantly take upon himself to say that he was the primate, and that he ought to be obeyed by more recent apostles; nor did he despise Paul because he had been previously a persecutor, but he yielded to truth and reason, setting us an example.\*"

"But the important letter of this controversy is one from Firmilian, bishop of Cæsarea, in Cappadocia, a man second to none of his day. It is represented that he is of the same opinion with Cyprian on this subject, and that Cyprian had sent a deacon to him, all the way from Carthage, with a letter; and this, the seventy-fifth in the Cyprianic series, is his reply. It reads exactly as if it was one of Cyprian's, but the writer, I suppose, intends to

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\* Epist. 71.

account for that by saying, that he had read over Cyprian's letter so often that he had got it by heart, and that there was no harm in saying the same thing twice over. Moreover, as Cyprian's deacon was in such haste to return home, owing to the approach of winter (after a journey from Africa to Cappadocia, the rest of a day or two might have been thought not unreasonable), he really could only say what first came into his head. But he adds some facts very much, indeed, to the purpose, namely, that Stephen had boasted of the place of his bishopric, of his succession from Peter, on whom the Church was built, and that *Stephen had excommunicated him and crowds of Churches about him*. And although he is as distinguished a professor as Cyprian of the art of abuse, and does not spare Stephen, yet it appears from this letter, that *Stephen had sat on Peter's chair, and had excommunicated him.*" (pp. 142-4.)

The letter alluded to in this passage is the celebrated letter of Firmilian, on the tone and language of which Protestant controversialists have relied from time immemorial, as evidence that the position of the Bishop of Rome in the early church could not possibly have been what it is represented by the Roman writers to have actually been. Nevertheless, even in this letter, so long the great bulwark of anti-Papal principles, Mr. Shepherd is driven to recognise a confirmation of these obnoxious claims. We shall see, hereafter, that he gets rid of the difficulty in a very summary way, by declaring the whole letter a crafty forgery of the latin Pontiffs. It may appear strange, to be sure, that if they went to the trouble of forging at all, they should have managed so clumsily as to furnish what is certainly one of the most plausible arguments against the very claims which the fabrication was designed to support. But Mr. Shepherd coolly dismisses the objection by assuming, that "the abuse was thrown in to make the letter look less suspicious." (p. 144.)

We must pass on, however, to the case of the Spanish church.

"It appears from this letter, that two Spanish bishops had been tried and deposed by Spanish synods for very atrocious crimes, and that two successors had been canonically elected into their places; that certainly one of the deposed prelates (most probably both) had appealed to Stephen, that he had sent them back with letters ordering their restoration, and that they had returned to Spain, and, ousting the new bishops, had resumed their episcopal functions.

"It appears, also, that the Spanish Church was thrown into

great confusion by this interference, and had written to the African Church to know what they should do, and had sent their letter apparently by the new bishops. Cyprian writes a synodal reply, in which he says that they had done very right, that Stephen, through ignorance of the facts, had done very wrong, and that they must resist the invasion, and there the information stops.

“But quite enough is learnt. It is seen that the Spanish bishops went all the way from Spain (one from Merida, and the other from Leon and Astorga, opposite extremities) to the Roman prelate, complaining of the Spanish synodal decision; that he overruled it without even a new trial, or hearing the Spanish Church; that the deposed bishops, on the strength of his letter, had turned out their successors, and resumed their duties, and that the Spanish Church knew not how to act.

“Stephen is blamed, but *no doubt is uttered as to his right to interfere*. There would have been no blame if its exercise had been justified by circumstances.” (pp. 146-7.)

The case of Gaul is still more important.

“Marcian, bishop of Arles, had adopted Novatian's tenets. This had given offence to Faustinus, bishop of Lyons, and his suffragans; and they had sent a synodal letter to Stephen, giving him the information, and apparently desiring that he would procure his deposition. For some cause not stated, Stephen is said to have taken no notice of it. They, therefore, wrote once and again to Cyprian, saying that they had told Stephen, but he had paid no attention to their letter, and, I suppose, urging Cyprian also to write to him. The letter of Cyprian to Stephen is preserved, in which, having told him that it is the duty of all bishops to interfere, he urges him to send a very plain and peremptory letter to the province and people of Arles, *as well excommunicating Marcian, as ordering them to appoint a successor*, and then begs him to let him know who is appointed.

Whether Stephen did write is not said. But Stephen (we are to understand) was applied to for such a letter by both Faustinus and Cyprian, and, therefore, obviously considered by them as *having a special right to exercise that sort of interference*.” (pp. 148-9.)

We must observe in passing, that Mr. Shepherd has not done full justice to the letter of Cyprian. He represents Cyprian as simply calling on Cornelius to “excommunicate Marcian, and *order them*, (the people of Arles,) *to appoint another*.” What Cyprian really calls on Cornelius to do, is to *appoint a substitute himself by his own letter, and therefore by his own authority*; “*quibus (literis), abstento*

*Marciano, alius in locum ejus substituatur.*”\* This is the full mediæval claim of the Papacy.

All these examples, however, lie within the limits of the Western Church. And it must have jarred still more on Mr. Shepherd's preconceived notions, to have found such a case as the following, which is not only beyond the ordinary jurisdiction of the Bishop of Rome, but even concerns the jurisdiction of another patriarch, and in fact implies the subjection of that patriarch to the Roman Bishop.

“Athanasius states that some bishops residing in the Pentapolis had, in the days of Dionysius, so imbibed the tenets of Sabellius, that the Son of God was scarcely preached in the Churches. When this had come to the ears of Dionysius, he sent and exhorted the heretics to relinquish their heresies. This they refused to do. He then felt it his duty to write a book against them. It might have been thought that, as archbishop of the province, he had a readier and more conclusive mode of stopping the further propagation of such teaching. However, in the work which he composed, in order to refute their Sabellian notions, he pointed out the humanity of the Saviour, and showed that it was not the Father, but the Son, who had become incarnate for our salvation. This letter, when read by some of the Pentapolitans, seemed to them to savour of heresy; and not only to distinguish the Persons, but the substance also, of the Father and the Son. And ‘without,’ Athanasius says; ‘going to Dionysius to ask him to explain his meaning, they set off immediately to Rome to the other Dionysius, and laid an accusation against his Alexandrian namesake.’ Dionysius of Rome summoned a council, and laid the matter before it. The council was highly indignant, and the Roman prelate wrote to his Alexandrian namesake to inform him of the accusation made against him, and of the synod's opinion. He also published a work against not only his tenets, but those of Sabellius also. When this letter reached the Alexandrian Dionysius, he was greatly shocked, and immediately wrote an apologetic letter to his Roman namesake.

“This is the story, and it is easy to see the object of it. It was intended to show that persons living within the diocese of Alexandria, suspecting their bishop's orthodoxy, went instantly to Rome, and laid an accusation against him; and that the Alexandrian prelate had to exculpate himself to the Roman prelate. We have already seen attempts to assert this superiority with reference to Africa, Gaul, Spain, and Asia Minor. The Alexandrian prelate is now brought within the same circle. Hitherto he has been introduced as asking advice and communicating information. Now he is a criminal.” (pp. 190-1.)

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\* See the passage in the *Library of the Fathers*. III. P. II. 217.

Equally decisive, in his eyes, is the received account of the proceedings of Pope Victor in the Paschal controversy. It rests upon the authority of Eusebius in his *Ecclesiastical History*. Mr. Shepherd condenses the account given by Eusebius, as follows:—

“The Christians of all Asia, as it is termed by him, broke their paschal fast on the fourteenth day of the moon, whatever day of the week it might be, while the rest of Christendom never heeded the fourteenth day, but carried on their fast to the Sunday.

“A controversy is said to have arisen on this difference of usage, and synods to have been everywhere held to determine it, and, among other places, in Palestine, Rome, Pontus, Gaul, and Osroene. Nothing, therefore, more universal can well be imagined. The synodal letters of these councils are represented as being extant in the days of Eusebius, besides some letters from individuals, and they all decreed that on the Sunday, and on no other day in the week, should the paschal fast terminate. It is then said, that all these synods having made this decree, sent it everywhere. The letter, however, which conveyed the Roman decree, and which was written by Victor the bishop, and sent, it would seem, to Polycrates, bishop of Ephesus, conveyed much more than their opinion. It was a word and a blow. In plain terms they were told to meet together in council and change their doings; if they did not do so, and adopt the usages of the other Churches, they should all be excommunicated.” (pp. 198-9.)

After transcribing the letters of Polycrates and Irenæus, he proceeds with the following remarkable commentary:—

“If the reader reflects upon this account, it will strike him as not the least extraordinary part of it, that neither Irenæus nor Polycrates *express any doubt as to the power or authority of the Roman bishop to interfere abroad*. Irenæus respectfully remonstrates; Polycrates says, ‘who cares;’ but the illegality of any such proceedings is never even hinted at. The prelate could issue his mandate, only there might be then, as now, persons who would disregard it. And yet it is so opposed to everything that can be guessed at about the Church at that time, that it is, at the first glance, incredible. It appears, however, in the ‘*Ecclesiastical History*’ of Eusebius.” (p. 202.)

It would carry us beyond the limits of our prescribed space to enter into the detail of Mr. Shepherd’s account of the case of Athanasius, such as he finds it in the account of the affair which the historians and other writers of the fourth century have given. We can only condense the leading points of it.

Soon after Athanasius's recall from exile upon the death of Constantine, his old enemies began to intrigue anew against him. One of their earliest steps was "to send legates, and accuse him to the three emperors, and to Julius, Bishop of Rome." (p. 238.) Athanasius, as soon as he was apprised of this, sent legates to Rome upon his own part; and on their arrival, put the emissaries of the Arian party so completely to shame that they fled from the city in confusion. One of the objects which they had sought to obtain, was that Julius should grant letters of communion to Pistus, the new bishop who had been elected by their party at Alexandria, in the room of Athanasius, whom they sought to depose; and on this point also the delegates of Athanasius addressed a remonstrance to him,—a very significant evidence, that with regard to malversating bishops, the usage which we have seen in Gaul in the case of Marcian, bishop of Arles, was equally recognized, at least in extraordinary circumstances, by the great Churches of the East also. But further, the legates of the Arian party "asked Julius to call a council, and pledged themselves to attend it" (289); and "even when they returned home a letter of similar import was sent to Julius from the oriental prelates, not only *requesting him to call a council, but, if he liked, to be himself the judge.*" (289.)

Events, however, were meanwhile precipitated at Alexandria. Without waiting for the assembling of the council which they had asked Julius to call, the Arian prelates met at Antioch, deposed Athanasius, and elected Gregory of Cappadocia in his place. Athanasius, compelled to yield to their violence, "*fled to Rome and laid his case before the Church,*" (289.) Julius now resolved to act vigorously, and to "summon the Orientals to meet and explain the charges brought against them." Two Roman Presbyters were sent with the summons; but the Arian party anticipating the issue, declined to attend, on the ground of the insufficiency of the notice, and of the political troubles of the times, which made it impossible for them to leave their sees. Mr. Shepherd, by the way, urges, as a suspicious circumstance, this very shortness of the notice, inasmuch as though Athanasius had not left Alexandria till Easter, the council was called to meet at Rome before Christmas. But it never occurs to him, that if the notice were really so short as to present any seeming difficulty, this very in-



probability is the best evidence of the genuineness of the history. No forger would have committed himself to so palpable an improbability.

The letter in which the answer of the Orientals was contained is not preserved. It was an insolent and sarcastic rejoinder, denying the right of Western Councils to reverse Oriental decisions. Julius waited nearly twelve months, in the hope of their being induced to relent; but at length, "when Athanasius had been eighteen months at Rome, and no Orientals came, he summoned the council; they proceeded to take the Egyptian evidence for Athanasius; it completely refuted the allegations of the Oriental legates against him. He was therefore acquitted, and they gave him their communion," (240.)

At the desire of the Council, Julius wrote a letter to the Oriental Bishops, which is still preserved. We must allow Mr. Shepherd to explain, in his own words, the purport of this most important document. It is hardly an anticipation of what we shall have to notice hereafter, to say, that he regards the letter, and indeed whole history, as a fabrication; and it may be necessary to bear this in mind, in order to understand some of the commentaries by which the narrative is interrupted. The whole of the writer's prepossessions against "Roman pretensions," is observable in almost every sentence, and of course adds materially to the value of his evidence.

"However absurd the idea may be of the Eastern primates going to Rome to submit their conduct to the examination of Julius, it is most strenuously insisted upon in the letter, that he expected they would have come. No doubt was to be entertained upon that point. And although they had taken offence at his summons, and amid the terms of respect with which they addressed him, had allowed sarcastic expressions to appear, still it was their canonical duty to have come at his bidding. Indeed, so little could he doubt but they would come, that he had kept their letter a whole year by him, mentioning its contents to no one, that the feelings of the brethren at Rome might not be hurt at learning their disobedience. This is exceedingly startling intelligence, and made still more so, by our being informed that their necessary attendance was in accordance with a canon of the Nicene Council. He says—'The bishops assembled in the great synod of Nicæa permitted, not without the will of God, the decision of a former council to be reviewed by a later, in order that the judges, having before their eyes the probability of a revision, might examine with all carefulness, and the accused might have confidence that their case had been decided

according to justice, and not from any hostile feeling in the minds of former judges.'

"The foundation is thus laid of the object of this letter: a former synodal sentence can be revised, and that by the authority of a canon of the Nicene Council. Of course it is a direct falsehood as respects the sentence of a provincial synod.

"Julius is then made to say that this is an ancient practice, and an established custom. But the Nicene Council was held only seventeen years before the supposed date of this letter, and therefore, except the writer forgot himself at the moment, and spoke of the Nicene Council as from the next century, when he may have been writing, he must allude to the authority of revision as an established part of the canon law. But, previous to the accession of Constantine, there is no evidence of the revision of any provincial sentence, which is what is meant here, by the prelates of another province. Nor, indeed, had there been after that event, except in the single case of the Roman decision of Miltiades on the Donatist schism, which was reviewed by the Synod of Arles; and the allusion to that council in this letter makes me not the less suspicious of the Arles Council, although it was a revision of a Roman sentence. But these proceedings—both at Rome and Arles—if real, were uncanonical; both were contrary to canon law. So that it may be said there had not been known, at the time when this letter is supposed to have been written, any instance of a revision of a synodal sentence, and yet this writer calls it an ancient practice in the Church, confirmed by councils.

"Having thus laid his foundation in falsehood, the next step in the letter is to affirm that, even if the Orientals had not desired a synod, and that he had urged it with a view to harass them on account of the complaints of their suffering brethren, such a proposal would have been reasonable and just. It would have been in accordance to ecclesiastical usage, and pleasing to God.

"It is here advanced that he, even when a revision was not agreed on by both parties, could, on the complaint of one of them, bring the cause before him. This too, he says, was ecclesiastical. He does not say in accordance with canon law, but that is implied. It was ecclesiastical usage. Of course this is another falsehood. At the same time he has not yet said that this power of revising rested with him alone, as bishop of Rome; he has only laid it down generally.

"As he proceeds, he pretends to doubt that they really thought all bishops of equal authority; he treats their expressions as if they had been only angry and passionate declamations, but he states no rule of distinction.

"And towards the close he openly states that Athanasius and Marcellus, according to the canons of the Church, should not have been proceeded against without writing to the West, as they were

bishops, and moreover bishops not of common, but of Apostolical, Churches.

"It is here implied that no Oriental bishop could be deposed without previously making a reference to the West, that is, to Rome, as he represents the Western Church, which is another falsehood.

"And he adds that it was more particularly important that they should have written to them concerning the Alexandrian Church. 'Do you not know that such was the custom to write to us first, and so from hence the sentence to be delivered? If there has been any suspicion against the bishop of that city, you ought to have written to the Church here.' But in the present instance they, without having made the Roman Church acquainted with the facts, but having done what they liked, desired that the Roman Church, which had never condemned Athanasius, should join in their decision. Such was not the order of Paul, such was not the tradition of the Fathers.

"Here is an allusion to the forgery about the two Dionysiiuses already noticed, and which was no doubt written by the man that wrote this letter.

"And then peeps out the forger barefaced. 'I beseech you gladly bear with me. The things I write are for the public good. What we have received from the blessed Peter the apostle, that I made known to you, and I would not have written, as *I think that these things are publicly known to all men*, if what has happened had not disturbed us.' " (pp. 251-5.)

It is sufficiently plain from several incidental observations in this and other passages, which we have cited, that Mr. Shepherd unhesitatingly pronounces the history of the Athanasian case to be a pure fiction, and that in what we have cited from him, he is only giving the case as it stands in the, (in his view, corrupt) historical narrative, which has alone come down to us. We must complain, however, that, even in this view of the question, Mr. Shepherd has been guilty of a gross suppression in the particular instance of Pope Julius' interference. He altogether conceals the fact, that, in the letter which he is represented as addressing to the Arian accusers of Athanasius, and in the claims and pretensions embodied in that letter, the only historians of the period whom we have, represent him as merely acting in accordance with the recognised rights of his see; that Socrates declares that "the ecclesiastical canon prohibits the sanctioning of such decrees, (as that by which the Arians had deposed Athanasius,) without the

sentence of the Roman Bishop ;”\* that Sozomen in like manner avows, that there “ was a law, founded upon the dignity of his priesthood, which pronounces those acts invalid which were done against the sentence of the Roman Bishop ;”† that Epiphanius, in the *Historia Tripartita*, reiterates the same principle ; that Theodoret, in relating Julius’ citation of Athanasius, and his accusers to Rome, represents him but as “ acting in accordance with the ecclesiastical law ;”‡ and that so notorious was this law or usage, that even the pagan writer Ammanus Marcellinus, relates in so many words, that “ although the emperor knew the deposition and banishment of Athanasius to have been accomplished (at Alexandria), yet in his unremitting hostility to him, he was exceedingly desirous that the sentence should be *confirmed by that authority by which the bishops of the Eternal City are pre-eminent.*”§

Surely these are items in the statement of the case important enough to deserve at least a passing notice. In Mr. Shepherd’s view, of course, they would not alter its real bearings. *He* would find no difficulty in scouting these, and a dozen similar testimonies, as equally spurious with the document which they are, in his opinion, intended to support ; but as it would cost him so little thus to reject them from his estimate of the case—as he can dispose, by a simple stroke of his pen, of Socrates, Sozomen, Theodoret, and even the Father of Ecclesiastical History himself—he has the less excuse for passing them over. If it be not more difficult to forge half-a-dozen authorities than a single one such as that on which he rests the case, it would at least exhibit in a more striking light the daring, the ingenuity, and the industry of these wholesale fabricators.

Such then is the picture of Papal pretensions in the four first centuries, which the existing and hitherto recognised records of the early history present, even when viewed, as in Mr. Shepherd’s case, “ through a Protestant glass of the present day.” We have now to see how Mr. Shepherd proceeds to deal with this *prima-facie* evidence.

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\* Lib. ii. 23, p. 234.      † Lib. iii. 9, p. 445.      ‡ Lib. ii. 4.

§ Amm. Marcell. opp. LXV. vii. p. 70, Gronovius’ Ed. Leyden, 1693.

The reader will have gathered from what has been already said, that he disposes of it by a most summary process, declaring it to be all fabricated, tampered with, mutilated, modified, and, by every other conceivable variety of literary dishonesty, adapted, so as to sustain the groundless pretensions of modern Rome! Even those portions of it which are most discreditable to these very pretensions, and which the duller champions of Protestantism have hitherto been gulled into regarding as precious fragments of anticipated anti-Papalism—the protests of Polycrates, and Cyprian, and Firmilian, and Eusebius of Nicomedia, and Gregory of Cappadocia, and Meletius, and the rest; even these are to him but the more hidden lines of that web of fraud and falsehood, with which the craft and ambition of Rome has interwoven her system! It matters not that all the eminent critics of this and every former age, Protestant as well as Catholic, Gallican\* as well as Ultramontane—Papalists and Febro-nians—the Ceilliers, the Mabillons, the Dupins, the Caves, the Valois, the Saviles, the Fells, the Pearsons, the Coustants, even the Hardouins themselves, have agreed in receiving these records as true and unadulterated. All this is of no weight in the present enquiry. Mr. Shepherd has discovered new lights, to which every eye before his had been insensible, and his single verdict is to set all the rest aside at once and for ever!

Such is literally the modest assumption on which Mr. Shepherd's book proceeds!

We wish it were in our power to follow him through all the several chapters of the early history which he has selected for the display of this indiscriminating scepticism; but we need hardly say, that as the doubt conveyed in a single sentence, or even a single phrase, may require whole pages for its solution, we might easily occupy volumes in the refutation of the dogmatism, unsubstantial as it, for the most part, is, with which his book is filled. But we

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\* It is true that the bigoted Gallican Launoi (*De Duob. Dionys.* 77-117) questions the authority of St. Cyprian's Letter (68th or 67th) on Marcian of Arles. But his doubts are discarded as utterly groundless by the rest of the Gallican school, even by Dupin, ultra Gallican as he was (i. 125), and at greater length by Tillemont (iv. 22), who adduces the evidences of several Protestant critics in support of its authenticity. Indeed this is perfectly certain.

shall at least be able to illustrate so much of the principles by which Mr. Shepherd's criticisms are guided, as will show to what degree of credit they are in general entitled.

Once for all, then, we may say, that so monstrous an example of the sophism "begging the question," as his book presents, it has never been our fate to encounter. It is a mass of *assumptions* from the beginning to the end. We have already seen that the author commenced his investigation of the historical evidences of the claims of the Papacy, "fully satisfied *upon other grounds* that they *could* have no solid foundation;" and, from the first page to the last, of his volume, he has kept this conviction steadily before his eyes. That any fact, any statement, any narrative, of these early times, should appear to support the modern claims of Rome, is quite enough, in his eyes, to settle the question of the authenticity of such statement or narrative. It becomes *ipso facto*, by a regularly graduated scale,—"suspicious," "startling," "absurd," "incredible," "monstrous," "surpassing all belief!" That Irenæus and Polycrates, for instance, in writing on the Paschal controversy, should not call in question the authority of Pope Victor to interfere therein, he declares, "extraordinary" (202), and "at the first glance, incredible" (*ibid.*); Victor's alleged excommunication of the Asiatic Churches, is in his eyes "a deed of such extraordinary and monstrous character, as to exceed all belief" (198); the fact of the right of Pope Stephen to interfere in the affairs of the Church of Spain, being supposed in the letter of Cyprian on the subject, is quite sufficient to make him regard the whole account of the case as "suspicious" (147); that the clergy of Carthage should have been in the habit of consulting Rome on anything that troubled them, is "curious" (137); that the bishops of the Council of Arles should send their decrees to the Roman Bishop, in order that he, "by reason of his greater jurisdiction, should make them known throughout Christendom," renders the very existence of the council more than problematical (225); the idea of the eastern primates, in the affair of Athanasius, going to Rome to submit their conduct to the judgment of Julius, is "absurd" (251); that the history of Socrates, simply because of the picture which it gives of the relations of Rome to the Eastern Church, should be "the composition of an Oriental prelate of A.D. 450," is "incredible" (69); that



Theodosius should, as he does in his well-known edict, have referred the Eastern Bishops to Rome for their creed, would have been "an insult" (114); and, to sum up all, every such statement as these, and every document supporting such statement; *must be* a fabrication, for "there *can be no doubt that truth has recorded nothing whatsoever* of the earlier centuries of the history of Rome!" (71.)

In one word, this investigation of the evidence in favour of the Papal supremacy proceeds on the express supposition, that *no such evidence can possibly exist*; that "history *must* support common sense and Scripture, in rejecting it" (pref.); and that the very idea of its favouring the belief of a doctrine so unscriptural, and in itself so untenable, *must be* fatal to the credibility of any statement, no matter what its extrinsic verisimilitude may chance to be. On this principle, any document which supposes or implies it, must be regarded as a modern fabrication. A work which contains any incidental allusion to it, must be believed, though undoubtedly genuine in the main, to have been so far tampered with for the purpose of sustaining the fraud: a history, in itself of admitted authenticity, if it should seem to favour the belief in any portion of its narrative, is clearly so far falsified. Even where the statement is at first sight unfavourable to the claim, and in fact has been immemorially appealed to by its antagonists as fatal to the very idea of such claim, this must be regarded but as a more refined and skilful fabrication, devised for the sole purpose of disguising the real fraud. Firmilian's scornful disregard of Pope Stephen is as certainly, though far more covertly, the work of the forger, as the abject and slavish submission of Dionysius. The disgraceful recreancy of Liberius, is but a more subtle disguise, assumed by the same master in the art of falsehood, who has placed Julius on the pinnacle of authoritative orthodoxy, and represented him as the irresponsible arbiter of faith and communion, alike to the East and the West!

Accordingly, Mr. Shepherd considers it quite enough that he should point out "improbabilities," "suspicious circumstances," "curious facts," "remarkable coincidences," or indulge in any other of the traditional forms of inuendo, in order to set aside, without further ceremony, even the best authenticated and most undoubted facts and documents of history. He appears to have but little idea

of the use which might be made, and what *de facto* has been made, of these principles of criticism. We should be very curious to see him discuss, upon the principles upon which his own enquiry into Papal history is based, any single chapter in Strauss' book upon the Gospel Narrative. He would be likely to find some inuendoes upon probabilities, circumstances, facts, and coincidences, quite as plausible, and infinitely more vital in their results, than those which he so ostentatiously parades in his strictures upon the histories on which "Romanists rely."

As a specimen of his mode of dealing with historical evidence, we must content ourselves with the first of his Proofs and Illustrations, viz. :—that upon Cyprian and the so-called Cyprianic Letters; and even with this we must deal very summarily. It will have appeared from the passages which we have already extracted, that the principles of the writers of the correspondence which has hitherto gone under the name of Cyprian, were of a character, to use Mr. Shepherd's phrase, "more fashionable at Rome than at Canterbury." Indeed, there is hardly an essential point in the claim of supremacy which they do not either establish or presuppose. Mr. Shepherd gets rid of all this very simply, by declaring that the whole correspondence is a modern fabrication. And the arguments by which he attempts to sustain this position are so ludicrously inconclusive, that we should feel some difficulty about wearying our readers with any reference to them, were it not that they may show once for all what is the character of the entire performance. They are, in fact, a series of assumptions, from the first to the last. We should premise that with the exception of a few doubts expressed by one or two such sceptical critics as Rigault, Rivet, or Launoi, regarding a few particulars, the whole body of modern critics, even down to such writers as Bayle, Gibbon, and Dodwell, are agreed as to the genuineness and perfectly truthful character of this correspondence. The letters are cited by almost every ancient writer who refers to the period, by Eusebius both in his History and in the Chronicle, by St. Jerome in his Ecclesiastical Writers, and his Dialogue against Lucifer of Cagliari, and by Pacian of Barcelona.

Against this authority Mr. Shepherd's difficulties are of two kinds, intrinsic and extrinsic. We shall take them in succession.

I. His first argument to prove the fabrication of this correspondence is, that whereas up to the date at which it is laid, there is "no trace of any intercourse between the Bishops of Rome and Carthage," yet, during the period over which this correspondence extends, as if by the lifting up of a curtain, the two churches are seen in the closest intimacy; nothing is done at either see, especially at Carthage, without an instant communication of it to the other, there being this difference between them, that Rome speaks like a superior and Carthage like an inferior" (127).

Now it is strange enough that Mr. Shepherd himself supplies, in the very same paragraph, a perfectly satisfactory solution of this difficulty, in the fact which he alleges, that during this period of silence "we know scarcely anything of either church." Might it not have occurred to him, as rather hard to expect, that whereas nothing is known of either church, history should inform us of the connection which subsists between them? But, besides, will any one suppose that such intercourse as is found to have subsisted during those troubled years, must always have been maintained, even in times of comparative calm and peace? Where are there, in the earlier history of Carthage, events of such magnitude, and contests of such interest, as those "upon the lapsed" and "on rebaptizing heretics?" When Mr. Shepherd shows, that, at any previous period, such controversies had been in agitation at Carthage, without any reference to Rome, there may be some value in the contrast which he seeks to establish. But until he shall have done this, it is of no weight whatsoever.

II. He further argues, as evidence of the suspicious character of this correspondence, that from its date forward, the curtain drops again, and throughout the rest of the third and the whole of the fourth century, there is no farther trace of any such connection between Rome and Africa. When we read this astounding statement, we were disposed at first sight to believe that he had forgotten the memorable Donatist controversy, which was repeatedly referred to Rome under two successive pontificates; that this reference was made by the Emperor Constantine himself soon after his conversion to Christianity; that the whole affair is circumstantially related by Eusebius, in his history; and that St. Augustine recognises the fitness and

canonical propriety of the reference to the Roman Pontiff, while he declares the appeal made to the emperor on the part of the Donatists, to be irregular. But we discovered, on a little further examination, that Mr. Shepherd was aware of all this, and of a great deal more, which less far-seeing minds might suppose to be satisfactory evidence; but that he holds all this to be barefaced forgery; that he disbelieves this whole story of the Donatist appeal; denies the existence of the Council of Rome under Melchisedes; and still more vehemently rejects the history of the Council of Arles in the following year! It is by a wholesale procedure such as this that he supports his statements as to cessation of intercourse between Rome and Africa! It is difficult to know to what class of evidence one should appeal, in dealing with an adversary of principles like these.

In truth Mr. Shepherd's attempt to point out intrinsic incongruities and improbabilities in the statements contained in this correspondence, (pp. 130-3,) if it has any force at all, resolves itself into a disbelief of the entire controversy on the subject of the Lapsed. And yet if it be permitted to call this into question, where is the fact in history of which we can obtain certainty? It is told circumstantially by the only professed historian of the period whose writings have come down to us. It has left its traces in the discipline of the Church, as well as in her doctrinal statements. It is intimately and inseparably connected with the history and the very existence of the Novatian heresy; and even the Donatist schism itself, although it afterwards assumed a different form, had its origin in the principles which this controversy tended to develop. We may judge of the difficulties of a position which can only be maintained by such a sacrifice of probability.

It is really painful to observe the petty circumstances on which he fastens, in order to create an impression against the genuineness of these letters. It would have been a "monstrous breach of order," he contends, for the clergy of Rome to have addressed the clergy of Carthage upon the question of the Lapsed, without taking any notice of their bishops, (134,) although the letter to which they reply was written not by the bishop alone, nor by the bishop in conjunction with the clergy, but by the clergy of Carthage alone. Novatian's letter is set down as "unreal," because it "magnifies the Roman Church," and

because it refers to certain letters which had been sent into Sicily, "without stating to whom they were directed." (pp. 133-6.) The letter of the Roman clergy to Cyprian, one of the clearest and most satisfactory expositions of the true principles that should regulate the dealings of the Church with the Lapsed, which it would be possible to desire, is declared to be "unnatural" and "unreal," because it occupies "four pages without a fact!" It is represented as improbable that the Roman clergy would blame Cyprian for flying from the persecution at Carthage, whereas they speak of foreign bishops who were at Rome and at Carthage at the very same time. "Why," it is asked, "should the Roman clergy have been so angry with Cyprian for a temporary concealment in the neighbourhood of his people, and so friendly with these, foreign and Italian, who had entirely deserted their flocks?" The fact being, that the bishops of whom there is question had assembled for the purpose of holding a council, and so far from flying from danger, (the charge made against Cyprian,) had actually braved it in its very strongholds.

Such are, substantially, the intrinsic improbabilities on account of which we are called on to reject the authority of the ancient historians, and the verdict of all modern critics, of every conceivable shade of opinion!

II. But this is as nothing when compared with Mr. Shepherd's mode of dealing with the extrinsic arguments in favour of the genuineness of the correspondence.

"These letters," he tells us, "are noticed previous to the fifth century, in a professed translation of Eusebius's 'Chronicle,' by Jerome, in Jerome's book on 'Ecclesiastical Writers,' in a dialogue stated to be written by Jerome against the disciples of Lucifer, bishop of Calari, and in a work which goes under the name of Pacian."

One might suppose that, when the documents in question are merely a few letters, in array of authority like this, (even though it was complete, which it is not, for it omits Eusebius's History,) should be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable enquirer. But this is nothing in Mr. Shepherd's eyes. He disposes of them all without the smallest ceremony: they are *all*, he declares, *either spurious or interpolated*, in all their statements about Cyprian which bear upon the Papacy.

(1) The Chronicle\* of Eusebius, he maintains, is interpolated. His proof is rather a strange one. *It says too much about Cyprian*, he holds, to be genuine. By a number of earlier citations from the Chronicle in which Pope Victor and his connexion with the Paschal controversy, are brought prominently forward, and which Mr. S. endeavours to show were ingrafted upon the original for the purpose of establishing the claim of Roman supremacy, he infers that the similar references to Cyprian were intended to subserve the same ambitious designs. But, unluckily, for all this assumption, he has no proof whatsoever to offer, and, on the contrary, it rather unfortunately happens, even by his own admission (177,) that this designing interpolator has omitted the material point of the whole story of Victor—the only point on which the Roman claim could really be made to rest—*his attempted excommunication of the Asiatics!*

(2) His argument against the purity of the present text of St. Jerome's Ecclesiastical Writers, is nothing more than a series of the like silly assumptions. The notices of Cyprian cannot, he holds, be genuine, because they are too frequently and too prominently introduced; inasmuch as besides a special article on Cyprian himself, there are also allusions, to him under the heads of Pontius, of Dionysius of Alexandria, and of Novatian! Is it possible to carry this reckless absurdity farther? Nothing could be more natural than each and every one of these references to Cyprian.

(1) Pontius, the first of the writers referred to, was the Deacon and bosom friend of Cyprian, and actually composed his Life. Mr. Shepherd, of course, declares this Life to be “manifestly spurious” (164.) But there is no second opinion among critics upon the subject of its

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\* In the course of his argument he alludes to the alleged Armenian translation of the Chronicle, published by Cardinal Mai, and, as usual, expresses strong doubts as to its being a translation at all. It is plain, however, that he has not the smallest knowledge of the subject, and is not even aware that since Cardinal Mai's *Latin version* of the Armenian translation, the original Armenian text has actually been published by the Mechpitarists at San Lazzaro, in two vols., 4to.



authenticity. Even Gibbon regards it as a genuine and most interesting historical record.\*

(2) Dionysius of Alexandria was himself engaged in the very same controversy on rebaptizing heretics, which forms the leading topic of the more important portion of Cyprian's correspondence; and therefore nothing could be more natural than to connect them together.

Mr. Shepherd, however, alleges, what would be, if true, a very serious difficulty, viz., that Jerome's statement is at variance with that of the Church History of Eusebius (164.) But what is the fact? We are bound to suppose that Mr. Shepherd cannot possibly even have looked at the book to which he so boldly refers. Eusebius most explicitly declares that this very Dionysius wrote to Stephen "the first of his epistles on baptism, as there was no little controversy whether those turning from any heresy whatever, should be purified by baptism;"† thus confirming, in the clearest terms, the collateral evidence of Jerome in the Ecclesiastical Writers.

(3) So far is the reference to Cyprian, under the head of Novatian, from being suspicious, that, on the contrary, we should have considered the omission of such reference far more extraordinary: Was Mr. Shepherd aware, that according to the most probable opinion, Novatian himself is the author of one, at least, of the letters in the correspondence? Does he forget that the most strenuous efforts were made by him and his followers to obtain the support of the rigorist party in Africa; that he was, in truth, almost as much mixed up with the African controversy on the Lapsed, as with the Roman; and that Cyprian was the heart and soul of the opposition maintained in both Churches, against his harsh and cruel policy towards the fallen? Surely it would be inconceivable that the mention of Novatian should not have elicited the name of his great and successful antagonist; and the terms in which he is alluded to in the Ecclesiastical Writers, are precisely those which would have occurred to any one acquainted with the circumstances of the controversy.

And when it is recollected that St. Cyprian was, up to the time at which St. Jerome wrote, almost the only, or, at least, the most important, representative of the Christian literature of the West, it will be at once understood that a

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\* Vol. i. 560.

† VII. ii. p. 248, Cruse's Translation.

Western critic would naturally not alone seize every opportunity that might offer itself, but even seek out studiously, and create other opportunities of indulging the pride of a fellow provincial, by the exhibition of the merits of so distinguished a bishop and so powerful a writer.

The objections against the authenticity of the Dialogue against the Luciferians, are of the same frivolous and arbitrary character, consisting chiefly of alleged improbabilities in the narrative of events which it supplies. It would carry us far beyond our limits to enter into this profitless discussion, and, indeed, the reader may sufficiently estimate the nature of the arguments on which Mr. Shepherd relies, when we inform him that Mr. Shepherd carries his scepticism as far as to doubt, and even deny, the existence of any schism originated by Lucifer of Cagliari (pp. 165-6.) Why there is not a fact in the history of the western Church, of the fourth century, more satisfactorily established; nor were the traces of its influence entirely removed for nearly a century after the death of the prelate with whom it had its origin.

We are tempted to present, as a closing specimen of his principles of criticism, the arguments by which he attempts to get rid of the last testimony to the genuineness of the Cyprianic Letters, that of Pacian, Bishop of Barcelona.

“On the titlepage is the name of Pacian; and on referring to Jerome, who is here perhaps unpolluted, we read:—‘Pacian, bishop of Barcelona, in the Pyrenees, celebrated for his chastity and eloquence, for his way of life and speech, wrote several small works, one called *Κέρβος*, and another against the Novatians. He is already dead, in extreme old age, in the reign of Theodosius;’ that is, within twelve years of the time Jerome was writing.

“The work to which I am alluding is said to be this book against the Novatians. But I have learnt to believe, and I think the reader will be convinced also, if he has the patience to weigh my proofs, that attention is to be paid to the titles of the books which Jerome quotes. My impression is, that he has seen every book which he mentions, except in cases where he distinctly tells us that he had not; and that he, whatever may have been the case with his interpolator, was very exact in transcribing the titles. But the book in question has no such title as ‘against the Novatians;’ it is intitled, ‘Three Letters to Sympronian.’ There is nothing to show that the writer was Pacian, nor where he lived, nor to whom he was writing; and the internal evidence is, that the writer was an African. It is a very absurd story that introduces the Cyprian documents. The parties are strangers, or almost so, and live thirty

days' journey apart ; and Sympronian, whom Pacian addresses as 'my lord,' 'most illustrious lord,' and then 'brother,' sends a messenger with his letters to Pacian, telling him that no one throughout the whole world had convinced him of the error of his opinions, but yet seeking to argue with Pacian. As it turns out, however, (and if this letter is a specimen of his usual method of conducting a controversy, there is not much wonder that he had yet been unanswered,) he had forgotten, although he had sent a man a month's journey with his letter, to state distinctly what his opinions were. So Pacian, in the first letter, argues as if his correspondent was a Montanist, introducing Cyprian however ; and, after a few observations, says he would have entered more at large into the subject, only (as usual) the servant was waiting. This is a very significant excuse, as it prevades so many of these suspicious documents. But as a thirty days' journey lay between him and his correspondent (although Pacian carefully conceals the place of Sympronian's residence, calling it 'the city,') it might have been thought that the messenger could have waited a day longer. At the same time, if the messenger had waited for the first letter as long as it would seem he had to wait for the second, forty days, he might have some reason for being in a great hurry at last.

"The second and third letters are evidently intended to bolster up the Cyprian letters, by quoting the peculiar facts contained in them, such as the name, character, and proceedings of Novatus, the African presbyter, under pretence of warding off the attacks of a Novatian. It is impossible that Pacian's character for learning could have induced a stranger to send so far to hear the truth from his lips. A man who proves that 'Catholic' means, 'as the more learned think, 'obedience to all the commands,' that is, 'of God,' by the text, 'For as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous,' is not likely to have been the subject of fame, or to have received Jerome's panegyric. The allusion to the Apollinarians as well-known heretics, classing them among the Phrygians and Novatians, of itself is a fair presumption that Pacian was not the author of the letters. He died in extreme old age, about the time when that heresy was first condemned in the East, its birthplace ; and it is very unlikely, even if the heresy had penetrated the Pyrenees, that a man of his years, and he does not write like an old man, would have been at that time writing a book, or if he had been, and had noticed the new heresy, that he would not have said something about its peculiar tenets." (pp. 173-5.)

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in this criticism, is the admission with which it opens, that *possibly this citation from Jerome may be genuine*. This is a great deal from Mr. Shepherd.

His conjecture, therefore, is, that although Pacian wrote some work against the Novatians, it was not that which we now have under his name.

Now we need only say, that there is hardly a single point in all the critical history of the fourth century, less susceptible of doubt than the identity of Pacian's work against the Novatians, and that which is still preserved. Tillemont, one of the most calm and dispassionate of critics, pronounces it "one of the noblest monuments of the doctrine of the Church, and of the erudition and piety of the author."\* Mr. Shepherd's only direct objection that the work which we possess is not entitled *Against the Novatians*, is either a very foolish or a very dishonest one. Like almost all the controversial or didactic works of the age, (both sacred and profane,) it is in three letters addressed to Sempronianus, a Novatian nobleman, who had consulted Pacian on the doctrines of Novatianism. But although addressed to him in the form of letters, it is professedly, from the beginning to the end, an argument against Novatianism; and *the third letter is, in fact, a formal reply to a Novatian tract, which Sempronianus had sent to Pacian for examination*. The conjectural improbabilities as to the time at which the book was written do not deserve to be taken into account for a moment against the positive testimonies which we actually possess; but, even as conjectures, they cannot be sustained. To take the most prominent of these as an example, Mr. Shepherd objects, that as Pacian, according to St. Jerome, died under Theodosius, it is improbable he could have spoken of the Apollinarians "as well-known heretics." Now there is not the slightest difficulty in the matter. St. Jerome's book was written in 392,† three years before the death of Theodosius. Pacian may have died, therefore, at any time between 379 and 392. Now even taking the earliest of these dates, the Apollinarians were already, for a considerable time, "well-known heretics." Their principles had been public for years before, and the heresy itself was formally condemned in 377. And, in fact, so far from presenting any difficulty as to the time at which the tract may be supposed to have been written, it should rather be taken as a confirmation of its ordinarily received date. What is more natural than

\* VIII. 227.

\* Tillemont, VIII. 228.

that a writer should take, as the first illustration which presented itself to his thoughts, the example of a recent and popular heresy, which was then actually under discussion, and, as such, more likely to occur both to his own mind and that of his correspondent?

We have already observed that in enumerating (p. 152) the extrinsic evidences of the genuineness of these letters, Mr. Shepherd omits to mention the Ecclesiastical History of Eusebius. Now the forty-third chapter of the seventh book of this history contains a very explicit mention of the most important portion of the correspondence. "There are also," we read, "epistles of Cornelius, bishop of Rome, addressed to Fabius, bishop of Antioch, which show the transactions of the council of Rome, and also the opinions of all those in Italy and Africa, and the regions there. *Others there are, also written in the Roman tongue, from Cyprian, and the bishops with him in Africa.*"\*

It is true that Mr. Shepherd alludes to this passage in a subsequent page (160,) but it is only to throw discredit upon its authenticity, the principal argument against it being, that "*Cyprian has no title given to him,*" which, he assures us, is contrary to the invariable practice of the genuine Eusebius! Unluckily for Mr. Shepherd's point, (even if it were worth considering for a single moment,) *the genuine Eusebius* does give Cyprian his title, calling him "*Cyprian, and the bishops with him in Africa;*" although Mr. Shepherd has found it expedient to suppress this title in the reference which he makes to Eusebius, (which is cited with inverted commas,) changing the phrase "*Cyprian, and the bishops with him in Africa,*" into simple "*Cyprian and the Africans*" (160.) We own we should have expected more caution from so inveterate an enemy of forgery!

Such is a very imperfect description of the process by which Mr. Shepherd disposes of historical authorities, when they stand in the way of his favourite views. In the case of the Letters of Cyprian, he begins by discrediting them altogether in themselves, because they present a view of the relations between Rome and the other churches which, "upon other grounds he is satisfied" must be false, and to which, looking, as he does, "through a Protestant glass," he has deliberately shut his eyes. Under this assumption, he

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\* p. 341 Cruse's Tran.

discovers a number of petty improbabilities, seeming inconsistencies in the narrative, difficulties of time, space, or circumstances, which he dignifies into the name of "intrinsic proofs and illustrations." He finds this statement to be "suspicious;" that circumstance "curious;" another "incredible," and pronounces the entire result to be "unnatural," "unreal," and to bear convincing evidence of the forger's hand. This point once satisfactorily established, all the rest is easy. The extrinsic evidence presents no difficulty; the judgment of the entire critical world, Catholic, Protestant, and unbelieving, he sets aside as unworthy of consideration, or rather ignores altogether; and it is not a little amusing, that as far as we can at present recollect, there is hardly a single allusion from the beginning to the end of the volume to any one great name in the annals of criticism, even in confirmation of the views which he is desirous to sustain. The testimonies of contemporary or nearly contemporary writers, are but, in his eyes, so many additional threads in the web of forgery, which he easily disentangles by the same process. Eusebius's History, he declares, is manifestly interpolated. His Chronicle is confessedly imperfect, and does not profess to be more than a translation; this translation has plainly been tampered with; Jerome's "Ecclesiastical Writers" presents evident traces of the same hand; Pontius the Deacon's Life of Cyprian is a manifestly spurious work; the Dialogue against the Luciferian Schismatics is a clumsy fabrication; and in truth there never was such a schism at all; and as for Pacian's "Letters to Sempronianus," it is a manifest anachronism to imagine that they could have been composed by him; and it is equally manifest, from their very contents, that the writer was the same who has left us so much of his other handiwork in the Cyprianic correspondence, and whose sole object in drawing up these letters was to support, by collateral evidence, the monstrous fraud of which he had then laid the foundation!

In all this, too, Mr. Shepherd's contempt for the authority of history with regard to facts, is equally chivalrous. He never lets "a fact" stand for a moment in his way. He has as little difficulty in sacrificing the existence of a heresy, a schism, a council, a controversy, as he finds in denying the genuineness of a book. He regards the whole story of the Paschal controversy under Victor, which the benighted throng of common historians look upon as hav-



ing supplied materials which agitated the Church for more than two centuries, as a pure "fabrication;"—the alleged fact itself being merely a Romanist peg, whereon to hang their "monstrous claim" to interference in the affairs of foreign churches. For the similar contest under Stephen, on Rebaptizing, he discovers a similar origin. The dispute about the Lapsed, he would represent as equally unreal. The whole Donatist appeal to Constantine, to Melchiades, and to Sylvester, is, on his showing, a complete fiction; so also are the councils of Rome and Arles, which are alleged to have been held for its adjustment; so is the great council of Sardica and the seceding and rival Arian council of Philippopolis, so are the later councils of Milan and Rimini, at least in all the received details of their history; and strangest of all, the history of Liberius is utterly irreconcilable, not alone with known facts, but even with probability itself!

Like most paradoxical theorists, too, Mr. Shepherd reasons at different times upon the most different, and indeed, most contradictory principles. At one time he argues against the genuineness of a document, from the fact of its not being mentioned by some contemporary, or nearly contemporary writer, for example by Eusebius, or by St. Jerome. At another time he urges the fact of a book's being noticed by those writers at all, as a suspicious, and perhaps fatal circumstance. One time too little is said of a book or of a fact to be compatible with its authenticity; another time the, as he calls it, too-marked and prominent notice which it receives, can only be explained on the supposition of fraud and design!

And thus, for example, in the case of the Letters of St. Cyprian, his theory of their spuriousness involves the following process:—

1. The long series of letters to and from Cyprian, and a great variety of correspondents at Rome, at Carthage, in Asia, in Gaul, in Spain, must have been compiled by this industrious forger, or knot of forgers, fully two centuries after their alleged date. And the reader need but look into these letters, and observe the minute and close details of persons, doubts, and opinions, with which they are filled, in order to form an idea of the ingenuity requisite for such a fabrication.

2. The forger, in order to sustain this fundamental fraud, must have systematically falsified the whole groundwork

of the history of the period. He must have invented the account of the contest about the Lapsed; the letters of communion granted by the martyrs; the scandals and re-criminations of Novatian and his opponents, and a thousand minute circumstances of them all. Above all, he must have invented the whole history of the Rebaptizing controversy.

3. He must have tampered with the History of Eusebius in numberless places, not only by introducing allusions whereby to strengthen and support his fraud, but what is far more difficult, by suppressing or modifying every statement inconsistent with its credibility.

4. He must have repeated the same process in the Latin translation of the History, by Ruffinus.

5. He must have dealt still more summarily with St. Jerome's Ecclesiastical Writers;—which in fact, to judge from Mr. Shepherd's account, has been “doctored” in almost every article, for the purpose of lending its authority to Cyprian.

6. He must have gone to the still more extraordinary length of first fabricating a book, Pontius's Life of Cyprian, for the mere purpose of inserting in Jerome's Ecclesiastical Writers an article upon it, into which a notice of these letters was to be introduced;—and this although the Life itself gives no support to them!

7. He must not only have fabricated Jerome's so-called “Dialogue against the Luciferians,” but he must even have invented the whole story of the Luciferian schism, in order to be able to write against it!

8. He must have forged a “most improbable” correspondence between Pacian and Sempronianus, in order to pass it off upon the world as the “Book against the Novatians” of this author described by Jerome in his Ecclesiastical Writers; and yet must have done this so clumsily and imperfectly, as to leave it even still doubtful whether this can possibly be the book to which Jerome refers!

These are but a few of the more prominent assumptions involved in Mr. Shepherd's theory. There are besides a thousand nameless, partly expressed, partly implied, prejudgments of the case, which it would be too long to enumerate, but which every reader at all acquainted with the subject, will easily discover. And what we

have shown of the case of the Cyprianic Letters, is equally true of that of all the rest, and perhaps in some more strikingly so, than in that of St. Cyprian.

It is time to draw these observations to a close. But there is one ground of objection to the authenticity of a fact which is so exceedingly unusual, that we cannot pass it over. After all that we have seen on the subject of the interpolation of St. Jerome's Ecclesiastical, and the translation of Eusebius's Chronicle, will the reader believe, that the silence of the "interpolated" books, regarding a statement otherwise supported, is urged as a reason for disbelieving that statement? If we had not the passage actually under our eyes at this moment, we could hardly venture to think it possible. But if any one will take the trouble of turning to page 192, he will find Mr. Shepherd seriously urging against the truth of the alleged accusation preferred to Pope Dionysius against his namesake of Alexandria, the fact of *the silence of those interpolated books, and even of the portion of them which he holds to be interpolated, regarding this accusation!* In other words the story about Dionysius of Alexandria is a fabrication, because we do not find any trace of it in the fabricated Chronicle of Eusebius, or the interpolated Ecclesiastical Writers of Jerome!

But we should never have done were we to pursue to the end the numberless wild and extravagant assumptions with which this strange book is filled. Indeed it is, from the first page to the last, a declaration of war against every recognised law of history and criticism. No amount of authority is sufficient to shelter against his scepticism any work which may run counter to his views. He rejects the story of Dionysius of Alexandria, just referred to, although attested by the Historical Tracts of St. Athanasius, and by St. Basil's work "On the Holy Spirit," both of which he unhesitatingly pronounces to be forgeries. With equal intrepidity he sets aside a host of authorities, upon the later history of the fourth century—Athanasius, Epiphanius, Gregory of Nazianzum, Jerome, Hilary, and the historians Socrates, Sozomen, and Theodoret; and we may safely assert, that there is hardly a single work of that period, the authority of which is not either actually questioned, or at least is not liable to the very same difficulties which he has urged as reasons for rejecting those testimonies which we have seen him discard.

So extravagant, indeed, are the principles upon which they proceed, that it may be doubted whether we have not dealt too seriously with these assumptions. But Mr. Shepherd is only an exaggerated specimen of a school which has been making some progress in our later historical literature. As a type of a class, although in some respects an extravagant one, we have deemed it expedient to devote a few pages to an exposure of his inconsistencies. And there is at least one useful deduction to be derived from this lengthened exposition of his view of the early history of the Papacy. His work will at least make it plain, that if what the whole world, until enlightened by Mr. Shepherd, has hitherto received as genuine history, be indeed deserving of the name, the modern claims of the Papacy are fully borne out by the picture which it discloses; and that in order to dislodge the See of Rome from the pre-eminence over the churches which history assigns to it, every recognised principle of criticism must be reversed; the greatest names of old must be dislodged from the position which they have traditionally occupied, and the whole array of the venerated monuments of ancient learning must be discarded as a clumsy work of the dishonest and unscrupulous fabricator, and the still more unscrupulous suborner of forgery.

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ART. V.—*Returns: Ecclesiastical Commission; and Archbishoprics and Bishoprics.* Ordered, by the House of Commons, to be printed, 16 June, 1851.

IN the annals of man, events sometimes become so associated with the date of their occurrence, as to give the latter an individuality, which it were otherwise difficult to conceive of a space of time. Our French neighbours, especially, have a great predilection for this association of events and dates; and they recall to mind all the great crimes and phases of their first revolution, as well as the

historical deeds of more recent times, by the bare mention of the day on which they took place. When we, in this country, resort to a similar practice, we are content to refer to the year simply. Thus, the revolution which drove the Stuarts from the throne is inseparably connected with the year 1688; and the two futile attempts to replace them upon it, are compendiously cited as the '15 and '45. Thus, also, the year 1829 will always be known among us as the year of Catholic emancipation; 1832, as that of parliamentary reform; and 1845, of the railway mania. Thus, also, will the past year become a popular era; and although it will often be connected in the minds of many with the glories of the great Exhibition, we may venture to predict that it will be better known in history as the year of the bishops.

Its dawn found the nation raving in high fever about bishops. The executive of the State opened the session of the legislature with urgent demands for protection against a blow said to have been aimed by a Bishop against the prerogative of the crown and the liberties of the people. That Bishop, it appears, had appointed other Bishops to superintend his flock in this country. His spiritual supremacy over that flock was, it is true, universally admitted as a fact, and recognised as a right. His power to create Bishops was not disputed; and it logically followed that his authority to circumscribe within certain local limits the exercise of their episcopal functions could not be called into question. Had he, indeed, but advanced one step further, and coined respectable polysyllabic appellatives ending in "us" or "os," for the several districts into which he parcelled out his spiritual empire, his aggression would have been no aggression; the British Lion would have lain dormant, and the British Parliament would not have retrograded a century. But, *Diis aliter visum*. His Holiness preferred Saxon to Greek or Roman names for his English bishoprics, and he convulsed the country.

"It is thy name that is mine enemy!"

With the Archbishopric of Melipotamus, good John Bull would have had no quarrel; but alas! it was styled Westminster, and thereupon the knavish few taught, and the foolish many believed that the crown was insulted, the national church attacked, and the enslavement of the people com-

passed. Who shall henceforth say that there is no magic in words? Who shall henceforth believe that

“Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,  
Retain that dear perfection which he owes  
Without that title?”

The division of the country into spiritual districts was spoken of as though the work had been performed with spade and pickaxe; the promulgation of the new ecclesiastical constitution was regarded as tantamount to an abrogation of the “glorious” one; and the establishment of the newly appointed prelates was thought as fatal to the peace of our hamlets, as if these were delivered over to the horrors of a military occupation. The people of Great Britain had not been in such a pother since the time of the change of the calendar from the old to the new style; when popular indignation ran so high against the minister who effected the alteration, that he could not appear in public without being assailed with cries of “give us back our eleven days,” which the exasperated multitude insisted they had lost by the measure. The “Papal Aggression” mania will add a singular chapter to the already bulky history of popular delusions and religious animosities; but it will find its way down to history without our help; and we refer to it to show that it alone would have sufficed to give an episcopal celebrity to the year which has just closed.

The Bishops of the Established Church, however, may fairly claim to share this honour. They did not, it is true, frighten an entire nation out of its propriety, by conjuring up gaunt spectres of invasion, conquest, and slavery. They were satisfied with filling a humbler character on the world’s stage. They did the comic part of the business, and treated the world to some amusement, after the more serious drama of the ecclesiastical titles. Their contribution however, to the illustration of their distinguished order, was not as well calculated as that of their rivals, to arrest general attention; and as it might possibly sink to the bottom of that stream which carries men’s deeds to posterity, if a hand were not stretched forth to support it, we willingly plunge to their assistance. For although no violent admirers of the Established Church, we do not object to render it a service, when in doing so we advance the true interests of every persuasion.

Although it was not until 1836 that the Legislature took



up the question of Church Reform,—which means, in this iron age, not the amendment of the doctrines, or the improvement of the discipline of the church, but the regulation of its revenues,—the scandalous misapplication of enormous funds which had been originally intended, and might be usefully applied, for far different purposes, had long before been the subject of popular complaint and remonstrance. It was believed that the Anglican bishops were in the receipt of immense revenues; and the best friends of the Establishment, if they did not join with those who dissented from her creed, in demanding that her wealth should, like all other national resources, be applied to national purposes, advocated at least a more equitable, and a more useful distribution of it. Such proposals, however, had long been met,—as proposals of reform are very commonly met by the partizans of abuses,—with vituperation. They were stigmatized as impious and dishonest. Any interference with the property of the Church was an attack on religion. The income of a bishop was as sacred as an article of faith. Curiosity to know its amount, or a wish to divert any portion of it from the pockets of his successors into other channels, could spring only from a mind deficient in religious principle. If argument was stooped to, it started from that fruitful source of fallacy, metaphor. The Church became, like the Bank of England, an old lady; and like all other old ladies, she had a right to do what she liked with her own. The nation had no concern with, or interest in, her property, and had no more right to interfere with her distribution of it, than to dictate to any individual how he should spend his money. To advise her was impertinent, to remonstrate with her was unwarrantable, to undertake the management of her funds, and to apply them to the advancement of religion and morality, were sacrilege and plunder. But these weapons, however efficacious they have hitherto proved against a radical reform of the temporalities and government of the Established Church, did not succeed in preserving all her pecuniary corruptions intact. One of the earliest fruits of the Reform Act was the appointment of a commission to inquire, among other things, into the revenues of the dioceses of England and Wales. The commissioners, in the prosecution of their inquiry, addressed a series of questions to the incumbents touching the amount of their gross receipts from their various sources of income, and the necessary

outgoings which reduced the gross, to the net income; and from the returns which were made in answer to those questions, the average net annual income of the Archbishops and Bishops during the years 1829-1835, appeared to be as follows:—

That of

	As Estimated by the Incumbents.			As Estimated by the Commissioners.		
	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
The Abp. of Canterbury	21,863	13	3	22,365	10	2
The Abp. of York	11,437	17	2	11,725	6	11
The Bishop of London	13,890	17	5	15,045	0	11
Durham	19,813	16	4	22,185	8	8
Winchester	10,372	9	5	10,654	3	7
St. Asaph { 5,990 17 11 }	10,661	12	3	9,968	17	5
and Bangor { 4,070 14 4 }						
Bath and Wells	5,940	11	11	6,011	0	2
Carlisle	2,613	9	4	2,592	4	11
Chester	2,910	3	1	3,022	15	10
Chichester	3,587	10	8	3,560	10	8
• St. David's	2,820	9	10	2,915	2	4
Ely	8,120	13	11	9,597	6	1
Exeter	2,794	1	0	1,571	10	9*
Gloucester { 2,137 7 11 }	4,222	7	3	4,304	2	3
and Bristol { 2,084 19 4 }						
Hereford	2,658	17	2	2,797	18	0
Lichfield	4,311	8	8	3,660	10	11
Lincoln	3,680	16	1	3,747	10	10
Llandaff	1,450	6	1	1,043	14	10
Norwich	4,465	15	2	4,517	8	1
Oxford	1,630	9	5	1,505	4	5
Peterborough	3,384	17	5	3,363	15	9
Rochester	2,195	17	2	2,180	8	7
Salisbury	5,826	1	11	6,012	8	0
Worcester	7,309	4	6	7,301	13	1

\* This Bishop returned as part of his episcopal income, the following items, which were omitted by the commissioners in framing their estimate of the income of the see.

Net proceeds from the rectory of Shobrooke	£277	2	10
Ditto, Treasurership ... ..	210	10	5
Ditto, Residentiaryship annexed to Treasurership	735	7	1

It may be mentioned, in passing, that the public have not very generally had sufficient faith in the disinterestedness and veracity of the spiritual bench, to attach implicit credence to the accuracy of their returns. The profound mystery in which the wealth of the Church had been long and obstinately shrouded undoubtedly gave much exaggeration to the popular estimate of its amount. On the other hand, the bishops trembling in the presence of a dreaded and impending reform, had cogent reasons for desiring to make their incomes appear as low as possible ; and the popular mind was sceptical enough to doubt whether they would allow their material interests to suffer through any over-chivalrous love of truth, or abstract sense of right. It was remarked, indeed, that the late Archbishop of Canterbury had not always been consistent in the accounts which he had given, or authorized his agents to give, of the income of his see ; having represented it, when he wanted to borrow money, higher, by many thousand pounds, than he subsequently returned it to the commissioners. The stationary state of the London revenue, also, notwithstanding the daily growing city of palaces, extending over the Paddington estate, was the subject of much comment ; and those who acquitted the bishop of the fashionable fraud of cooking his accounts, found it more difficult to rescue him from the imputation of neglecting the management of the diocesan property. Whether this incredulity was well founded, or the bishops were unduly distrusted, are questions which we had not the means of answering. The truth may possibly lie between the black book and the blue one ; but, for our part, we shall side with the bishops, and shall willingly assume the correctness of the episcopal figures.

The reader, on casting his eye over the above table, will probably be struck by the circumstance that, in most cases, the bishops estimated their net revenues lower than did the commissioners, who, like ourselves, assumed the perfect accuracy of their returns, and based their calculations upon them. This their lordships had effected by deducting some strange items from their gross receipts. Thus the late Archbishop of Canterbury returned, under "heads of expenditure," which he proposed to deduct from the gross, in estimating net, receipts, the expenses which he incurred in holding "confirmations, visitations," &c., his annual contribution to the library at Lambeth Palace,

his fire insurances, and the repairs of his palaces. The late Archbishop of York, in addition to the costs of "confirmations, consecrations," &c., deemed himself entitled to deduct from his gross revenue, certain "accustomable annual payments to various institutions and schools in the diocese." The bishops sailed in the wake of their superiors, and their returns presented similar items of deduction. The Bishop of Ely, especially, distinguished himself for the boldness of his method of separating net from gross revenue. His list of deductions included, besides the archiepiscopal claims on behalf of visitations, confirmations, &c., the costs of a "housekeeper at Ely Palace; "dinner at courts leet, and four dinners to lay clerks of Ely Cathedral;" "subscriptions to schools, charities, building churches," &c.; "repairs of palace at Ely, and Ely house, London, and insurance;" "taxes on ditto, exclusive of personal taxes"—conscientious prelate!—"and water rent," "sewer rate," and some other equally modest items. The commissioners, albeit not very hostile to the bench, thought that in estimating the net revenue of a bishop, the expenses of his visitations, consecrations, and confirmations, his contributions to diocesan charities, the wages of his servants, the repairs of his houses, &c., &c., ought not to be deducted from his gross receipts; and their disallowance of those and some other claims, accounts, in most cases, for the difference between their and the bishops' estimates of the episcopal net incomes. This act of severity probably kept out of the next septennial returns the expenses incurred by their lordships in supporting the dignity of their stations, such as their outlay in coaches, shovel hats, aprons, and lawn sleeves, to say nothing of the heavy cost of keeping the *vescove* and the *vescovine* in suitable splendour, expenses which undoubtedly had as fair a claim to deduction as any of the disallowed items.\*

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\* These deductions remind us that shortly after the passing of the Reform Act, a proposal was made by a celebrated Canon residentiary to a friend of ours, to become his curate at a rectory which entitled the curate to the highest legal salary. The proposal was something like the following—Curacy £200 a-year, but the curate to allow, on account, these items.

Lodgings of Curate at Rectory during the Canon's absence,	£90
Board and board wages of a man-servant, who was to wear	
the Canon's livery,...	£50
Subscriptions in the Canon's name to the county hospital, &c.,	£20

The table suggests other reflections, arising from the absolute magnitude and relative disproportion of the incomes assigned to the Anglican prelates. It is well known that to secure efficient servants in some branches of the public service, it is necessary to pay largely. Thus, as a judge of learning and talent can only be found in the ranks of a profession in which those qualities command a high price, no salary which is much below his yearly profits can tempt a successful lawyer to abandon his practice for public employment. In other words, some of the most essential qualifications of a good judge are such as the public can secure by purchase only. The position, also, of a judge, and the nature of the duties which he has to perform, are additional reasons for giving him a high salary; for if he were not placed, not merely beyond the reach, but beyond even the suspicion of corruption, justice would be poisoned at its source. These considerations, however, have no application whatever to the Church. Indeed, the very dross which preserves the purity of the ermine, dims the lustre of the mitre. The above table proves clearly enough that large salaries do not procure, and do not in the slightest degree tend to procure, good bishops. Experience, indeed, was not needed to prove this. Piety and humility are among the first virtues which should adorn a Christian prelate; but they have never yet been purchased with gold. Avarice and rapacity, worldliness and covetousness, pride and ambition, on the other hand, have never yet been eradicated by wealth, but have rather thriven upon it. Learning in all that appertains to divinity, such as a knowledge of the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, and of the sacred, patristic and modern theological writings, ought undoubtedly to adorn the chiefs of a Christian hierarchy; but such qualifications, even if they were as much in demand as they ought to be, might be procured at a trifling cost; for the profit which they bring to those who possess them, is not of a pecuniary character. It needs, in a word, no great worldly prizes to secure a good bishop. He is found best among those "who need but little here below, nor need that little long." It was not surprising, therefore, to find that the See of Exeter could obtain quite as much zeal, piety, and learning for its £1,500 a-year, as York or Canterbury could acquire with their tens or twenties of thousands. Nor would it have been very absurd to conclude

that the services of a Howley or a Harcourt would be liberally remunerated with the salary which was sufficient to command those of a Philpotts!

The commissioners, however, did not arrive at this conclusion. They joined, indeed, in the general condemnation of the larger episcopal salaries; but they, at the same time, lighted upon the notable discovery, that the Anglican successors of the Galilean fishermen could not efficiently discharge their duties with less than £4,000 a-year. They, therefore, recommended that the less fortunate prelates should no longer be suffered to languish in the shameful poverty in which they were shivering; but that a fund should be created by charging the wealthier sees with “such fixed annual sums as should, after due inquiry, be determined upon, *so as to leave an annual average income*” to

The Archbishop of Canterbury	...	...	of	£15,000
The Archbishop of York	...	...	...	10,000
The Bishop of London	...	...	...	10,000
The Bishop of Durham	...	...	...	8,000
The Bishop of Winchester	...	...	...	7,000
The Bishop of Ely	...	...	...	5,500
The Bishop of St. Asaph and Bangor	...	...	...	5,200
The Bishop of Worcester	...	...	...	5,000
The Bishop of Bath and Wells	...	...	...	5,000

And that out of that fund the incomes of the other bishops should be raised to not less than £4,000, nor more than £5,000. Vested interests, however, were respected; and it was therefore suggested that the proposed alterations should not affect the revenues of any bishop who was in possession on the fourth of March, 1836, without his consent. These recommendations met with the approval of Parliament, and by the 6 and 7 W. IV. c. 77, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners were appointed and incorporated, and they were empowered to prepare schemes for carrying their plan into effect, which schemes, when ratified by orders in council, were to have the effect of law. The commissioners were the two Archbishops, the Bishops of London, Lincoln, and Gloucester, the Earl of Harrowby, Mr. H. Hobhouse, Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, and five cabinet ministers. In 1840 the constitution of the board was changed; its members were increased to fifty in num-



ber, of whom thirty were Churchmen, (including all the bishops,) and twenty were laymen.

The reader will of course expect to be furnished, at the outset, with a list of those just men who voluntarily stripped themselves of the excess of their actual revenues over the incomes which they, as well as the legislature, have declared to be sufficient for the bishops of the sees they now occupy. Instances are not wanting in our day, of pecuniary sacrifices made with pure motives and for lofty ends; and it is not unreasonable to ask whether among the wealthy prelates of England there have not been found two or three, at least, to reduce their incomes to the limits which they have assigned for their successors. Those limits are not very narrow, and the sacrifice would have involved nothing more than some of the pomps and vanities which the Church Catechism teaches them to renounce. But, alas! we can give no such list: for, reader, there are no such bishops. Not even one such just man was to be found upon the spiritual bench. It may be very true that they often preach unto others the worthlessness of worldly wealth; but to practise as well as to preach contempt for riches is a double duty which, they may think, religion does not require of them, or political economy sanction; and as they are bound to do the one, they may be entitled, in their opinion, to throw, by a judicious division of labour, the burden of the other upon their hearers.

The negotiations and correspondence which ensued between the board and the bishops upon the subject of their incomes appear in the returns which Sir Benjamin Hall moved for in June, 1850, but which were not laid upon the table of the House of Commons until June, 1851. It is not now necessary to inquire into the cause of this delay; but if it be attributable in any measure to a fear on the part of the commissioners, that the publication of the episcopal transactions might not tend to elevate the reverend bench in the public estimation, the delay was intelligible enough. Certainly such a fear, if it existed, was well founded. The warmest admirer of the Establishment, the most strenuous zealot of the right divine of the Anglican episcopacy; the staunchest supporter of all institutions because they exist, will rise with sorrow from the perusal of these returns, unless, indeed, it be part of his creed that bishops may act and feel as less holy men may not,—unless he be of opinion that the love of money and the jealousy

of a neighbour should be among the moral attributes, and the arts of overreaching and sharp practice, among the intellectual accomplishments of an Anglican prelate. Of anything approaching to self-denial or self-sacrifice, of a preference of the Church's advancement to their own interests,—of any act or feeling, in short, which springs from a purer source, than the lowest species of self-love, the correspondence of the bishops with the commissioners exhibits not a trace. It shows that they were endowed with a lively sense of the pecuniary interest of themselves and their order; and that they displayed, when pounds, shillings, and pence were in issue, quite as eager a solicitude for those treasures which are laid up where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break in and steal, as for any which they might hoard in a world secure against such ravages. The blue book is, in short, a faithful picture of the struggles of the wealthy prelates under the process of shearing, and of the scrambles of the poorer ones for the spoil.

Take, for instance, the case of the Bishop of Durham, better known as the author of Maltby's *Thesaurus*, of which he also published an abridgment. It affords a curious example, first, of episcopal proficiency in negotiation, and next, of episcopal morality.

The See of Durham, when Dr. Maltby was elevated to it, was within the clutches of the new act. The commissioners were about to impose upon it, in compliance with the provisions of the statute, such a charge as they should determine upon due inquiry, to be sufficient to leave the new bishop neither more nor less than a net income of £8,000 a-year. They had estimated, from the returns of the preceding incumbent, the average net income of the diocese at £22,185, 8s. 8d., and if that estimate were assumed to be correct, the amount of the charge would have been £14,185, 8s. 8d. Dr. Maltby, however, did not like this alarming sum, and he determined, therefore, to assist the commissioners in the "due inquiry," which they were required to make respecting the amount of the charge. That a bishop should have under-estimated his income in returning it to the commissioners, was probable enough, but that he should have over-rated it was neither very probable nor very credible. Dr. Maltby, however, had some hundreds at stake, at the very least, and he undertook to prove this arduous proposition to the satisfaction of the board. His first step for that purpose was to send them a "sup-

plementary statement of the average amount of certain outgoings and charities at Auckland castle, &c., heretofore annually paid by the Bishop of Durham," which "outgoing and charities" had been, it was suggested, most unaccountably omitted in the late bishop's return to the commissioners.

The first three sets of items comprised in this "supplementary account," consist of payments for repairs, (£1,412 2s. 5d.), agencies, (£1,179, 18s. 6d.), and taxes and cesses, (£251, 14s. 6d.); and respecting them no other comment is necessary, than that which we find appended to the account in the following words:—

"The three first totals for repairs, agencies, and taxes, minus £128, 1s., are comprehended under their respective heads, in the seven years' returns of the preceding bishop, (No. 1, § 10), and must therefore be deducted from the total of this supplementary statement. (Secretary.)"

The following items, which are immediately succeeded, in amusing juxtaposition, by one of fifteen pounds for the chapel at Auckland Castle, also figure in the supplementary account.

#### PARKS, MANORS, AND MOORS.

	£	s.	d.
Auckland park and gamekeeper ... ..	101	0	6
Merrington gamekeeper ... ..	58	6	6
Two permanent watchers at Auckland ... ..	78	0	0
Weardale gamekeeper ... ..	80	0	0
Two permanent watchers on the moors .. ..	80	0	0
Additional watchers during the grouse season ...	172	15	0
Sundry extra expenses attending this department	40	0	0
	<hr/>		
	£610	2	0

Whether the last item covered the cost of the cold fowls, whisky and dog biscuit, without which no orthodox sportsman ventures forth on the 12th of August, or whether it was devoted exclusively to "Pigou's highly glazed" and Ely's cartridges, are questions upon which the "supplementary account" leaves the human race in painful uncertainty. To those who are more familiar than we pretend to be with the different streams of expenditure into which the incomes of English prelates flow, six hundred and ten pounds may perhaps appear no extravagant outlay for the maintenance of episcopal preserves and kennels; but they

will probably think, with the ecclesiastical commissioners, that those expenses are not more essential to the discharge of the episcopal functions, and are not fitter subjects of deduction from a bishop's gross receipts, than the costs of his visitations and consecrations.

Having failed to show that the past income had been over-estimated, the bishop next addressed himself to proving that the future revenues were likely to suffer; and for this purpose he put into requisition the services of his secretary, Mr. Douglas Gresley. In a letter which the latter addressed to his employer, and which was duly forwarded to the commissioners, it was shown that "the probable amount of the income of the see of Durham during the current year, from February last (1836), to February 1837," would not exceed £11,740, 2s. 3d. The matter to be ascertained, unfortunately, was not what might probably be the amount which should be actually received in hand between two days, but what was the average net annual income produced by the possessions of the see, taking one year with another. Mr. Gresley's letter, therefore, was to say the least of it, wholly beside the question. And so thought the commissioners; for we find their secretary, Mr. C. K. Murray, a couple of months afterwards, transmitting to the bishop, for his consideration, certain "calculations of the average revenues of the See of Durham, made from returns, and other communications received from Mr. Douglas Gresley," and informing his Lordship, that the commissioners, assuming Mr. Gresley's calculations to be correct, estimated the gross annual income of the see at not less than £23,800.—(Returns, p. 29.) In the same letter Mr. Murray observed that the payments which the returns of 1836 claimed to deduct from gross receipts, must be reduced by four items, amounting to £2,371, 12s. 4d. for repairs, agencies, and taxes; and that the net income, so far from having been over-estimated by the late bishop, would appear to be £21,605 6s. 10d., from which, if the Parliamentary income of £8000 were subtracted, £13,605, 6s. 10d. would remain to be paid to the commissioners. He did not conclude without announcing, that the sporting outgoings and charities, which had been so carefully enumerated in the supplementary account, could not be allowed as deductions.

The bishop, however, was not to be thus defeated. He demanded further investigation, and it was granted. Mr.

Gresley was examined upon interrogatories, and the summary of the information derived from him through that means gave the bishop an advantage of some £170 over Mr. Murray's estimate. The committee, however, attached little importance to Mr. Gresley and his calculations. Notwithstanding his evidence, they resolved "that the annual amount to be contributed from the property and revenues of the see, so as to leave the bishop an average annual income of £8,000, should be fixed at 14,000! Matters looked unpromising, and a man of average constancy might, under similar circumstances, have been forgiven for abandoning even a better cause. But the bishop resolved to die hard, and his secretary was once more brought upon the field to restore the episcopal fortunes. Another examination followed. Mr. Gresley was asked about the fines payable upon the renewal of leases of lead mines; about the average price of lead; about agents and their fees, and surveyors and their salaries; about the effect of railways upon the price of coals; *de omnibus rebus, in a word, et quibusdam aliis*. But the committee were inexorable. They resolved that "nothing had transpired during this examination calculated to vary their previous opinion as to the amount of the contribution to be made by the Bishop of Durham, nor to occasion any fear that the bishop would be put to any serious inconvenience if he were to make the first half-yearly payment in January next" (1837).

The expedient, then, of leading the commissioners into a miscalculation, either by impeaching the past returns, or foreboding future depreciation, had finally failed; and a charge of £14,000 a-year was hanging over the bishop's head as the penalty of his defeat. To succumb under it would probably have been the fate of one less fertile in resources than Dr. Maltby. But his Lordship's ingenuity was not yet exhausted. He commenced a fresh campaign with new tactics. He undertook to persuade the commissioners, not that their charge would not leave him £8,000 a-year, but that £8,000 a-year was too little for the successor of princes palatine. "It is obviously more difficult for me," says his Lordship, "coming immediately after prelates of such vast expenditure, to control mine within due limits and within a certain time, than it will be for those who come after me. In the very numerous and large subscriptions and charities, if I diminish one half it may

appear mean, and I must do so, and yet incur a considerable outlay. For instance, the late bishop gave fifty pounds, or guineas, per annum to the sons of the clergy here, including what he gave at the anniversary; I believe he gave the same to the Newcastle Infirmary. Again, the necessary expenses of keeping up this castle and place have not been taken into due consideration. With all my anxiety to reduce expense I cannot yet do it to the extent of my wishes; and I am satisfied I could not live here" (Auckland Castle) "even in the comparatively moderate way I do, and support a house in town, with the necessary costs of transporting my household to and fro, if the commissioners do not furnish me with at least a clear unembarrassed income of £8,000 per annum, and that will not be, unless the very uncertain and fluctuating nature of the tenures from which it is derived be taken fairly and fully into account."—Returns, &c., p. 40.

"The clear and unembarrassed income" here modestly demanded, was a net income of £8,000 *plus*, ample means to meet "very numerous and large subscriptions," and "the necessary expenses of keeping up" Auckland Castle, and to enable the reverend prelate, further, to support a house in town, and to transport his household to and from it. And in addition to making him these allowances, the commissioners were required—the old story—to take fairly and fully into account the sadly fluctuating nature of the sources from which the income was to be derived. The bishop was evidently a man of the most charitable disposition; but he wished to be supplied by the public with the means of indulging so noble a taste, and had no fancy for contributing to its gratification out of his own miserable net income of £8,000 a-year. He desired to live like a gentleman, and, good family man, he wished to have his household about him upon all occasions; but he thought it hard that a Christian prelate should be expected by a country which so shamefully underpaid him, to keep his palaces in repair, and to pay for his own and his family's railway tickets. These demands, indeed, amounted to a proposal that the commissioners should perform the O'Connell feat of driving a coach and six through an act of Parliament. For the 3 and 4 W. IV. c. 77, had fixed the net income of the bishops of Durham at £8,000, and in directing the commissioners to impose on



the see a charge which would leave a surplus of neither more nor less than that income annually, had limited their duties to the single point of ascertaining what the amount of that charge should be. To increase or to diminish the charge on the ground that £8,000 a-year was too much or too little, after Parliament had declared it to be neither the one nor the other, was, on the part of the commissioners, to disregard the letter and the spirit of the law, and to usurp a power possessed by the legislature alone. To appeal to the commissioners against the decision of Parliament was, on the part of the bishop, a breach of contract,—for he had accepted the bishopric upon the Parliamentary terms,—and an unfair attempt to induce the commissioners to swerve from their duty. However, his remonstrances were not altogether without effect. The commissioners, notwithstanding the two resolutions of their committee, fixed the charge at £13,000, which was reduced to £11,200, by a transfer to the diocese of Ripon, of estates worth £1,800 a-year, which had belonged to Durham.

“In coming to this decision,” writes Mr. Murray, “the commissioners *have taken into consideration* the unavoidable expenses which must be incurred by the first bishop who succeeds to the see of Durham under its altered condition, and if they had now been called upon to fix the payment to be made by a future bishop of the see, they would probably have felt themselves bound to name a higher sum.”—Returns, p. 42.

The bishop might have been satisfied with this concession. But he had not yet done with the commissioners. Finding that a parade of his burdens, in the way of charities and travelling expenses, had created an impression in his favour, he returned once more to the charge. He protested that the proposed sum had been estimated with a very imperfect knowledge of, “above all, the multiplied and increasing claims upon a Bishop of Durham, from the prodigious numbers and spiritual wants of the people.” (Returns, &c., p. 43.) But the commissioners turned a deaf ear to this new suggestion; and they were probably flattering themselves that they had, at last, got rid of Dr. Maltby, when they were favoured with “an *accurate statement* of the revenue of the see for the present and the next two years.” This document, which emanated from the prophetic pen of Mr. Gresley, estimated the average net

annual income of the then present and two future years at £20,898 11s. 11d., and showed, therefore, that the bishop's income would only be a £100 short of £8,000 a-year;—a prospect which was so much more satisfactory to the bishop than he expected, that he “did not feel called upon to make any further objection to the arrangements proposed by the board.” (Returns, p. 45.) It is pleasant to find that, notwithstanding his Lordship's unwillingness to protract the contest, he did not think it right to leave the commissioners in ignorance of the fact that they were robbing him of a £100 a-year, without an opportunity of making restitution. The commissioners, however, did not take the hint. The negotiation was not re-opened, and the unhappy Dr. Maltby found himself turned adrift upon the wide world, charged with the payment of a sum which the commissioners believed would leave him only £8,000 a-year to live upon, without any perquisites or pickings whatever, and without any other purse than his own to dip into, for supplying his contributions to the charities of his diocese, keeping a roof over his head, and providing himself and his family with the requisite facilities for locomotion.

“And so Dr. Maltby does not much like his abridged *Thesaurus*,” exclaimed his witty brother, Charles James of London, during this protracted contest for an odd hundred pounds or two. He little knew when he uttered the joke, how much the next edition would be increased in size. The average net annual income was expected to be £8,000. Its average amount from 1837 to 1843, both inclusive was £11,793 4s. yearly. The bishop, therefore, was overpaid by the sum of £3,793 4s. annually. In consequence of this discovery, which the second septennial returns brought to light, the select committee on episcopal incomes recommended that the charge upon the see should be raised to £13,750, but the board, “having received and considered a statement from the Bishop of Durham upon the revenue of his see,” resolved “that the prospective charge upon Durham should be £13,200.” (Returns, p. 241.) What the purport of this mysterious statement was, does not appear; but it may be inferred from the effect which it produced, that the bishop did not paint the future in very glowing colours. He received the announcement of the prospective charge with equanimity. “On the whole,” he writes, “I do not think that I ought to object to the prospective charge of £13,200 upon

the See of Durham. (Returns, p. 242.) And, indeed, he had little reason to object. Even if the additional couple of thousand pounds by which the charge had been augmented, had been made leviable upon him, he would have had no just cause of complaint. But the secret of the reverend prelate's Christian resignation lies in the word "prospective." The new burden was not to affect him, but was only to come into operation upon the next avoidance of the see; and a bishop who had desired to purchase a reputation for charity with the money of his colleagues, might well hope to acquire a character for disinterestedness at the expense of his successors.

Fortune is said to be capricious; but she proves her rule by exceptions, for she shows eternal constancy to some of her favourites. Among these may be reckoned the Bishop of Durham. The last septennial returns represent him as still basking in the sunshine of her smiles. It appears that, notwithstanding Mr. Gresley's desponding anticipations in 1846, (Returns, p. 241,) of a decrease, "on the most moderate computation," of £1,000 a-year, in respect of colliery way leaves alone, to say nothing of other failing sources of income, the net revenues of the see, after deducting the commissioners' £11,200 and other legitimate items, has averaged, during the last seven years, (1844 to 1851,) £15,586, 16s. annually, or £7,586, 16s. over and above the income which Parliament had fixed for the bishop, and for which the bishop had agreed to undertake the duties of his office. During fourteen years Dr. Maltby has received £79,000 more than was due to him. He was, it is true, legally entitled to receive the money, for the legislature had left the property of the see in his possession and control; and he was not compellable by any court of law or equity to pay the commissioners more than £11,200. Therefore he not only received, but kept the money. And if there be no difference between a legal and a moral obligation, the bishop was morally, as well as legally, right. The legislature, unlearned in episcopal morality, had presumed that because a man was a bishop, he must therefore necessarily be a man of honour; and consequently, in promulgating their scheme for a new distribution of the episcopal funds, they were more solicitous to express their intentions, than to provide an adequate machinery for carrying them into effect. They knew that when the terms of a bargain are clearly

understood, honourable men do not take advantage of technical difficulties to extricate themselves from it; and they probably thought that a very stringent method of effectuating their plan might have appeared to betray distrust of the reverend body, or at all events, to be derogatory to their dignity: for it was notorious that the bishops of the Established Church, not from pride, of course, but only from that species of humility which apes it, scorned to be paid by salaries.

The intention, therefore, of Parliament was made abundantly clear. They desired that the Bishop of Durham should have £8,000 a-year, and that the surplus revenues of the see should go to the commissioners. To spare the bishop the humiliation of being a *salarié*, they left him in possession of the property; to avoid degrading him into a steward, they did not impose upon him the duty of accounting for the surplus profits, *eo nomine*, but only required him to pay them over to the commissioners under the name of a charge, the amount of which was to be equal to the estimated surplus profits. When the bishop found that those profits had been greatly underrated, was it not his duty, as a man of honour, at once to pay over the excess? Should he not, at the very least, have proposed a fresh valuation, and a re-adjustment of the charge? Is it too much to expect from the sense of honour of a Christian bishop that he should not keep money to which he has no better title than a mistake, or that he should instantly rectify that mistake which gives him a legal title to money morally belonging to another? Dr. Maltby did nothing of the kind. He simply pocketed the whole surplus. When the commissioners, at the end of the first septennial period, reconsidered and increased the amount of the charge prospectively, he might at least have consented, or even demanded that it should be imposed upon himself as well as upon his successors. But the bishop viewed the matter in a different light; and he has now the satisfaction of feeling that he is richer by £79,000 than he would have been, if the spirit of his bargain with Parliament had been observed. If the annual charge had left him less than £8,000 a-year, it may be inferred, upon episcopal authority, that he would not have suffered for fourteen years in silent submissiveness. He would have proclaimed his loss as loudly and as soon as the Bishop of Ely; and probably, like that reverend prelate, he would have refused to pay the commissioners

one farthing. Or if that undignified and illegal course has been repugnant to him, he would not have been slow to recollect that he had a seat in the House of Lords, and to appeal to that favourable tribunal for justice. Our laws are not those of the Medes and Persians; and acts to amend acts are no unusual phenomena in the legislative world. But this contingency, had it ever been as probable as it is now remote, affords no better justification for his conduct, than the risk of being cheated does of cheating. The question, in either event, of gain or of loss by the arrangement, is the same: what was the spirit of the bargain? The spirit is obvious enough; and it must not be confounded with, nor yet sought to be elicited from, the machinery adopted for carrying it into execution.

It may be said that Parliament, in requiring the payment of a fixed charge, and not of the surplus profits, designedly offered an inducement to the bishops to give due attention to the management of the property of the Church by holding out to them all the surplus beyond the charge as a reward for their exertions. But if bishops are to be measured by the high standard wherewith they would desire the world to measure them, this scheme was unnecessary, for the end which it was expected to attain was secure without it. For surely the episcopal bench would be the last to admit that they could not be brought without the hope of pecuniary profit, to protect the property committed to their charge, however sacred were the trust; or that they had, in 1836, sunk so low in the estimation of King, Lords, and Commons, that such a stimulus was considered essential to keep them to the performance of their duty. But, further, independently of the absence of all expressed intention on the subject, it may be doubted, from the inaptness of the means to the end, whether this object was in the contemplation of Parliament when they adopted the fixed-charge scheme. For, if the bishops be no better than other men, but are subject to the same influences, and are actuated by the same motives as operate upon the rest of frail humanity, the plan was positively calculated to injure the property of the Church by inciting prelates to improve their incomes at its expense. A well-disposed bishop, of average honesty, and attachment to his church, would carefully collect the yearly profits of his see, and exercise due diligence in protecting it against all encroach-

ments. But a bishop who is permitted to appropriate all that he can raise, beyond a fixed charge, from the diocesan property, is exposed to the strongest temptation to anticipate for his own personal purposes the future income of the see ; and unless he rises much above the conventional morality of his order, and respects the rights of those who are to follow him, more than his predecessors have respected his, he will, beyond doubt, fall into the temptation.

This plea, then, will not avail Dr. Maltby better than any other. He appears to have considered that he was playing a game of hazard with the commissioners, that all means were fair to allure fortune to his side, and that when he won the game he was perfectly entitled to pocket the stake. But even if it had been the intention of Parliament or the necessary consequence of its enactment,—if the lax morals or the inadvertent blunder of a body of laymen, had forced a Christian prelate into a gambling transaction, should he not have hesitated to appropriate the loss of his less fortunate antagonists? Dr. Maltby resolved such doubts in the negative ; and he did not disdain the spoil. It may be said, indeed, that he only took money to throw it into the poor box ; and a certain ostentatious parade of charitable donations which accompanies his first septennial returns may be triumphantly cited to prove it. If that account of his lordship's charities, however, be anything more than the merest trumpet sound in the synagogue to have "glory of men," it is, at best, but evidence of a conscience not altogether at peace with itself. This, at least, is clear, that even if those donations had exceeded, instead of falling immeasurably short of what the bishop received beyond his £8,000 a-year, they would not have proved that wrong was right, but only that the wrong was sought to be atoned for. The bishop is without defence : but why should he be without consolation? They may laugh who win : and a clear gain of £79,000 may perhaps confer somewhat of that serenity to the mind which is more commonly derived from the consciousness of right. Dr. Maltby may, perhaps, hardly feel able to meet the snarls of an ill-natured critic, with the answer of the Roman,

" Virtute meâ me involvo : "

but he may at least exclaim, with the Athenian of old,



when weighed down under the double weight of popular opinion and bursting money bags,

“ *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo  
Ipse domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in arcâ.*”

And let him also rest assured, that no bishop can henceforth hope to immortalize himself by similar means. The commissioners have thought that one such case as his is quite enough for the honour of the Church; and accordingly, to prevent the recurrence of a similar transaction, an order of Council was gazetted on the 19th of October last, which requires that all prelates appointed since the 1st of January, 1848, shall deliver half-yearly accounts of their receipts, and that when these exceed their Parliamentary income, they shall pay the surplus to the commissioners.

The Bishop of Durham was not the only prelate who got the better of the commissioners. The Bishop of St. David's was to receive £4,500 a-year. He received in the last seven years not £31,500, but £39,000. The Bishop of Norwich, with an allowance of a similar income, received, in the same space of time, £39,571. The Bishops of Oxford and Salisbury have also received more than the amount of their Parliamentary incomes. The case of the Bishop of Worcester is still worse. He was appointed in 1841, and the income of his see was fixed at £5,000 a-year. The commissioners had in 1837 estimated the net income of the diocesan property at £7,300, and had, therefore, fixed the charge at £2,300. In 1844 the bishop besought very earnestly for a reduction of this charge to £1,500, but the result of a protracted negotiation brought him only an alleviation of £100 a-year, by which amount the charge was reduced, owing to a clerical error in the scheme and order; but so far were the commissioners from countenancing the notion that the see had been overcharged that they declared that upon the next avoidance of the see it should pay £2,450 annually. And the last septennial returns show, that instead of overburthening it, they made a very inadequate estimate of its productive powers; for Dr. Pepys received during that period £6,500 a-year on an average, instead of his Parliamentary £5,000. Not one of these men has made restitution. One and all they have appropriated what accident and mistake threw in their

way, and what the law was not strong enough to compel them to deliver up to the rightful owners.

Passing, for a moment, to smaller fry, we may cull here and there some pretty specimens of episcopal virtues. The See of Chichester was one of those whose revenues had been deemed inadequate for the support of its incumbents. In 1837, the commissioners voted that its income should in future be £4,000 per annum, and that, to effectuate this, the sum of £450 should be paid yearly to the bishop of the see. His Lordship should have felt some gratitude for this bounty, and have rejoiced that the church of Chichester was so decently honoured by Parliament in the person of its bishop. But his only feeling was one of disappointment—not altogether unmingled with jealousy. His expectations had been unduly excited by sundry reports which, however, when investigated, proved to be of the vaguest and most unsubstantial kind (see Returns 76); and the difference between the expected and the actual sums created a sense of wrong and repining, in which all thankfulness for the boon conferred was completely merged.

“I understood,” he says to the secretary of the commissioners, “from several quarters upon my appointment to the bishopric, that the income under the new arrangement would be £4,500 per annum, and the experience I have since had has given me the strongest reason to believe, that even in the view of the commissioners, it ought not to be less. I find many *expenses of hospitality and charity entailed upon the bishop by ancient usage*, which it would be impossible to give up *without injury to the establishment*, and very difficult to support with the means proposed. Amongst the former are large public dinners given in the autumn to the gentlemen and clergy of the county, at each of which fifty persons are entertained.”—Returns, p. 75.

How his predecessors had managed in times which knew not ecclesiastical commissioners, to entail upon themselves and their successors hospitalities and charities so burdensome, that a bishop of Chichester of the present day could not hold his ground under their weight, even with the addition of £450 a-year to his income; or how far “large public dinners given in the autumn to the gentlemen and clergy of the county, at which fifty persons are entertained,” were essential to the duties or character of a Christian prelate, are questions which the late Bishop of Chi-

chester did not stop to ask himself, or, at all events, to propound to others. But he had another and very powerful motive for demanding at least £4,500 per annum. Truth, like murder, will out: the bishop was unable to conceal that it was not so much an abstract love for jollity and church building which made him plead so earnestly for the odd £300, as jealousy of his colleague of Ripon.

“It is not pleasing to me to compare my own situation with that of any other bishop,” he says; and the reader may judge whether the comparison displeased his lordship from the invidiousness which proverbially characterizes all comparisons, or simply from the results to which it led in his case, “but having learned that the income of the Bishop of Ripon has been fixed at £4,500 per annum, I am compelled in justice to myself as well as to my successors, respectfully, though earnestly, to press upon the commissioners my conviction, that there is nothing in the circumstances of that diocese which ought to entitle it to so great an advantage over the ancient see of Chichester.”—Returns, 75.

How could a board, composed chiefly of his brethren resist such an appeal? How could they leave a brother a prey to the rodent passion? To a layman, a wholesome reproof for fostering so base a feeling might have been administered. But an episcopal patient required more tender treatment. So a couple of hundred pounds were applied as a palliative, if not as a cure. The Commissioners passed a vote that £4,200 was the fitting income for a bishop of “the ancient see of Chichester;” and to increase his revenue to that amount, they awarded him £650 a-year. It may be added that the next returns showed such an improvement in the revenues of the diocese, that the annual contribution was, in 1846, reduced prospectively,—that is, upon the next avoidance of the see,—to £150.

Dr. Otter was not the only prelate who demanded an increase of income for the purpose of maintaining a name for hospitality and charitableness without personal sacrifice; nor yet the only one who paled with envy in the presence of a brother’s good fortune. “The poverty of this part of the country,” says the Honourable as well as Right Reverend Dr. Percy, Bishop of Carlisle, “causes numerous demands upon the bishop; nor could I ever understand why the bishop of this diocese was not as well entitled to an income of £5,000 per annum, as Rochester, Salisbury, and others.”—Returns, 277.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol was even more ambitious. He could not brook the thought of a colleague being better housed than himself.

“In regard to the intended purchase of a house,” he says, “I, of course, expect that the sums arising from the compensation and the sale of the site of the late palace at Bristol\* will be increased from the episcopal fund to an amount as large as may in any other case be considered by the commissioners to be requisite for an episcopal residence. Should the expenses of the purchase of a house by the commissioners be less than that amount, the surplus will be expended in adding to or improving the place. Should it exceed the sum allotted, the excess may be defrayed by money borrowed under the authority of the commissioners to be paid by instalments, in *forty years (!)* from the income of the see.”—Returns, 139.

If the Board did not comply fully with the spirit of this request, they were at least pretty handsome in their dealings with the bishop. They expended £23,000 in erecting him a palace, which not only gratified his love of comfort and display, but also gave him a pretext for fresh claims upon the purse. When the commissioners proposed to charge the diocese with an annual payment of £1,400, the bishop, terrified and indignant at this “monstrous scheme,”—to use his own gentle words,—endeavoured to arrest the blow by brandishing their own recent acts in their face. He reminded them that the see had “now the great additional charge of keeping up a new and very expensive residence, which circumstance very materially alters the pecuniary position of its holder.” “In one respect,” he adds, “the commissioners will be undoing their own work. Unless future bishops of Gloucester and Bristol be possessed of considerable private fortunes, it will be impossible for them to keep up the Stapleton residence, under the proposed diminution of the see.”—Returns, 309.

The bishop was one of the commissioners appointed in 1836; and after the repeated decisions of the board that the expenses of maintaining and repairing the episcopal residences were not legitimate items of deduction from gross, in ascertaining net, revenue, he must have known that the commissioners could not, in the impartial

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\* Burnt down during the Bristol Riots in 1831.

execution of their duty, suffer their estimate of the sum which the see should pay, to be affected by the "great additional charge" which he thus pressed upon their notice. Had they been guiltless, therefore, of the Stapleton job, the bishop would hardly have ventured to suggest a departure in his favour, from the principle upon which they had hitherto acted. But they had built the house; and that circumstance afforded an *argumentum ad hominem*, of which the bishop was not slow to avail himself. "The commissioners will be undoing their own work!" Political gratitude is said to consist in a lively sense of future favours; and episcopal thankfulness seems to have no greater tendency to retrospection, except where the past favour may be employed as a weapon against the donor.

But this bishop has other and stronger claims to public notice. It is to the Horfield case that Dr. Monk owes whatever celebrity has attached to his name; and notwithstanding the very general attention which that transaction recently attracted, both in and out of Parliament, a brief notice of it will probably not be deemed out of place in this paper. To unlearned readers, a few preliminary remarks upon the law and practice relative to church leases may be useful, in order that the conduct of the bishop may be appreciated. Anciently a bishop could not dispose of lands of his see for a longer period than that of his own life, unless he obtained the consent of the dean and chapter to the alienation. Upon his death all leases and other interests created by him terminated; and his successor found himself in possession of property unencumbered and unwasted. With the consent of the dean and chapter, however, a bishop could not only grant valid leases for any length of time, but could dispose of the lands of the see altogether. From this state of the law "not only great decay of divine service," says Lord Coke, "but dilapidations and other inconveniences ensued." This unrestricted dominion does not, indeed, appear to have led generally, to the dissipation of the property of the Church before the Reformation. Wealth accumulated rather than melted away in the hands of a corporation of men who, vowed to celibacy, were exempted from the claims of offspring, and knew, in the main, no stronger, certainly no more lasting attachment, than that *esprit de corps* which binds man to the brotherhood or caste of which he is a member. But

with the Reformation came new men, with different motives of action, and different standards of judgment. It was in their families, and not in their corporation, that their affections were centred, about which their cares and hopes turned; and the property which had been held formerly in the quasi corporate hands of sonless men as a deposit for a sacred purpose, came soon to be regarded by family men as the rewards of individual services, and as a provision for the advancement of children. To put an end to the abuses mentioned by Lord Coke, the I. Eliz. c. 19, was passed, which invalidated all alienations whatsoever of diocesan possessions for more than twenty-one years or three lives: and to this enactment it is not improbably owing, that episcopal property, instead of being now the cause of scandal to the Church, did not long since pass altogether away from its dominion; for the reformed prelates soon learned to turn to their own advantage the provisions of another statute which had been passed, it would appear, not so much for the purpose of aggrandizing them, as of relieving their incautious lessees. This Act, the 32 Hen. VIII. c. 28, began by reciting that great numbers of the king's subjects, after taking leases of farms, and "given and paid great fines.....and.....been at great costs and charges as well in and about great reparations and buildings upon their said farms, as otherwise .. ..yet.....after the deaths or resignations of their lessors have been and be daily and with great cruelty expelled .....by the successors of their said lessors.....to the great impoverishment and, in a manner, utter undoing of the said fermers," and then proceeded to enact, "for reformation whereof," that all leases granted by a bishop should be valid, provided, among other requisites, the term did not exceed twenty-one years, or three lives, and that the rent reserved was as much as, *or more than* that "accustomably yeelden." Thenceforth bishops universally availed themselves of this power, and almost invariably leased at the rent "accustomably yeelden."

In letting lands, one of two courses is open to the owner who is in possession of them:—he may either let them at the best rent which they will fetch in the market, or, in consideration of a sum paid down in advance, at a lower rent. The lower the rent, the larger, it is obvious, will be the sum thus paid down. By adopting the former course, the land owner obtains year by year the full annual value



of the property ; by the latter, he anticipates a portion of that value, and submits, for the sake of an immediate advantage, to a corresponding loss during the remainder of the time for which the lease has to run. If that period be short and he be young, the prospective loss will probably fall upon him alone ; but the longer the term and the older the lessor, the greater the probability that the burden will fall upon his successor. If he be so absolutely owner of the land that he might sell it, or give it away, or make ducks and drakes of it, those upon whom it devolves after his death, have no right to complain of the grant of such leases ; for he who trenches upon his own future resources only, is open to no graver imputation than that of imprudence and recklessness. But it is clear that the more solicitous he is of the welfare of his successors, the more he will be inclined to lease the land at its best annual rent, and the less he will be induced by a bribe, to impose upon them the necessity of accepting less than it is annually worth. If, however, he be a mere life tenant of the lands, if he have the usufruct merely, by what name shall an act, which enriches him at the expense of the next comer, be designated ? It may be added, that to prevent such an appropriation by a tenant for life, lawyers of old conceived that the remainder man was effectually protected by the introduction in the leasing powers which were inserted in family settlements, of a stipulation that the lease, to be valid, should reserve the *accustomed* rent at least ; but the conveyancers of modern times, more wary, or more alive to the expansive *nature* of the value of landed property, invariably require that the *best* rent shall be paid, and that no fine shall be taken.

The bishops of the Established Church did not fail to discover that for a twenty-one years' lease at the rent "accustomably yeelden," in the reign of Henry VIII., a tenant would willingly pay a considerable sum of money, or fine, as it is technically called. And having a legal right to grant such leases, and to accept such bribes for so doing, they did not stop to inquire whether the measure of justice which they were meting to their successors, was precisely that which they would desire to have measured out to themselves. Do unto others as ill as others have done unto you, became their reading of the second great commandment. *Après nous le deluge*, was their principle of conduct. Between their own pecuniary interests and the

moral claims of others, they did not balance ; and down to the present hour they have exercised their legal power to its fullest extent for their own individual advantage, and to the great injury of the property of the Establishment. The fines received for new leases at the old rents have now come to form a very considerable, nay, the most considerable portion of the episcopal incomes. From 1844 to 1850 they amounted to £636,387. But this systematic rapacity has not been blessed. "There is little doubt," say the episcopal and capitular commissioners, "that under a different plan of management, the estates might have produced a much larger income for the Church, and, at the same time, be held upon a tenure more acceptable to the lessees."

The manor of Horfield had been leased in this customary way. It belongs to the diocese, and is situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the city of Bristol. It consists partly of lands let at rack rents, and partly of copyhold tenements, from the holders of which manorial dues and services are exacted. The rack rents are stated to amount to £545 a-year, and if the whole of the lands were let in the same manner, the rack rental of them would, it is estimated, be worth £3,000 a-year. In 1817, the bishop of the day granted a lease of this manor for three lives, at the annual rent of £36. When the first life died, the lessee applied to Bishop Gray for a renewal of the lease, or in more accurate language, for a fresh lease for the lives of the two survivors, with the addition of another life ; but none was granted. Whether this result is attributable to a desire on the part of the bishop to deal justly by his successors, as Mr. Horsman suggests, or whether it is to be ascribed to no better cause than the exorbitant demands of the lessor, or the inadequate offers of the lessee, as Dr. Monk would charitably desire the world to believe, it is immaterial to inquire. Another life subsequently fell in, and then, in 1834, Dr. Gray died. Before the appointment of another bishop, Mr. Richards, the perpetual curate of Horfield, informed Lord Melbourne of the state of the Horfield lease, and suggested that measures should be adopted to prevent the grant of a new one, until that which was then subsisting had expired by lapse of time. Mr. Richards' letter was shown by the prime minister to Dr. Allen, the bishop elect ; and although Dr. Monk now denies upon Dr. Allen's authority, that

the latter pledged himself not to renew it, this, at least, is certain, that during his incumbency he made no attempt to renew, and that in conversation with Mr. Richards, he showed that he was far from pleased with the part taken by the latter in connection with the Horfield lease. In 1836, Dr. Allen was translated to Ely, and Dr. Monk became the bishop of the consolidated sees of Gloucester and Bristol.

A property so favourably circumstanced as Horfield manor was well calculated to attract the attention of the commissioners, with the view to the fund which they were charged to raise. But although it was rumoured as early as 1836, that they intended to appropriate it for that purpose, it was not until the 9th December, 1846, that they resolved to have it transferred to themselves upon the next avoidance;—a resolution which was, notwithstanding the vehement opposition of the bishop, carried into effect by an order in council, dated the 17th June, 1847. The resolution was as follows:

“It appearing, that in the case of Gloucester and Bristol an average of nearly 14 years had now been arrived at, and that, after full communication with the bishop and his secretary, a prospective charge of £700 had been agreed upon, the committee recommend accordingly; and also, that the Horfield Manor estate, which, *by reason of its having so long rested upon a single life in the lease, has never yet entered into the calculations of the commissioners*, be transferred to the commissioners upon the next avoidance of the see.”—Returns, 311.

In 1842, this single life, Dr. Shadwell was taken dangerously ill, and a report which had been current some years before, was revived, that the bishop was about to grant a renewal of the lease. This rumour reached the ears of the commissioners, and after some deliberation, they determined to convey their fears and their remonstrances to the bishop, not through their official channel, the secretary, but by a confidential communication from one of their number.\*

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\* The Bishop of Oxford asserted in the House of Lords, “that no communication of any kind whatever passed in 1842, or in the five subsequent years, between the ecclesiastical commissioners and their secretary on the one hand, and the Bishop of Gloucester and his secretary on the other.” Mr. Horsman explained his counter-assertion in the manner stated in the text. The reader will see further on, other evidences of Dr. Wilberforce’s partiality for that unworthy species of logical fraud—the negative pregnant.

The lease was not then renewed. Dr. Shadwell recovered, and for the following five years nothing more was heard on the subject. In 1847, that gentleman's life was again in jeopardy, and again sinister rumours were whispered about, that the bishop was going to sacrifice his Church for his family. Again the suspicions of the commissioners were excited, and they directed their secretary to make inquiries respecting the intentions of the bishop. These inquiries quickly reached his ears. "I have learned," he wrote to the commissioners, "that a report of my intention to re-grant this lease for lives, as heretofore, has been several times a matter of conversation at the board, and has been spoken of in terms of condemnation. Of the existence of the report I was aware, as well as of its origin; the authority being certain printed evidence given before the ecclesiastical leases' committee of the House of Commons, some years ago, by a land surveyor of this neighbourhood, who stated that he understood such to be the intention of the bishop. This person, to whom I never spoke, is notorious for his unfriendliness to the Church and churchmen. This assertion, as coming from an individual who could know nothing about me, I treated like a newspaper report, with silent contempt. To have noticed it publicly at the time, would have been thought by some presumptuous, by others ridiculous. However, the manner in which I spoke of this evidence in conversation is, at least, a proof that I did not meditate acting the very part which he had assigned to me."

"I did not meditate acting the *very part*." Had the bishop, in his haste to contradict an odious charge, omitted a word between "very" and "part?" Had some vigorous epithet, expressive of his abhorrence of conduct which nothing short of theological hatred could have imputed to a respectable prelate, been accidentally slipped over by his too rapid pen? The charities and probabilities of the case favoured this explanation. It was in accordance with the serene scorn which the writer testified both for the rumour and for its author. Mr. Murray suggested it, Mr. Horsman adopted it. But they were both in error.

"My letter," says the bishop, "which Mr. Horsman attributes to 1842, was subsequent to this appropriation"—of Horfield Manor by the commissioners—"I believe

February or March, 1847,) caused not, as he says, by a letter from the commissioners, but by a most offensive verbal communication made by Mr. C. K. Murray, their late secretary, to my secretary, Mr. Holt, endeavouring to extract from him my intentions respecting the property. Under feelings of offence I wrote a reply, which, notwithstanding Mr. Horsman's misquotations of its contents, I detect to be the one assigned by him to 1842, from the ludicrous blunder of Mr. Murray, who, though secretary to a learned commission, had not sufficient acquaintance with the English language to know that the word 'very' may be used synonymously\* with 'identical,' and finding it joined by me with a substantive, said, in a critical note, which he put in print, that a word seems to have been left out."—Letter to the editor of the "Times," dated the 5th, and published the 8th, of July.

And this text was thus expounded a few days later, (July 14th,) by the Bishop of Oxford, in his place in the House of Lords.

"In 1847, when the commissioners determined to take Horfield, a communication took place between their solicitor and the solicitor of the bishop. No hint was given on either side that a moral obligation was involved in the transaction; but there was a discussion (so we understood the right reverend prelate) as to the peculiar tenure of the estate of Horfield. His right reverend friend felt that the peculiar tenure of Horfield was injurious to the Church, and therefore he stated that he never intended to renew the lease on the terms on which it had been previously granted. But he never gave the slightest hint that he would not grant a peculiar kind of lease."

"I hear," writes a reformed whist player to an angry father, "that a report has reached you that I am gambling as heretofore. The rumour is the work of an enemy, and I have treated it with silent contempt. My friends, however, who know my ways, can assure you that I have not been acting the very part assigned to me." This, according to the bishops of Gloucester and Oxford, is not a denial of all

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\* The bishop would seem not to have "sufficient acquaintance with the English language," to know how to spell "synonymously." He sees the mote in Mr. Murray's eye better than he does the beam in his own. Had the Bishop recollected that a Greek Professor may mistake the conjugation of a Latin verb, he would have been less severe on Mr. Murray.

gambling, but only of gambling at whist ! And if the unhappy parent finds that his son has all the while been losing his money at roulette, he has no right to complain of having been the dupe of the scapegrace's want of candour. But the world will not accept this logic, even though it be sealed with the approval of the entire bench, and of the House of Lords to boot. Verbal ambiguities, negatives pregnant, and all the other forms of the *suppressio veri*, and *suggestio falsi*, have never been deemed very honourable arms even in the arena of special pleading, where their use is recognized, and the combatants are prepared to encounter them. But in the ordinary intercourse of life that degree of honesty, at least, is expected, which rises above the employment of such weapons ; and many a performance which in forensic dialectics is judged in its intellectual aspect solely, and applauded for its ingenuity, is, when resorted to in the world, and regarded in its moral bearing also, justly branded as a fraud. Had the bishop's letter been carried to a special pleader, and recommended to his scrutiny, the danger which lurked under the words "as heretofore," and "the very part," might have been immediately detected and exposed. But no special pleader, much less Mr. Murray or the ecclesiastical commissioners, could have believed, upon any evidence short of the bishop's own confession, that the danger was real, and that a trap lay concealed beneath the unpretending words in question. No casuist, however suspicious or malicious, could have suspected that a minister of religion, in attributing the report of his "intention to regrant this lease for lives as heretofore," to an enemy, and in referring to the condemnation of such a scheme by the board, without disputing their right to condemn it, or asserting his own right to carry it into effect, was not disclaiming all intention to renew, but was merely denying that he was about to grant "a peculiar kind of lease." But "who is his own counsel has a fool for a client," say the denizens of the Temple. "God preserve us from our friends," say those who have put their trust in the children of men. And it had been well for the Bishop of Gloucester if he had been mindful of this proverbial wisdom. His worst enemy could not have desired that he should adopt a more damaging defence than that which he himself, when cited to the bar of public opinion, had the hardihood to propound, and his dangerously the rashness to urge. The gist of the charge which



was bruited about against him was, not that he was about to grant a lease of this or that kind, but that notwithstanding an obligation binding upon him in honour and conscience to suffer the lease of Horfield Manor to expire for the benefit of the Church, he was about to renew it for his own advantage. It was the fact, not the terms, of the renewal, which was rumoured and condemned. And this the bishop well knew. He was well aware that if his right to renew had been acknowledged, the terms upon which he proposed to do so would not have been the subject of hostile comment at the board or elsewhere; for the power which English bishops have of pillaging the Church has, by constant exercise for several centuries, become a right which the people of this country do not question, or make the subject of rumour or discussion. But he must also have known, that if his right was disputed, any attempt on his part to renew would be condemned, not merely by dissenting land surveyors, but also by the good church-going public, who, whatever their veneration for prelacy, venerate fair dealing still more. But Dr. Monk's letter to the commissioners shows, beyond controversy, that he understood the rumour to apply to the fact of his granting *any* renewal, and not to any particular terms of renewal. He attributes its origin to the evidence of a hostile land surveyor of the neighbourhood, given before the committee of the House of Commons on Church leases. The only witness answering this description was Mr. Jacob Player Sturge, who is represented as a land surveyor residing at Bristol, and his evidence was simply this. After stating that Horfield Manor, was held under the see by a single life, and that a very old one, he was asked:

4656. Question: Is it probable that it will be renewed, or is it understood to the contrary?

Answer. There was a negotiation between the late Bishop of Bristol and the lessee, but they could not agree. It is now held by the present lessee for an old life.

4657. Question: Then the understanding is, that the lease will fail entirely with the demise of the present life?

The understanding is, that the bishop *will have the power of granting to whom he pleases upon the death of the present life.*

Further, the bishop knew that in December, 1846, the commissioners were so confident, whether rightly or wrongly, that the manor would not be leased, that in estimating

the charge to be prospectively imposed upon the see, they assumed that Horfield belonged to themselves, and not to the diocese of Gloucester. "The first time," says the bishop in his letter to the *Times*, "I heard that they had this property in their consideration, was in December, '46, when I learnt that without naming the matter to me, in disregard both of courtesy and practice, they had determined to take this estate into their own hands." Knowing that the grant of a fresh lease would defeat the object which the commissioners had in view, he must have known that what they condemned was, the grant of any lease, not the terms upon which it was proposed to grant it. If the letter, then, which he addressed to the commissioners, was a denial that he intended granting any fresh lease, it was intelligible enough, with the exception of the words "very part," which received their explanation from the "ludicrous blunder" of Mr. Murray. If it was not such a denial, but a disclaimer only of any intention to grant "a peculiar kind of lease," then the greater part of its contents was senseless. The allusion to the hostility of the author of the accusation was absurd, when the writer did not deny the offence imputed to him, but only the mode of its alleged perpetration. The reference to the condemnation by the board of doing the act was ridiculous, when it was the act itself, and not the manner of doing it, which was disapproved of. And the final disclaimer of acting the "very part" is too preposterous, when understood literally, to admit of a construction so repugnant to the rest of the letter. The condemnation of the commissioners, the malevolence of an enemy, the silent contempt of the bishop himself, are topics which would naturally find a place in a letter denying all intention of granting *any* lease; but in a letter confining the denial to a "peculiar kind of lease," they are out of place and unmeaning; and it is impossible to believe that the introduction of them was the effect of haste, accident, or sheer imbecility. The letter, in short, either denied that the writer entertained a design which had been imputed to him and condemned, or it was a denial of what had not been asserted, couched in language calculated to convey a contradiction of what had. In the first case, the letter was honest, but then what shall be said of the subsequent defence? In the second, how shall the letter itself be characterized?

It was written in 1847. In 1848, the commissioners re-

ceived a communication which might well startle them. "I was wishing," says the bishop in his letter to the *Times*, "to carry out an object of diocesan improvement which I had much at heart; and it struck me that an opportunity was offered for combining three objects—the improvement of Horfield, the benefit of the funds of the commission, and the crection of parsonages in small livings. It had been intimated to me, that the commissioners were desirous of such an arrangement. I therefore proposed to assign to them my whole interest, on terms somewhat more favourable to them, having previously broken off the negotiation for renewal."

In plain English, he offered to sell the commissioners his legal right of renewal for £11,500. What ensued is involved in some obscurity. Mr. Horsman stated in the House of Commons that the commissioners remonstrated with the bishop upon this violation of a moral obligation; and there is no sufficient reason for disbelieving a statement which is so consistent with probability. If they did remonstrate, they remonstrated in vain; but such appears to have been their anxiety to obtain possession of the estate, that they accepted the bishop's terms. They seem, however, to have been desirous of completing this bargain with all possible secrecy; for instead of carrying the plan into effect by a scheme and order in council duly gazetted,—the *modus operandi* provided by the 10th and 11th sections of the act of Parliament—a deed was privately prepared. The solicitor of the commissioners declined the responsibility of the transaction, and insisted upon the necessity of resorting to the course pointed out by the statute. A scheme was then prepared, and was on the eve of being ratified by an order in council, when Mr. Horsman got wind of the transaction, and hastening to Lord J. Russell, entreated him not to sanction it until he had read some evidence bearing upon the subject. Government interposed, and the scheme fell to the ground. In the following year, Dr. Shadwell died; the lease expired, and the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol forthwith granted the Manor of Horfield to his secretary Mr. Holt, for the lives of three of the royal princesses, at the annual rent of thirty-six pounds,—the ancient rent "accustomably yeelden—" upon trust for the bishop himself and his family. According to Mr. Finlaison, the actuary, the

property of the commissioners was by this step depreciated ninety per cent in value.

In what light is this act to be viewed? The bishop's own version of his letter to the commissioners sufficiently condemns it. He there, at least, denied, and denied with becoming indignation, that he meditated acting "as heretofore," or "the very part" assigned to him! When the time of action came, did he not act "as heretofore," and "the very part?" Did he not grant a lease for three lives at the old rent? And was not that "to regrant this lease for lives as heretofore?" Was it not to act "the very part," which had been assigned to him? Notwithstanding his feeling "that the peculiar tenure of Horfield was injurious to the Church," notwithstanding his statement "that he never intended to renew the lease on the terms on which it was granted," did he not grant a lease upon that peculiar tenure, and upon those terms? The last shred, then, of his plea is scattered to the winds. Tricky and quibbling as it was, it proved as false to the letter as it was in the spirit, and instead of vindicating his innocence, only aggravated his offence.

The main question, however, still remains. Was the bishop guilty of a breach of faith? Was he bound in honour not to lease the manor? And has he broken his word, and violated a solemn obligation? Mr. Horsman maintained the affirmative in the House of Commons. The bishop has positively denied it. Which of the two shall be believed? The smooth-tongued bishop of Oxford in referring to Mr. Horsman's speech, asserted that Dr. Monk had been "pursued by the envenomed tongue of slander;" but he did not show that Mr. Horsman had been actuated by personal or unworthy motives in making this transaction public. For our part, we do not hesitate to prefer the word of the M. P. to that of the spiritual peer. All the facts of the case corroborate Mr. Horsman's statement, and render the contradiction of the bishop more difficult of belief. The bishop says that the first notion of this moral obligation was broached by Mr. Murray, whom he styles the "evil genius of the commission," in his evidence before the Church Leases Committee in 1838. He knew, then, from an early period, that such an impression existed. When did he, for the first time, dispute its correctness? Did he do so in 1842, or in 1847? If he had not acquiesced in the reality of such an obligation, would



he have condescended to deny a report that he was designing to lease "as heretofore?" Would he, when writing "under feelings of offence" at Mr. Murray's indiscreet curiosity, have confined his indignation to a repudiation of the "very part" assigned to him? Would he not rather have asked by what title the commissioners presumed to interfere with him in the legitimate exercise of his rights? Would not his wrath have been vented on the impertinent intermeddling of the commissioners, rather than been wasted upon the malignity of the land surveyor? Instead of protesting that he did not meditate the very act imputed to him, would he not have roundly asserted his right to do it? In lieu of denying that he had contemplated doing that which the board condemned, would he not have denied their right to condemn it? Did not his letter imply that they would have had a right to complain of him, if the report had been well founded? Where shall a fitter illustration be found of the old saying, *qui s'excuse, s'accuse*? There is not the slightest trace of any evidence that this moral obligation was controverted by the bishop until 1848; and his long silence and the admission which is implied in his letter, are equally damnable of his tardy denial.

But the bishop's case breaks down in every direction. The account which he gives of his motives, will as little bear the test of examination as his version of the facts; but is quite in keeping with the truth, candour, and probability which runs through the transaction. Good intentions are frequently pleaded in palliation of evil deeds; and Dr. Monk has not been slow to announce the good matter of which his heart was all the while inditing. He had, he says, three objects in view in 1848:

1. To improve Horfield;
2. To benefit the funds of the commission; and,
3. To erect parsonages in small livings.

As he was negotiating at that time for the sale of Horfield to the commissioners for £11,500, the only improvement which he could hope to effect was simply to transfer it from his own into their hands. How their funds were to be benefited by being drained of £11,500, is not very manifest; but as the bishop thought that the transfer of the manor must conduce to its improvement, so he may have hoped that the rental might, in the course of time, increase sufficiently to repay the commissioners their present out-

lay, with good interest. It is clear, at all events, that his zeal for Horfield and the episcopal fund involved no greater sacrifice on his part than the acceptance of £11,500. And it was, it might have been inferred, with this sum that he proposed to effectuate his third object. But his blundering advocate damaged this inference. He was incautious enough to let the cat out of the bag.

“The mode,” says the bishop of Oxford, “in which he (Dr. Monk) intended to appropriate the money was well known, and did him the highest honour. Some years ago, he had lent a sum of £5,000 to establish a classical institution in the vicinity of Bristol. He had not given that sum to the institution, for his fortune would not permit him,\* but he had made provision, that under certain contingencies, his children should receive it back. Circumstances had occurred which rendered it problematical whether he would receive it back again. He had therefore arranged, that £5,000 of that sum which he had already mentioned, (the £11,500), should be devoted to that institution, and that £6,000 should go to endow small livings in the city of Bristol.”

This devotion of £5,000 to the classical institution was, in language divested of Oxonian saponacity, simply the payment to himself of a bad debt; and it left but £6,500 for the parsonages. So much for the first set of intentions.

The untimely interference of Mr. Horsman having put an abrupt termination to all hope of the £11,500, Dr. Monk devised other schemes for the advancement of Horfield, and the gratification of his own organ of benevolence. Still adhering to the favourite tripartite division of a late statesman, he desired—

1. To commute the manorial rights of Horfield for land;
2. To set an example of effectual draining and other agricultural improvements; and
3. To provide for the future augmentation of the liv-

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\* The ecclesiastical commissioners and the Legislature have concurred in thinking that the proper income for a bishop of Gloucester and Bristol is £5,000 a-year. Dr. Monk is said to have received, in seven years, a net income of £65,849, or £30,849 more than his Parliamentary income.



ing (of Horfield), by giving it prospectively the rent charge. (Letter to the Editor of the Times.)

How a lease was necessary for carrying out the last two purposes is not very obvious ; and as to the first, a lease was not only unnecessary, but actually obstructive. For by the Copyhold Enfranchisement Act (4 and 5 Vict. c. 35, §§ 13, 14, and 15), the lord of the manor, and three-fourths of the tenants may execute an agreement for commuting the rights of the lord into a rent charge, or into a fine upon death or alienation. While the manor remained out of lease, therefore, nothing could be more simple than the enfranchisement of the copyhold lands by the bishop and his tenants. But in granting a lease, he introduced this element of complexity into the transaction, that the lessee of the manor had to be consulted in carrying it out. Any agreement for a commutation must have been entered into, in the first instance, by him, and been subsequently ratified by the bishop's consent under his hand and seal (sect. 22). It is very true, as long as the bishop had control over the lessee, the obstacle which the lease interposed was merely formal ; but it is obvious that nothing can be more erroneous than the notion, that a lease was necessary to effectuate the enfranchisement. Nor did that step require a large expenditure. Copyholders are always not only willing, but eager to convert into fixed periodical payments the always uncertain and frequently oppressive dues and services which, without being very beneficial to the lord, have been found to harass the tenant and check the improvement of the land. The customs of Horfield are extremely burdensome, and seriously depreciate the value of the property subject to them ; and the bishop would, therefore, have found not only that the enfranchisement did not require a large expenditure, but that on the contrary, it might be a source of considerable profit.

Let us add, in justice to Dr. Monk, that from the time of his appropriating the manor of Horfield to the use of himself and his family for the lives of three young children of a long-lived race, he has testified a desire to make restitution. "I immediately resolved to resign a piece of preferment," he says in his letter to the *Times*, "which I held in commendam of about the same yearly income as Horfield ; an act perfectly spontaneous on my part." This was the living of Peakirk in Northamptonshire, worth £500 a-year ; and his Lordship's sacrifice was praise-

worthy, even though the difference be vast between the income gained and the income lost—between £545 for three lives in childhood, and £500 for one life which had nearly reached the limit assigned to man. But the bishop did not stop here. The loud voice of public opinion, or the small still one of his conscience, had made itself heard; and shortly after his last visitation in October last, he announced his intention of appropriating one moiety of the income of Horfield to the augmentation of poor livings throughout the diocese, and the other, to the employment of curates in those parishes where the advanced age of the incumbents appeared to render such assistance necessary.

What the Government thought of this transaction may be easily conjectured from the summary veto which they put upon the attempt to sell to the commissioners the bishop's right to renew. What the commissioners themselves thought of it, is equally apparent from the solicitude they displayed to conceal that attempt from the light of day, notwithstanding the "handsomest thanks" which the bishop says he received from them, and notwithstanding their resolution, cited with so much triumph by the bishop of Oxford, that the bishop of Gloucester and Bristol had been "under no obligation, *legal or equitable*, to deal with the Horfield estate, otherwise than with any other estate of the see." This board, composed chiefly of ecclesiastics, appear to have considered it their first and paramount duty to screen one of their number: but even they, had not the boldness to assert that he had been under no *moral* obligation to renew. A *legal* or *equitable* obligation is one which can be enforced in a court of law or equity. A purely *moral* one is of that imperfect character which neither the common law nor our equity code can reach: and upon that view of the bishop's conduct, they have pronounced no opinion. Their reticence, indeed, may, in the opinion of many, seem more eloquent than their language; *expressio unius* is frequently *exclusio alterius*. But they have not left the world in doubt as to their view of the matter. In the order in Council of the 19th of October, they ordered that no renewal of any bishop's lease, where the fine exceeded £100, should be effected without their approval of the amount of the proposed fine; and with an eye to the Durham case, added, that the

fine, when it exceeded half a year's allowed income, should be paid to them.

We here close our task. It was not undertaken from motives of personal hostility to any of the prelates who have been named, but we considered it incumbent upon us to call the attention of friend as well as foe to the present state of the Anglican hierarchy, in order that both may profit by the lesson to be derived from it; and that both may join in considering the causes of a scandal which thus attaches itself to the established religion, as it is supposed of all Englishmen. Were the deeds of the Maltbys, the Monks, and the rest of them, the isolated acts of ungifted natures, the chance products of a defective organization or a demoralizing education, we should not have cared to stir up the mass of petty turpitudes collected in the blue book of the commissioners. But their acts are the natural, nay, the necessary, fruits of a bad system. They are the exponents of that system; and when they are condemned, the system must share in the condemnation. There is but one religion which gives the power of self-sacrifice, without it man's moral nature must, in the long run, as certainly suffer corruption when exposed to powerful temptation, as his physical frame must succumb when under the influence of noxious gases. That grapes grow not on thorns, nor figs on thistles, we know from revelation as well as from observation: and if the English bishops have not been models of that blamelessness and sobriety of conduct which St. Paul deems essential qualifications of a bishop; if they have not been exempt from that greediness of filthy lucre and covetousness which he deems incompatible with their office, the system is to blame, not the men. Humanly speaking, it would not have been difficult to prove *a priori* that such must have been the result.

The bishoprics of the Establishment are offices of high rank and great emolument. They are in the gift of the crown, or rather of the prime minister: and it is not difficult to conjecture whether a politician and the head of a political party is likely to be influenced in his choice as much by zeal for religion, as by the desire of providing for a relation or dependent, or of acquiring a useful supporter. It is seldom, therefore, that the unobtrusive parochial clergyman is promoted to a see. The great prizes, as they are called, fall to the scions of noble houses, to the college tutors of whig or tory ministers, to smart

pamphleteers, and to clever electioneering canvassers, mendici, mimæ, balatrones, hoc genus omne. If learning is sometimes rewarded, the prize is given to the editor of a Greek play, or to a lecturer of doubtful orthodoxy. But these are exceptions. Upon his elevation to the mitre, the college Don, or aristocratic sprig, finds himself transported from a narrow sphere and moderate income, into the widest arena of politics and fashion, and into the receipt of a princely revenue. Though appointed the overseer of his diocese, though he has undertaken to superintend the spiritual government and well-being of millions of souls, he passes seven months out of every twelve in London, attending in the House of Lords, as a baron of the realm, to the material interests of the country. His seat in that assembly and his ample fortune give him a high position in society. He has, in most cases, a wife more or less managing, and, probably, daughters less or more bent upon matrimony; and he is quickly whirled into that vortex of Chiswick fetes and ancient concerts, out of which husbands are best fished. His town residence becomes the resort of the rich and the noble; and if etiquette banishes déjeuners dansants and midnight polkas from the episcopal mansion, its well spread mahogany attracts suitable matches for his numerous progeny. In the country his castle-gates are open to the peer and the squire: but its walls frown coldly on all of lower degree. His rank and wealth place him so immeasurably above his clergy, that the duties of hospitality are as completely forgotten, as the ties of brotherhood; and although the poor curate will sometimes find his bed and board when chance or duty takes him to his bishop's, he is more frequently turned empty away from his diocesan's palace.

The bishop is rich, it is true; but his wealth consists of a life income; and he is, in general, no longer young when he first succeeds to it. His station in society is exalted; but it is personal, not hereditary or transmissible; and the position of his family in society will not be, when he is gone, what it is while he is living. Hay must be made, then, while the sun shines:

Dum loquimur fugerit invida  
Ætas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

Money and patronage are in his hands. To what better purpose can a father devote the funds and the influence at his disposal, than to the advancement of the interests of



his children? When a fine may be obtained for a lease at a nominal rent, what chance has the voice of the Church of drowning that of nature? Fines, consequently, are taken, and successors robbed. Livings of every degree of fatness are in his gift; but how can piety, learning or eloquence hope to compete with the claims of a son or of a daughter's husband? Charity begins at home, says the proverb: and so says the bishop. And his good deeds die not with him: his name lives in his diocese for another generation at least, in the palpable shape of an obese pluralist or an otiose canon.

How could a prelacy thus organised prosper? Is a statesman the best judge of the qualifications of a bishop? Is humility the distinctive virtue of titled families, or of university professors? Is it fostered by elevation to rank, privileges, and wealth? Does common honesty thrive under the sudden accession of large means coupled with the strongest temptations to misuse them? In a word, could any system have been better devised to secure unsuitable men for the office, and to prevent them from performing the duties of it when appointed? A calm judgment or an unbiassed mind could answer these questions without waiting for the results of experience. But experience is the only school in which the bulk of mankind will learn; and even there they learn but slowly. Prejudice is inaccessible to the voice of reason, and finds its bliss in that ignorance to which it owes its existence. The supporter of the Established Church who opposes all change, sees in his bishop nothing but a holy man in lawn—the sackcloth of a civilized age—who occasionally reads the communion service in his cathedral, or preaches a sermon in the parochial church of his country mansion, and subscribes to local charities. But he sees also something more in him than that;—and this perhaps is the secret of the effective support which the bishops and clergy of the Establishment have received in their struggle against every reform, from the blind and suicidal conservatism of their flocks;—he sees in the pomp and circumstance which surround his bishop, his own superiority over *Popery* and *Dissent*. However, even prejudice, even the most stubborn conservatism must, in the end, yield to the pressure of facts. Hitherto the world has had very imperfect means of judging of the conduct of the bishops of the Established Church; but the returns

of the commissioners have brought to light transactions and letters which were probably never intended for the public gaze, but which enable the public to form a correct judgment of the morality of the state bishops. Let the world judge them as it would judge other men, and the verdict will not be doubtful. Their conduct in private transactions has been laid bare, and a suitable reform may be hoped to follow closely upon the public enlightenment. No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*. Will the bishops long continue saints in the eyes of those who have seen what are their acts, and their notions of right and wrong?

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ART. VI.—*Cecile ; or, the Pervert*. By Sir Charles Rockingham, Author of "Rockingham," "Love and Ambition," &c., &c. 8vo. London, Colburn, 1851.

WE had occasion, in our last number, to comment upon the active and unscrupulous use which, in default of heavier weapons of offence, has been made of Fiction in the recent crusade against Catholics in England. We wish it were, even yet, in our power to speak of this as a thing past and gone, and to bury it for ever as one of the painful memories of an evil time. But we regret to say that we have before us, even now, only too abundant materials for a continuation of the subject—too many evidences that the spirit of religious bigotry is ever as slow to retire, as it is prompt to come forth in obedience to the slightest and most passing spell by which it may be evoked.

We prefer, however, to close our eyes to this and many other unhappy recollections of the year which is now drawing to its close. We would fain leave behind us on the threshold of the joyous season upon which we are entering, every thought of bitterness which past events have provoked; and we gladly avail ourselves of the clever



volume named at the head of these pages, for the purpose of putting our readers and ourselves into that hearty good humour which beseems the Christmas time. “Cecile” is indeed a book which, by showing that justice has not yet entirely left the world, may help to restore the tone which the recent contest had interrupted, and may do much to console Catholics and all true friends of religious freedom for the multiplied obloquy, bitterness, and misrepresentation over which they have had to grieve during this long and ill-starred agitation.

We feel, however, that we do some injustice to this able and original work by associating it, even in contrast, with the great mass of vapid and vulgar productions that have emanated from the anti-Catholic school of fiction. Indeed the most consoling circumstance connected with the Papal Aggression controversy, is the recollection, that, whatever may be its eventual result as regards the legal position of Catholics in England, it has at least had the effect, during its progress, of eliciting in their defence a display of genius and eloquence to which they may look back with pride even while suffering under the stroke which it vainly strove to avert. In the legal argument; in the debates of both Houses of Parliament; in every form of the discussion which deserves the name; wherever, in a word, mind could assert its prerogative; wherever eloquence was not overborne by clamour, and reasoning shouted down by boisterous vituperation;—there the simple truth and justice of our cause were signally and confessedly triumphant. The profound constitutional knowledge; the far-seeing philosophy; the generous eloquence; even the lighter graces of composition—the classic elegance—the caustic humour—the brilliancy—the wit—were all, or almost all, our own; and while the anti-Catholic spirit fretfully evaporated in a series of prosy pamphlets, of truculent and over-bearing newspaper articles, of vulgar addresses at county meetings or Protestant associations, and of specious but irrelevant declamations from the benches of a renegade Treasury, or those of the ill-assorted allies who had enrolled themselves, for the time, under its dishonoured standard; the defence of the despised and persecuted Catholics, from the first note to the last, from the Cardinal’s opening “Appeal” to the closing “Protest” of the dissentient peers, bears upon it the genuine impress of truth, vigour, and reality; and has left behind it, in every

stage, monuments of chaste and nervous eloquence, argumentative skill, and graceful and elegant composition, which may take their place as classics in their several departments of English literature.

It may seem affectation to profess to discover the same character of truth and reality in a work of fiction. And yet we defy any one to avoid being struck by the contrast in this particular, between the plain and unstudied tale now before us, and the unnatural and exaggerated rhapsodies of which we gave a specimen in our last number. It is impossible not to feel that the writer of such a work as "*Cecile*" is in earnest. There is no straining after sentiment, no effort at effect; all is simple, natural, and real; the characters, the thoughts, the actions, the motives. And hence, although the work is ostentatiously deficient in some of the commonplace machinery of the novel; though it betrays, perhaps, some symptoms of inexperience in the construction of a plot, and certainly exhibits considerable disregard of the mere conventionalities of novel-writing; yet it forces upon us, in almost every page, the most lavish evidence of originality, freshness, and vigour, depth and versatility of thought, and all the genuine characteristics of earnest and reflective genius.

The story is not a mere web of imaginary incidents, with a few shadings flung in to suit the particular view which the tale is intended to subserve. Other novelists of the *Papal Aggression* have merely used the excitement created by that event, as an occasion for a general attack upon the Catholic system, without the smallest direct reference to the immediate circumstances in which the excitement had its origin. But the author of "*Cecile*" has taken the fact itself as his immediate theme. He has thrown himself boldly into the midst of the events which he professes to pourtray;—his scene being, for the most part, laid in a quiet country house in England, during the first burst of the excitement which followed the publication of the *Durham Letter*. And hence there is scarcely a single incident of the tale, and scarcely one character among its actors, for which the reader may not find a prototype within his own experience.

*Cecile* is the orphan niece of a kind-hearted but ignorant and bigoted Protestant baronet, Sir Charles Basinstoke. Her early history is a familiar one. The offspring of an

improvident marriage of the baronet's younger brother with a foreign Catholic, she had been educated in that creed up to her fourteenth year ; and upon the death of both her parents, had been received into her uncle's family, if not with an express stipulation, at least with a settled expectation, that she would eventually conform to the family creed. The girl, however, with more firmness than was anticipated in one so young, had hitherto quietly persevered in the belief of her childhood ; and although this circumstance had not sensibly diminished the affection of her uncle, and had not interfered in the slightest degree with the devoted attachment of her cousins, Constance and Edward, it had had the effect of deepening into settled and acrimonious antipathy the aversion, with which, from the very commencement, her uncle's wife, Lady Helen, had regarded her, as an intruder upon the legitimate rights of her own children.

Such was the posture of family affairs at Redburn on the first outbreak of the anti-Papal agitation. The result may be readily anticipated. The known creed of this one member of Sir Charles's family, and the suspicion which her intercourse with other Catholics had drawn upon his household, rendered him nervously sensitive of public opinion in the crisis which had arisen ; and the advantage which the hostile electioneering party in the county seemed likely to derive against the interest of his son, from a dexterous use of the elements of suspicion thus presented, contributed to aggravate his displeasure against his Popish niece ; so that the jealousy, and, we are sorry to add, the malice, of Lady Helen, found it easy to turn his alarms to a most unhappy account against poor Cecile.

It is at this point that the story opens. And the plot woven out of these materials is so simple, so natural, and so perfect a counterpart of the reality which was enacted and re-enacted in numberless cases during the course of last year, that almost every one may feel as though he had himself been an observer. The leading incidents are, at least, familiar to us all. The half-jesting, half-angry after-dinner controversies ; the fireside discussions which we all remember so well ; the great County Meeting, with all its well-known antecedents ; the covert electioneering intrigues ; the Fifth of November riot ;—are all true to the life, and arise from each other in a sequence perfectly

natural ; while the actors in them all are so diversified, as to present representations of all the shades of anti-Catholic opinion which were developed in the progress of the movement. How many a “Cecile” in actual life have we all known, each within the range of his own experience ! How many a real type of the honest, though unreasoning, bigotry of her uncle, and of the proud, yet mean-hearted harshness of his wife ! There is hardly a circle of any intellectual pretensions which has not its Lady Templedale, though probably in a more exaggerated form ; and the scene at the death-bed of the poor girl, Mabel Hawthorne, has been acted over again in numberless instances, and often with circumstances of a far more painful character.

All this is hung together, of course, by the slender thread of a love story, in which Cecile, as will easily be guessed, is the heroine. It may be told in a few words. Lord St. Edmunds, a gay young nobleman, comes down on a visit to Redburn by the express desire of his father, Lord Tewkesbury, who hopes, by this means, quietly to bring about the accomplishment of an old, though unavowed, understanding with his sister, Lady Helen Basinstoke, of an alliance between St. Edmunds and his charming cousin, Constance Basinstoke. But in accordance with the traditional usage in all such cases, St. Edmunds falls in love with Cecile, instead ; while, to add to the embarrassment, he discovers that he thus becomes the rival of his cousin Charles, who has long entertained the same feelings. In this way the unhappy Cecile finds herself doomed doubly, to thwart the views of her uncle and of Lady Helen, by standing in the way of the establishment of both their children.

The disentanglement of these complicated difficulties—the cold-hearted intrigues of Lady Helen, the weakness of Sir Charles, the sufferings of Cecile, her heroic self-devotion, the affectionate generosity and womanly tact of Constance, the “perversion” of Lord St. Edmunds—all these we must leave to the reader himself the pleasure of discovering. We would gladly devote a few pages to its unravelment ; but the pressure of weightier matters has so far contracted our space, as to render it entirely impossible for us to do it as we should have desired. But we have ourselves derived so much pleasure from the perusal of the book, that we have not the heart to refuse our readers, at

least, such a specimen of its general style and manner, as may enable them to decide, whether the author be deserving of a more intimate acquaintance.

We open, almost at random, the passage which makes Cecile first known to her future lover, St. Edmunds. It is a half-whispered conversation, at a dinner party, in which Cecile had been surprised into offering some reply to the sneers with which her religion had been assailed.

“‘How well and gallantly you spoke out!’ whispered he. ‘I like to hear a cause so ably and fervidly vindicated.’”

“‘For a moment the dark eye rested upon him with an expression of intense and almost haughty inquiry; but it melted at once, as she said, in her softest and most subdued tone:

“‘Am I to seek out some hidden sting of irony which your words too may conceal, or can I trust that they are intended to bear nought with them but sympathy and encouragement?’

“‘Nothing else, in truth, I assure you.’”

“‘They are much wanted. I greatly fear that I have again been sorely betrayed by the infirmity of my disposition.’”

“‘How can you say so? You only spoke after manifold and repeated provocations.’”

“‘That were a sorry excuse indeed for yielding to any such hasty and dangerous impulse! My poor weak conscience had conjured up for itself a more plausible motive, and had fancied, for a moment, I verily believe, that my wretched advocacy was needed.’”

“‘Well, I entirely agree with your conscience, and think that it might be not only tranquil, but triumphant; for it appears to me impossible to shed more light than you did, in so few words, upon so abstruse a subject.’”

“‘You are jesting, surely, Lord St. Edmunds; but it matters not. I deserve as much, and more, for having ventured to deem that my poor wax candle—if, indeed, it were of wax—could be required to show you the lustre of the glorious mid-day sun. No, I am well aware that I have spoken unguardedly, perhaps unkindly, to others, and you will but do me justice if you believe that I already truly repent it.’”

“‘You almost lead me to think that you mean to do penance for your spirited defence of your faith.’”

“‘I shall,’ answered she, with a gentle smile, ‘and such penance too, I trust, as will not only atone for the past, but preserve me from any immediate relapse into similar error. I assure you that it is not a very frequent occurrence on my part, and, as to my uncle, you would do him also great injustice if you did not make much allowance for the effects of the very disagreeable intelligence which he has received to-day.’”

“‘Your uncle?’ said St. Edmunds, evidently much perplexed.



“‘Yes, my uncle. Surely, you know that, by nature, he is neither unkind nor uncourteous.’

“‘You really must excuse me,’ observed St. Edmunds; ‘but I don’t exactly understand to whom you are alluding.’

“‘Perhaps to Mr. Collins,’ was the smiling reply. ‘But, seriously, are you not aware who I am?’

“‘Well, I had better own at once that I am not, and that the different terms by which I have already heard you addressed have scarcely enlightened me.’

“‘Oh, yes! I bear many designations. By some I am called ‘Miss Cecil;’ by others, ‘Mademoiselle,’ on account of my partly foreign origin; by others again, ‘Saint Cecilia,’ in token of that very meek and saint-like disposition, of which I have taken care to give you one earnest at least, within the two first hours of our acquaintance. Now, can you say who I am, or shall I guess whom you imagine me to be?

“‘Oh, pray don’t do that!’ answered St. Edmunds, ‘for you would give to my earlier conjectures perhaps more consistency than they really ever acquired. You are learned enough, and gifted enough, I am sure, to be the instructress of all present here, saving, may be, Edward Basinstoke, who, as I know, is a great scholar; and yet you are surely too young—’

“‘Too intemperate of speech—’

“‘No, but far too high-bred and lady-like in manner to be, in short—’

“‘In short to be what you still half deem me to, Constance’s governess. Come, I see that I must release you from any further doubts, or that you will think yourself obliged, in atonement for them, to pay me a multitude of compliments, which perchance you credit even less than I deserve them. Did you never hear of poor Cecile Basinstoke before, the only and orphaned niece to whom Sir Charles, her uncle, has so kindly offered the refuge of his hospitable home against all the miseries, not of poverty, but of absolute want?’

“‘No, not to my recollection.’

“‘It is very surprising indeed,’ replied Cecile, with her playful, tender smile, ‘that her illustrious name should never have been mentioned in London, where they have so little to think of besides her. However, I am she, and I trust that I shall be able to show you, before you leave Redburn, that I do not bear quite so ungrateful a heart or so rebellious a spirit as I have entitled you to give me credit for.’”—pp. 35—39.

We must add, also, a specimen of the light and graceful tone in which Cecile, (or, as she is playfully called by her cousins, “St. Cecilia,”) deals with the doctrinal argument in which the necessities of self-defence occasionally involve her. There are few things less inviting than those



disquisitions in which controversial novelists commonly delight to indulge. But it would be a great injustice to class the controversy of "*Cecile*" with that which forms the staple of the ordinary religious novel. The controversy of "*Cecile*," in truth, is rather explanatory than polemical. It belongs to a class which we would earnestly recommend to every sincere Catholic; and consists simply in a calm exposition of the doctrine in dispute, and of the leading principles upon which the belief in it is based. Instead of directly seeking to enforce conviction upon others, it is content to explain, and perhaps to vindicate, the motives of its own; and thus while it avoids the traditional vice of controversy—that of offending the pride and alarming the self-reliance of the enquirer—it speaks to him with all the authority of a mind at peace with itself, secure in its own convictions, and almost disdaining to offer argument to others in support of the truth which has become, as it were, a second instinct to itself.

We can only afford room for a single extract from "*Cecile*:" but the passage which we select will sufficiently illustrate our meaning. It regards the credit due to modern miracles, when they are attested by proper authority, and supported by sufficient evidence.

" 'Very possibly, my dear; but I do not exactly see the bearing of all this upon our original question. I do not pretend that we are not all of us rather too liberal in the application of the term superstition to our neighbour's belief; but though no faith admits of absolute demonstration, can we entirely resign our judgment, limited and insufficient as it may be?'

" 'Not resign, dear Lady Templedale, but incline. Were I to witness myself any preternatural effect or result, I own that I should be very much disposed to conjecture rather that I was myself deluded or deceived than that the great and constant laws of nature were violated. The same most obvious interpretation would apply, more strongly still, to signs and wonders reported to me on the authority of others; and yet, I cannot forget that I may thus be led also to explain away, in a precisely similar manner, the very evidences upon which the Divine origin of our faith must ever rest. What shall be my resource against this utter scepticism on one hand, and the blindest credulity on the other? I see no safer nor surer refuge than that which I claimed for myself in the outset, the authority of the Church, discerning now, as in the earlier ages, between the impostures and extravagances of man and the true manifestations from above.'

“ ‘Yes, my dear ; but we draw a distinction between the inspired ages and our own.’

“ ‘The result of which is, I suppose, Lady Templedale, that we are to disbelieve all miracles that we see, and believe merely in those that we hear of.’

“ ‘No, Mrs. Jesuit ; but we are not called upon to contest those which were witnessed by an entire population, and have been recorded by the holiest of men.’

“ ‘As to the opinions of the Jewish population at large,’ observed Cecile, ‘I fear that they would stand in array rather against than in favour of our credence. Your other test, the record of holy and heaven-directed men, is to my mind the only true one, but in what does it differ from mine ?’

“ ‘Simply, my dear, because we are not at all disposed to place the same reliance in one of your Priests or Pontiffs, as in the Holy Apostles or the earlier Fathers of the Church.’

“ ‘That is a distinction that each may draw for himself, but which he may find it difficult to impose upon others. You were speaking of the inspired ages just now, Lady Templedale, can you tell me when they commence and when they end ?’

“ ‘Not exactly, my dear, but I suppose that Churchmen can.’

“ ‘It matters not,’ resumed Cecile. ‘You hold, at all events, that there were by-gone times whose partial or general belief is more binding upon us than that of our own. I will not inquire whether, in those days, signs and wonders were not so universally expected as to render the beholders less critical, and consequently more liable to error than ourselves. I will readily admit that some periods have been more manifestly favoured than others by preternatural testimonies of the Divine countenance, but these, we hold and trust, never have been, and never will be entirely withheld from the Church of Christ.’

“ ‘Yet surely, dear Cecile,’ interposed Constance, ‘the age that was visited by the Redeemer himself—the Apostles whom he himself called, and with whom he held personal communion, may well be esteemed pre-eminently holy ?’

“ ‘Pre-eminently, no doubt, my darling child, but not exclusively. You would not impugn the testimony of Paul, whom you so much reverence—of two among the Evangelists—of many others whom you still designate as Saints, upon that very authority of the Church which you so indignantly reject in other matters ; you would not, I say, impugn their testimony because they are not held to have been so far blessed as to have seen Christ himself. No,’ continued Cecile, in a low musing tone, ‘the more I have reflected upon the fatal differences which have so cruelly estranged us, the more I have reduced them to one alone as to the origin of all. You believe that after a certain and undefined period, all spiritual guidance from above was withdrawn from the Church, while we hold that it was promised to her and will be vouchsafed to her evermore.’

" 'It may be, my dear ; but at all events we have thus exempted ourselves from the duty of believing in transubstantiation, the infallibility of the Pope, and other mysteries somewhat too abstruse for our homely British understandings.'

" 'It is singular, at all events,' remarked Cecile smiling, 'that the very two which you have specified are those in which we are no less clearly borne out by the Holy Text than by the undeviating authority of the Church and the still unimpaired assent of the majority.'

" 'The two last arguments, my dear, have not, as you know, great weight with us. With respect to the texts that you can doubtless invoke, you must remember how dangerous it may be to interpret too literally what was spoken in an essentially figurative tongue.'

" 'No doubt, Lady Templedale, but recollect also, how freely the mysterious truths to which you most reverently adhere, are disposed of by others as mere oriental metaphors.'

" 'I must admit, most learned Saint, that we have some little differences to settle with the Unitarians upon that head ; but that is not the question at issue between us. What I want to hear more about is the Pope, who, at all events, is the leading subject, if he is not the supreme ruler in England now. Do explain to me, once for all, to what extent and under what conditions you recognize his infallible authority. I dare say that you have some very plausible and indeed some very philosophical exposition of the tenet to offer, if we are to judge from what we have already heard.'

" 'You have already heard a great deal too much, dear Lady Templedale, replied Cecile laughing : "it is twelve o'clock, and surely I may be released now."—pp. 244—251.

There is not, perhaps, much novelty in the principles put forward in this interesting passage ; but the manner is vigorous and original, and cannot fail to produce its effect. Indeed, we have been more than once in the reading of Cecile, reminded of the very best passages in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's admirable tale, *Grantley Manor*.

We must not conclude, however, without noticing a few inaccuracies (chiefly of expression,) which occur here and there in the heroine's theology. She is made to speak, for example, of the *Triple Nature* of God ; -although in circumstances which make it plain that the error is but a verbal one. And though his explanation of the Catholic theory of mortification is perfectly correct, yet we fear his ideas of its practice have been borrowed from some unnatural and exaggerated model. The incident of the penitential bracelet, and that of the cutting off the hair,

accord but ill with the generally calm and practical character of the heroine's mind ; and it is difficult to imagine a Catholic lady, speaking as Cecile is made commonly to speak, or thinking according to her habitual standard, and yet betrayed into what one can hardly call by a milder name than that of vulgar ostentatious enthusiasm, such as these incidents display.

It may, perhaps, appear ungracious to hint at any drawback on the gratification which we have derived from the perusal of this excellent and well-timed story. But "Cecile" is a book which can well afford to bear a little friendly criticism ; and it would be a false delicacy towards a writer so promising, as its author, not to call his attention to defects which may be so easily remedied, which, nevertheless, for the general reader mar in no slight degree the effect of his tale.

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ART. VII.—*Address of the Irish Bishops on the Catholic University.*  
Dublin, 1851.

A DOCUMENT, the production of an individual who has been wittily described by one of his friends as "equally ready at half an hour's notice to build a St. Paul's, to take the command of the channel fleet, or to superintend an operation for the stone"—a famous document, written on a celebrated occasion, has proclaimed to the world that the Catholic religion tends "to confine the intellect and enslave the soul." Even from the prime minister of a great empire, of accomplishments so universal, and assurance so complete, the accusation strikes one as bold against the religion of St. Augustine, and St. Thomas, of Galileo, Malebranches, and Vico, of Bossuet and Benedict XIV., of Suarez, Bellarmine and De Lugo. Such as it is, however, this accusation is daily repeated in one form or other, implicitly or explicitly, suggested in an inuendo, or presupposed throughout an argument, treated



as self-evident, and acknowledged as a fact shameful, indeed, and damning, but too clear for the knight-errantry of any Catholic to dispute, by almost the whole daily press of England. Lord John Russell has but catered to the popular feeling, and summed up in half-a-dozen words the sentiment of modern English journalism, of the floating mind of the nineteenth century, which oscillates between profound contempt and bitter hatred of the Catholic faith. We propose to consider the meaning and the causes of this accusation, and with the light thence thrown on the subject, to proceed to the necessity and vast importance of the promised Catholic university.

Now this accusation of loving ignorance brought against the enlightener of the nations, and of fostering slavery, brought against the bestower of true freedom of heart, and mind, and will, restored to heavenly harmony, runs up, if we mistake not, into a difference of *First Principles* between Catholic and Protestant. These First Principles, the very bases of our opinions and judgments, the first springs of our actions, and so the key of our moral character, are assumed and acted upon by all without proof, by an intuition of the mind, and by most men unconsciously, even to the end of their lives. Now what is knowledge, and what ignorance, what freedom, and what slavery, of the intellect and moral powers, will depend to each individual judging on a higher question; how, that is, he arranges the various divisions of human intelligence, and the relations which they bear to each other; what, again, he considers, to be the *end* of civil and religious politics, and of human life altogether. The lawyer has one standard, and the merchant another; the artist a third, and the philosopher a fourth; the theologian one higher than all these. Nations, again, have a various moral and intellectual gauge. Millions of French peasants feel an idolatry for the memory of Napoleon, who decimated their fathers; Englishmen pay a perhaps unconscious worship to manufactories and railways, and feel a far deeper interest in the composition of the steam-engine, than in the nature of the soul; Spaniards, on the other hand, measure distances by the rosary, and salute by an expression of faith in a blessed mystery; and Italians illuminate in honour not only of the earthly sovereign, but the heavenly queen. Even in the same country and race, a different spirit prevails at dif-

ferent times. Saxon sovereigns laid aside their crowns at St. Peter's shrine, and the proudest of the Plantagenets paid homage, as Christians, to his successor; Norman nobles left land, and wife, and children, to rescue the holy sepulchre from the infidel. Modern England resents the exercise of St. Peter's spiritual jurisdiction as an aggression on temporal sovereignty, and exerts the whole force of her mighty power to maintain the holy sepulchre in the hands of the infidel. Thus race and nation, the habits and occupations of the mind, modify the standard of all human things, and so, of course, that by which comparative knowledge or ignorance, freedom or slavery of the mind, are estimated.

If, then, we would fairly meet the question, we must classify the various subjects of human knowledge, we must arrange and group the arts and sciences of civilized life, and specially we must consider the *end* for which all these exist and are cultivated, and the relation which they severally bear to that end, and to each other. And as Catholics and Protestants here judge and act upon different First Principles, we shall take a division made long before the West was separated into these two conflicting parties. We shall go back to a great Catholic philosopher, theologian, and saint, almost three centuries anterior to the rise of Protestantism. Certainly he cannot have had the latter state of opinion in view: he set forth the train of thought which universally prevailed in his own day throughout the great Christian people, moulded into expression by a very profound and exquisitely holy mind. The division of human knowledge into its various branches, which we are about to quote, is from St. Bonaventure, and it has a unity, a simplicity, and a completeness, combined with the deepest philosophical truth, which we have not seen equalled in any other arrangement. It occurs in his small work called "The Reduction of the Arts to Theology," and is as follows.

From God, the Fontal Light, all illumination descends to man. The divine light from which, as from its source, all human science emanates, is of four kinds; the *inferior* light, the *exterior* light, the *interior* light, and the *superior* light. The *inferior* light, that of sensitive knowledge, illuminates in respect of the natural forms of corporeal objects, which are manifested to us by the five senses. Its range does not extend beyond the knowledge of sensible



things. The second, or *exterior* light of mechanical art, illuminates in respect of artificial forms. It embraces the whole circle of those arts which aim at protecting man from the weather, clothing, feeding, healing him when sick, and the theatrical arts directed to his recreation. Thus it includes all productions of the needle and the loom, all works in iron, and other metals, stone, and wood; all production and all preparation of food; all navigation and commerce, which superintend the transit and the exchange of these; medicine in its widest sense; and music, with the arts belonging to it. Manifold as are the objects of this light, it is all concerned with artificial productions; it touches only one side of human nature; it deals with man almost exclusively as an animal; it is directed to supply his bodily needs, and console his bodily infirmities. The third, or *interior* light, is that of philosophical knowledge: its object is intelligible truth. It is three-fold, for we may distinguish three sorts of verities, truth of language, truth of things, and truth of morals. I. Truth of language, or rational truth, either makes known the conception of the mind, which is the function of grammar, or, further, moves to belief, which is that of logic; or moves to love or hatred, which is that of rhetoric; that is, it is either apprehensive reason, which aims at congruity, or judicative reason, which is truth; or motive reason, which uses ornament. II. Truth of things, or rational truth, which deals with things as to their *formal*, (i. e. in mediæval language, their *essential*) relations, in regard to matter is physical, in regard to the soul is mathematical, in regard to the divine wisdom is metaphysical, and has the province of *ideas*. The physical treatment of things has to do with their generation and corruption, according to their natural powers and seminal principles: the mathematical, with their abstract forms, as our intellect conceives them: the metaphysical treats of the knowledge of all *entia*, which it reduces to one First Principle, End, and Exemplar, God, from whom they came forth; i. e. it deals with things as to their *ideal* principles. III. Truth of morals, has for its object either the individual, that is, the whole range of personal duties, which is termed *monastic*, or of family duties, which is termed *economic*; or of duties to the state, which is termed *political*. Lastly, the fourth, or *superior* light, is that of Grace and of the Holy Scripture, which illuminates in respect of saving truth. It leads to higher

objects by manifesting those things which are above reason ; it descends by inspiration, and not by discovery, from the Father of lights. The doctrine of Holy Scripture, though *one* in the literal sense, is *triple* in the spiritual and mystical sense : *allegoric*, in which it teaches what is to be believed, and relates to the generation and incarnation of the Word, and this is the study of doctors ; *moral*, in which it teaches the rule of life, and this is the subject matter of preachers ; and *anagogic*, which embraces the union of the soul with God, and is treated by the contemplative.

Thus the fourfold light descending from above has yet six differences, which set forth so many classes of human knowledge and science. There is the light of sensitive knowledge, the light of the mechanical arts, the light of rational philosophy, the light of natural philosophy, the light of moral philosophy, and the light of Grace and Holy Scripture. “ And so,” adds the saint, “ there are six illuminations in this life of ours, and they have a setting, because all this knowledge shall be destroyed. And therefore there succeedeth to them the seventh day of rest, which hath no setting, and that is, the illumination of glory. And as all these derived their origin from one light, so all these sorts of knowledge are directed to the knowledge of the Holy Scripture, are shut up in it, and completed in it, and by means of it are ordered to the illumination of eternity.”

We are persuaded by experience, that the more this arrangement of human arts and sciences is considered, the more it will be valued. Perhaps all the philosophical errors of the last three hundred years have been by anticipation exposed in it. Take, for instance, the multitudinous errors connected with the question of the origin of our ideas. One school makes them proceed from the first light alone, and derives them from the senses. Another from a combination of the first and third light, or the internal sense. They have, by common consent, put out of view the fourth light, which has for its object the supernatural and the super-intelligible, and which presupposes a power of intuition on man's part, which may help us as to the origin of our ideas generally. Above all, what strikes us in this arrangement of St. Bonaventure is, that throughout it he considers the circle of human knowledge, and the objects of which it treats, to be what God created them—

a universe, a whole, which can only be understood in Him who is its Beginning and End, the dread Alpha and Omega of Being, I Am that I Am. And therefore we shall make use of it as a standard whereby to appreciate the accusation which Protestantism may be understood as daily bringing by the ten thousand mouths of its *bellua multorum capitum*, the Press, against Catholicism, viz.: that as a system it tends "to confine the intellect and enslave the soul." And perhaps in the hasty glance we are about to take, we may have opportunity to remark what this very loud-tongued accuser itself has done for the real advancement of knowledge in the human race, since its champion Luther appeared on the scene.

Now that in which the Europe of the nineteenth century mainly differs from the Europe of the sixteenth is the prodigious cultivation of the mechanical arts, and the successful application to these of certain physical sciences, such as chemistry, which depend on the principle of induction, and are wrought out by a series of experiments. Wonderful is the advance in these which has been made not merely in the past hundred years, but in our own generation, since the peace. The mind of the world seems turned upon these with an energy which has scarcely before been witnessed, and the mechanical arts have such manifold inter-relations, that it is hard to foresee how far an improvement in one may affect others. Who, for instance, can yet tell what will be the effect either on the political or the religious state of Europe, produced by railway trains traversing its bosom daily at express speed, or by the electric telegraph actually annihilating distance between the great centres of human thought and action. Isolation of any particular people, and the evils which follow from it, seem no longer possible. Again, as we have seen in the late Exhibition, industry is become no longer national, but cosmopolitan. Every invention is exposed to an universal rivalry. What has been conducted successfully to a certain point by the discovery or improvement of one mind, is presently caught up by another's, and worked out into higher results. We should be very ungrateful, certainly, not to feel what has been done, and is daily doing, to promote the *comfort* of all classes, and not least of the poor. Still the very word suggests wherein this vast and ever-increasing civilisation lies. It concerns mainly the food, the clothing, and the covering of man; his locomotion;

his healing, when sick ; his taste and recreation in gazing on pleasant and beautiful forms, or hearing melodious sounds : in short, his bodily wants. It deals with him mainly as an animal, a buying and selling, travelling and voyaging, earth-cutting, iron-working, steam-producing, gold-seeking animal ; where it uses his reason and high intellectual powers, as in the mathematical and physical sciences, it is yet chiefly with an utilitarian view, for application to the mechanical arts. We are not underrating the *quantity* of light thus diffused ; we are but remarking on its *quality*, that it is mainly the *inferior* and the *outward* light, with so much of the *interior*, as embraces the physical and mathematical, but not the higher speculative and metaphysical sciences. In other words, this busy, restless, ever-advancing, all-engrossing modern world of thought and action hardly approaches man as a *moral* agent, and still less as a spiritual being. It chooses to put altogether out of consideration that every individual of the race possesses a *something* incomparably more precious than all the discoveries of all the physical and mathematical sciences, and all the productions of all the mechanical arts, from the beginning to the end of the world. Certainly it does not deny that man has a soul, but it treats it as a truism taught to boys and girls in their catechism, and disagreeably repeated on Sundays at church ; but not to be thought of during the week by sensible men of business. The nineteenth century is one of facts, but *this* fact, which outweighs all others, as the ocean does a drop of water, is not a favourite one with it.

For if, quitting the mechanical arts and the experimental sciences, we advance and ask what progress has been made in the higher speculation of the human mind, we find that this science has fallen with the many into absolute disrepute, from the number of conflicting theories which have arisen one after the other, each for a time prevailing, and too often paving the way, like the low philosophy of Locke, for the Deism and Pantheism of succeeding minds. Gray's insulting remark, that " metaphysic spins her cobwebs, and catches some flies," but too faithfully represents the general feeling as to that noble science at present. In short, the modern thinker, as he goes on from the domain of *sensible* things, gradually loses his footing, he finds the land-marks removed, and rival geographers disputing the lie of the country ; and if he is a

man of ordinary wisdom and prudence, he stops with the reflection that life is too short to spend any of it on a science which has been reduced by the conflicts of its cultivators into a chaos of uncertainty.

In the field of morals is the prospect much more encouraging? We are not now speaking of Catholicism and its authorised teaching, but of that floating, popular, and certainly most uncatholic mind which charges it with fostering ignorance and slavery. *What is its code of moral laws? Who could say?* We have but to look to any morning's *Times* for the most unscrupulous lying, the most cruel calumny, the most barefaced assertion. Because it is anonymous, and so beyond punishment, it shows no conscience — no feeling. It will riot and gloat over the distress of a nation, and the expatriation of multitudes; it will call the solitude peace, and view with complacency the departure of a people's bone and sinew, if only it can be delivered from that standard of truth and right which Catholicism, in its most suffering and hampered state, rears in the world. Where, we may ask, are the moral systems which in a reign of three hundred years it has produced? It is not yet equal to interpreting the decalogue. And if you would not tempt it to blasphemy, do not put before it a case of conscience, for nothing does it hate so much as casuistry. It is its byword for chicanery and falsehood.

But oh that proud, that myriad-minded Protestantism, ranging over earth and sea, from China to California, to gather their treasures for its place and hour of pride, which lay adoring itself in one long protracted act of self-deification, during six months in the glass house, watching the nations brought before its footstool, and saying, *I am their Queen, "I shall not sit as a widow, and I shall not know barrenness."* Carry it into a yet higher region than morals, into the light of Grace and holy Scripture—how miserable and benighted it appears! Its heroes here are pygmies. Their eyes gaze not on these objects. These substances are too impalpable for their grasp. Here a thought has often struck us. Certainly no one of her Majesty's subjects made a better or more rational use of the exhibition than the Queen herself. The most illustrious in each department of art were at her daily bidding to explain every new invention, the most complicated machinery, the manifold treasures of the physical world, from its rudest to its

most refined productions. We doubt not that they did it each one well and ably in his sphere. Well, these are subjects which interest different classes of people, some one, and some another; their utility various, their preciousness in proportion. But other subjects there are of universal importance, which cannot be ignored without a grievous loss by any single human being. Supposing her Majesty had bethought herself to ask of her several conductors, day after day, a statement of their belief on these four subjects, the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, Original Sin, and Grace. If the replies given to her under this supposition could be put down and ticketed, we will venture to say that no productions of the great exhibition would have been, to say the least, more curious and instructive. Only they would probably have defied analysis and arrangement. The greatest men in modern art and science, who would take shame at being ignorant of the latest discovery in chemistry, the latest theory of geology, or the latest application of machinery, would probably show more ignorance, and, certainly, more variation, on these momentous subjects, than half-a-dozen children taken at hazard out of any Catholic school. This is what free enquiry and the bible sown broadcast over the world have done in three centuries for the master science of theology, and the primary virtue of faith.

We admit, then, that in the mechanical arts, and the physical sciences, in all which concerns the conveniences of the purely material life, there has been a great advance. We are thankful for it. The most delicate lady may now be swept over the country, without fatigue, at forty miles an hour, in the midst of soft cushions, and surrounded with books, who, three centuries ago, must have submitted to pick her way over abominable roads at four miles an hour, strapped on a pillion to a groom's girdle. But this material life of ours is not all: after you have given their utmost value to all the precious things contained in the great exhibition, there remains for man, yet, a higher world of thought: there are the needs of the whole spiritual nature: there is the science of mind, the science of morals, and the science of theology: there is truth of language, truth of things, and truth of morals; there is that highest light of all, "which lightens every man that cometh into the world," the light of the Divine Word. With regard to these,



so far from knowledge having increased, we assert that in all uncatholic countries, and in each country in proportion as the spirit of Catholicism has declined, there has been a retrogression, a diminution of light, feebleness instead of virility, doubtfulness instead of certainty. We proceed to state the connection of this with Protestantism.

The war of Luther, though seemingly directed against particular doctrines, was really waged with the principle of authority itself. After the dust of the conflict was cleared away, the work which he was found to have accomplished was the emancipation of the individual mind from submission to the general mind of Christendom. The fabric of Christianity had been raised on an external, objective basis: its message came from without to the individual, answering, indeed, to certain inmost needs, to aspirations and ideas felt within, but independent of these, and standing over against man with a command and a control superior to him. The whole system radiated from the Person of God the Word Incarnate: by Him it had been set up in the world: by Him it was sustained, and energised in a living society, divine because the virtue of its Founder was in it. Luther, on the contrary, proceeded from self: his own mind, his own judgment, was his standard: disguising this both to himself and others, he professed obedience to the written word alone: but the interpretation of this book being left to the individual, the real standard became the mind or feelings of the individual. Christianity, till then, had owned obedience to its Founder, perpetually as it were incarnate in that society which Himself had termed His Body. Luther substituted for this a subjective basis in each believer. Obedience, henceforth, to an external government became impossible: it was an infringement on the most sacred rights, on the new-found and highly-prized liberties of the true believer. He was himself the spiritual man, judging all things, and judged of none. We are far, indeed, from asserting that Luther knew what he was about. There was a great and subtle and combining spirit using him as an instrument, who had formed his plan, a vast and skilful one, though the agent had none.

Luther's reform was established in England, and before the end of the century a man of great genius arose, to carry into the domain of the arts and sciences, for their restoration, as he asserted, the precise idea which Luther

had applied to religion. The principle of authority, of tradition, of deduction and development, having been overthrown in things divine, what more natural than that Bacon should propose the principle of induction, that is, of proceeding from the particular to the universal, as the foundation of all human science. And as the sciences of mind, of morals, and of theology, proceed from certain data, and are built upon deduction, and not induction, what more natural likewise than that he should throw himself on the physical and experimental sciences, as alone, from his point of view, admitting of stability, certitude, and progress. He called man away from paths in which, as authority had been discarded, no landmarks remained, to an endless and assured progress which they might ascertain for themselves step by step: which would daily recompense them by fresh conveniences, helps, and ornaments of life. Let them leave their "*idola theatri*," to which they had been paying a vain and fruitless homage: all nature was waiting to pour forth her treasures into the lap of humanity, if it would cease to meteorize, and rather humbly search her ample bosom, analyse and weigh her forces, and direct them to assuage the wants of man: man, that is, as he was formed from the dust, and to the dust returns. He had divined the rising genius of England: he had forecast her horoscope, and determined her empire: as if by a magic wand he had felt the treasures which yet lay hid in her mines and mountains, the unsorted elements of a material prosperity beyond what the world had yet seen. She has listened to his call, and his idea has been enshrined in her heart, has become the centre of her life, and is the real object of her worship.

The work was not yet complete. There was wanting one to apply to the science of mind the idea which Luther had introduced into religion and Bacon into physical science. There was wanting one to place the starting point of mental philosophy in the individual man; in the creature and not in the Creator; in the pure analysis of self. That one was found in Descartes. Discarding the objective basis on which mental philosophy had hitherto rested, he attempted to build the most necessary and absolute verities, the Being of God, and the existence of creatures, on the internal sense. *Cogito, ergo sum*. That is, he built belief on doubt; he founded the universe on the individual. He did not rest on the tradition which had never perished

from the human race, and had been restored full and perfect, and unfolded by Christ, with conditions that ensured its permanence and purity. He put aside those ideas which are deposited by the Creator in His creature's mind before and beyond proof. As Luther's process was analysis applied to religion, so his was the same analysis applied to the mind. As Luther's process has terminated in biblical rationalism, and the overthrow of faith by scepticism, so Descartes' process has issued in the denial of natural truths. The abuse of Bacon's principle has been shown in its application far beyond the experimental sciences and mechanical arts, of which it is the proper instrument, and in the great predominance which it has given to these over all other studies.

It is not too much to say that the whole tissue of modern thought and feeling, outside the Catholic Church, and within it, so far as those are concerned who are not deeply touched by her spirit, is wrought out of these elements. The self-sufficiency, the independence, the dislike of authority, whether in spiritual or civil matters, the reduction of truth to opinion, the measuring of things by their material utility, in one word, the predominance of body over spirit, and of matter over mind, have their root here. Let us see whether the system of Luther, Bacon, and Descartes, has contributed to the spread of knowledge truly so called; has made men capable of imbibing more or less of those emanations from the Fontal Light which St. Bonaventure described above.

I. And first as to the light of Grace and Holy Scripture. Luther found this diffused in one great religious society, animated and held together by a common faith. As the infant instinctively turns to the mother for the stream which supplies its life, so every individual soul in that great family looked direct to the mighty mother of spirits for its draught of heavenly love, reclined in trust on that unfailing bosom, drew support and peace from those eyes of love. The first work of the reformer was to teach the children that their trust in their mother was vain and dangerous; that they should see, compare, and judge for themselves. He, indeed, with a strange infraction of his own principle, told them what they should believe; he had discovered it himself in St. Paul's epistles, which for fifteen centuries the Church had not understood. By and by Calvin arose with a fresh doctrine, which he too had gathered from the

same epistles by a like process, and which he enjoined, *proprio motu*, on all true believers, who took the word of God for their guide. Presently a third appeared, a hard-headed Swiss, far more thorough-going than either, but equally imperative in enjoining others to believe as he did, on the principle of private judgment. The reformation, as established by Elizabeth in England, was an amalgam of the doctrines of these three, with a certain residuum of Catholic truth, without logical connection of parts, as might be imagined from its parentage, and absolutely devoid of any spiritual idea by which it could cohere. It had instead a material soul, and lived on the confiscated lands of the old Church. Not but what the reformed doctrine, in a more spiritualized and explosive state, charged the atmosphere all around, and burst out in Puritanism, and Presbyterianism, in Independents and Anabaptists, in Quakers, and later still, in Wesleyans, and a host of small sects, which defy analyzing, or even naming, one and all the true children of that principle of division and dissolution with which Luther began. More than three centuries have passed; we see what they have *destroyed*, may we ask what they have *built up*? Evil, as all theologians tell us, has no substance; it is but the negation of good; and in accordance with this, the benefactors of mankind may be known throughout all ages infallibly by one token, that they have *constructed*; and the malefactors of the race as surely by another, that they have *destroyed*. Which did the Reformers? After three hundred years look at their work in Germany, Switzerland, Scotland, America, and most of all in England. There, if anywhere, every outward circumstance seemed to promise permanence and immutability. A powerful queen clothed their idea with the richest material body; determined that it should not moulder away, she sought to fix its lineaments by embalm it in thirty-nine articles; and she guarded it jealously with the axe and the rack. Could she rise from her grave, what would she behold? The favourite creation of her genius, which she had planted throughout the land interwoven with the whole fabric of the constitution, married to the nobility and gentry, surrounded with the dread array of law, in spite of all these scarcely held together by means of a foul and ignominious lie. She would see her successor in that spiritual headship forced to declare that the very first doctrine of the heavenly life was yet unsettled, that her clergy

espoused opposite sides, and that, in spite of all material ties, the only means to maintain them in one outward communion was, to sanction their teaching contradictory opinions on baptism. If they differ about the beginning, how much more about the course and maturity of the heavenly life. Amid the ten thousand volumes on sacred subjects, which in three hundred years the learned leisure of that richly-endowed society has produced, we ask in vain for a *science of theology*. The so-called divines are all at issue with each other; they are but agreed in rejecting Catholicism, which is a system. But they have none of their own. Incredible as this may seem, it is true; and what is yet more incredible is, that they seem to have no sense of this deficiency. They do not see the connection of one doctrine with another; they do not need entirety or wholeness in their teaching; great gaps disturb them not; incoherencies do not disarrange their notions. They began with the text of Scripture, and with the text of Scripture they end. It is to them as a huge quarry of fine marble, which they have never wrought. Or rather, perhaps, the glorious temple which the Church had reared their ancestors with sacrilegious hands tore down, and they are still gazing on the ruins; or, where fragments of the walls are still standing, the most that they do is to raise a shed against them, light a flickering fire with the logs of the old roof-beams, and shelter themselves with the name of Catholic principles.

But now we may surely ask in this, the most important and primary of man's needs, a guide to lead him through his forty years' pilgrimage to the land of promise, is the light of Grace and Holy Scripture diminished or augmented? Is there knowledge, where all principles are disputed? Can there be faith, where no divine authority is recognised? Such, during three hundred years, has been the work of Protestantism, a simple undoing; what in the same period has been that of Catholicism? That great body of truth which it had when Luther arose, it has still, whole and unimpaired. It has been, moreover, perpetually solving doubts, perfectionating details, developing consequences of truths before received, gathering a harvest of saints, establishing a multitude of holy and self-denying congregations, collecting itself up more and more in its supreme head, and feeling that its strength lies in the chair of Peter. Its children more than ever trust their mother.

Faith leads them to knowledge, and love preserves harmony between the intellect and the will.

It is especially, after considering the facts of the last three centuries, from this point of view that we recommend the thought of (with all his wanderings) a great modern philosopher to the author of the charge against Catholicism, that it tends "to confine the intellect, and enslave the soul." "Those superficial minds, who regard the Catholic as a slave, because he is subject to a rule, do not perceive that this rule, which is nothing else but truth itself, is the foundation of liberty. The Catholic rule is the principle which prevents the human mind from diminishing truth, and therefore, from restricting the limits of the field in which it can expatiate. In fact, as man cannot step on vacuity or nothingness, where ground fails to plant the foot upon, the only arena in which genius can exercise itself, and display its powers, is that of truth. Thus the law which preserves the true, as the vital element and the home of the mind, is as necessary to philosophic liberty, as that which forbids governments to alienate territory is to the liberty and security of states." (Gioberti, Introduction to Study of Philosophy, b. i. chap. 8.)

2. From religious principles, let us proceed to political. Luther laid down that the individual judgment, conscience, and feelings, formed the rule of belief. Locke and Rousseau applied this to politics, and forth came the grand dogma of the sovereignty of the people, the instrument of subversion and destruction in modern times. All power is from on high, said the ancient Catholic tradition; all power is from below, says the new political Protestantism. If man had a right to judge of Revelation, to admit so much as he pleases, and to modify what he dislikes in a religion coming to him with the strongest sanction from without, who can deny to him a similar right in respect of governments, the best and most lawful of which has only an *indirect* commission from God, while the title of His Church is of *direct* divine institution? It was a problem quickly worked out in practice, and first of all in that government which had usurped the rights of the Church. Charles the First paid the forfeit of his head for the crime of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth. The spirit which established the Reformation overthrew the monarchy. Its ultimate triumph in England remains to be



chronicled by posterity; but who can doubt that the old English constitution is gone to seed, and that we are advancing with the smoothness and the speed of a river above the cataract, to the headlong fall and the deep pool of democracy? But in Europe generally, this principle, making, that is, the individual the starting point in religion and in politics, born in Luther, perfected by Locke and Rousseau, is agitating the several nations, and everywhere working to overthrow established powers, till society itself is struggling for mere existence. It is a principle of pure anarchy and dissolution, proceeding from the individual to the family, and from the family to the nation, and tainting in all alike the first springs of obedience. It inverts the primary rule of *obligation*, on which not only civil government, but morality itself, is founded. For whereas, the whole order of the universe springs from that absolute right which God as Creator possesses over all His creatures, the correlative of which is an absolute duty in man to God, and relative duties to his fellow-men as children of a common parent, out of which relative duties relative rights between man and man spring, so that there are four links in this chain which is attached to the very throne of God: on the contrary, the principle of Luther and of Locke in religion and in politics, and by consequence in morality, begins from the bottom, and has accordingly no basis; for man has no rights whatever towards his fellow-creatures without pre-supposing a Creator, and no rights towards God at all, but duties only. Such then is the light which this great principle of Protestantism—which may be termed, indeed, its beginning, middle, and end—has shed upon human *obligation*, as it touches the individual, the family, or the state. For its fruits look through Europe at present, which is become one huge battle-field, between the old traditional principle of *power from on high*, and the new revolutionary watchword of *power from below*. The Church, as she was herself the great exemplar and most perfect type of the former—as her chief in St. Peter's chair is the representative of her incarnate Lord, and rules by direct commission from Him—so had she in every European country fostered and gradually educated civil politics resting on the like basis. She had first sown and then developed in them the seeds of freedom, built not on imaginary rights of man, but on absolute duties towards God; freedom which, therefore, had a basis as strong as

the primary obligation of morality. This she had done, and all Europe was advancing forward peaceably to the development of these free constitutions, when the Reformation violently arrested the process, and threw back some countries on despotism for the maintenance of order, while it hurried others forward into a false freedom based upon anarchy, for such indeed is power which springs from the individual. As the Church contains the most perfect form of monarchical power, her constitution being the direct inspiration and habitual in-working of the Incarnate Word, so she sustained the first and most vehement assault of the dissolving principle ; which having wreaked its full violence on her, has gone on to attack and corrupt all temporal governments. We are witnessing, in political anarchy, and moral socialism, the *dénouement* of religious individualism.

3. After religion and politics comes the appreciation of *ends*, which Protestantism has set up among us. And here, to listen to it, one might well imagine that Christianity had come into the world to promote civilisation ; as if a pleasant and peaceable intercourse between man and man, the development of commerce, the accumulation and distribution of wealth, discoveries in physical science, the diffusion of conveniences, the easing the wheels of society, the making this world, in fact, the home, and this life the object of man, were the grand end which the Lord of all had in view in giving Himself a sacrifice for His creatures. One would think as much as this might have been done at less cost. So desirable is it to forget “ the fire ” that was to be kindled and “ the sword ” that was to be sent on earth ; so acceptable to put out of mind the prophecy that “ nation should rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom,” and that “ earthquakes and pestilences ” should bear witness to that broken moral order, without the restitution of which nothing is good in the counsels of God. The key-note of Christianity is self-sacrifice ; the key-note of civilisation is self-enjoyment : no wonder that if you measure the Church’s utility by the standard of civilisation she is judged to fail in her work. Now a main work of Protestantism was to destroy all that operation of the Church which bore witness to its superhuman charity ; the sacrifice of self in works of mercy which entail privation of the domestic life became odious to those who placed their supreme good in that domestic

life. That wonderful habit of mind, which is exhibited to us in manifold expression, but always the same essence, in the lives of the saints, is matter of simple unbelief to Protestants, at the bottom of which is a still stronger dislike. Why turn society upside down? why shake off the dust of the world from your feet? why deny father and mother, brother and sister, wife and child? why treat the body as a wild beast, and torment the mind? There is one vision ever before the eyes of such men, which these complainers see not; the vision of a cross, and One thereon raised against a black sky. There is a voice ever in their ears, Take up *your* cross, and follow Me. On the other hand, there is quite a different order of things very attractive and winning in its way. Comfortable homes, easy locomotion, abundance of food, bridges, and railways, and canals, and docks, and ships, without end, powerful fleets, vast colonies, a world-wide empire, the fair array of a well-ordered government, the charms of a well-chosen society. Now both of these cannot be *ends* at once to the same persons. And surely their judgment of all things will be very different in proportion to which end they take. What is knowledge in the estimation of the one, will be ignorance to the other. There is no doubt whatever, that the latter will charge the former with "confining the intellect, and enslaving the soul."

4. And this brings us to our fourth point, the knowledge which is in request, the arts and sciences which are in estimation, at the present day; and so, the education which is most valued, and the distinction which is most coveted. Theological truth, then, in consequence of the fundamental principle of Protestantism, having become a bone of contention between an infinite number of sects and private opinions, which, with the Bible all the while in their hands, are agreed upon nothing, from the dogma of the Blessed Trinity, to the existence of sin—the only way for any peace at all which such a society has discovered is to set this sort of truth aside altogether, to vote it a bore, and perseveringly ignore it. Next, moral truth, as might be expected, and the grounds of moral obligation, are plunged into almost equal uncertainty. The whole theory of morals, as to the individual, the family, and the state, is unsettled by the unsettlement of religion. The next highest class of studies, coming, it will be remembered, under S. Bonaventure's *truth of things*, is the

science of the mind, Metaphysics, truth according to our ideal conceptions; and here, thanks to the application of the one Protestant principle, proceeding from the individual, whether it be the inward or the outward sense, nothing is determined, all is contradiction, between rival schools, and so the science is in the utmost disrepute. So that it is in the physical and mathematical sciences alone that Protestantism finds certitude, and material utility being its standard, it is in the application of these to the ornamental, the culinary, the medical, the locomotive, and the commercial, arts, that it places the grandeur and the progress of a nation, the eminence of individuals, the good done to the world, and the needs of education. We would indeed assign no scanty meed of praise to these sciences and arts. We are not disposed to underrate the value of the steam-engine or the uses of chemistry; but it is something too much to prefer physical before moral and religious truth. In a late article, the *Times* contrasted the thanks given to Sir Joseph Paxton for the invention of the glass house, and those bestowed on Mr. Stephenson for the tubular bridge, "objects," as it said, "truly Catholic," with those given to Dr. Newman for his discourses! That is, it could appreciate the curious convenience of the building, and the wonderful mechanism of the bridge, but a volume on the Being of God, and the destinies of man, was entering, in fact, on forbidden ground, stirring up the *odium theologicum*, dividing families, thrusting pins, with their points outwards, in the soft cushions of our railway carriages, and troubling that physical order, which the *Times* alone recognises, by the introduction of miracles. How thoroughly odious to such a spirit would have been the personal presence of the Divine Lawgiver Himself, when the investigation of His sublimest laws, and the recognition of His supernatural operation, is so distasteful! But the year has furnished us with the strongest instance of that absolute idolatry of the material arts which forms the temper of our age. Day after day, for six long months, the whole enthusiasm of the public press has been lavished on the great Exhibition. The account of the concluding scene in the *Times* of October 13th may fitly be termed the apotheosis of matter. We quote it here as the best illustration of our subject which can be given:

“ On Saturday the great Exhibition closed its wonderful career, and the public took their last farewell of its splendours. After being open for five months and eleven days, and concentrating in that time a larger amount of admiration than has probably ever been given within the same period to the works of man, the pageant terminates, the doors of the Crystal Palace no longer yield to the open sesame of money, and in a few days hence thousands of hands will be busily engaged in removing all those triumphs of human skill, and those evidences of natural wealth, which the world was assembled to behold. It was natural that such an event should be regarded by all who witnessed it with no ordinary degree of emotion. Feelings of gratified curiosity, of national pride, and of enthusiasm at the public homage paid to industrial pursuits, were tempered with regret that a spectacle so grand and unique should ever have a termination. It is only when we are about to lose them, that we begin to find the value of objects which have insensibly become endeared to us. As with the building, so it was also with many of the works of art, the treasures of wealth, and the examples of ingenuity which it contained. The ‘ Amazon,’ Van der Ven’s ‘ Eve,’ Strazza’s ‘ Ishmael,’ the two French bronzes, and many other contributions of the highest artistic merit were, for the last time, to be gazed at by the admiring multitude. \* \* \*

“ It was drawing near five o’clock, when from the top of Keith and Co.’s Spitalfields silk trophy, the whole nave, east and west, the area of the transept, and the galleries, might be seen packed with a dense mass of black hats, through which, at intervals, a struggling female bonnet emerged here and there into light. The vast multitude had now become stationary, and were evidently awaiting, in silent but intense excitement, the last act of a great event, immortal in the annals of the nineteenth century. It was a most solemn and affecting scene such as has rarely been witnessed, and for which an opportunity cannot soon again arise. Words cannot do it justice, and fail utterly to convey the mystery and grandeur thus embodied to the eye. Let the reader fancy what it must have been to comprehend within one glance 50,000 people assembled under one roof, in a fairy palace, with walls of iron and glass, the strongest and the most fragile materials happily and splendidly combined. Let him, if he can, picture to himself that assemblage in the centre of that edifice, filled with specimens of human industry and natural wealth, from every civilized community, and the remotest corners of the globe. Let him tax his imagination to the uttermost, and still beyond the material magnificence of the spectacle presented to him—let him remember that the stream of life on which he looks down, contains in it the intellect and the heart of the greatest metropolis, and the most powerful empire in the world—that strong feelings, such as rarely find utterance in a form so sublime, are about to find expression from that multitude, and that in heathen times, even when liberty was still a new power upon the earth, the



voice of the people was held to be the voice of God. Not only the days, but the minutes of the Great Exhibition were numbered, and the first sign of its dissolution was given by Osler's crystal fountain. Just before five o'clock struck, the feathery jet of water from its summit suddenly ceased, and the silence of the vast assemblage became deeper and more intense. The moment at last came. Mr. Belshaw appeared at the west corner of the transept gallery on the south side, bearing a large red flag in his hand. This he displayed as the clock struck, and instantly all the organs in the building were hurling into the air the well-known notes of the national anthem. At the same moment the assembled multitudes uncovered; and those who witnessed this act of loyalty from an advantageous position, will long remember the effect which it produced upon their minds. Where just before nothing was visible but a mass of black hats stretching away until lost in the distance, immediately there appeared a great sea of up-turned animated faces, and to the solemn silence of expectancy succeeded a volume of sound in which the voices of the people were heartily joined. These cheers were continued for several minutes, and when the last of them died away there passed over the entire building, and with an effect truly sublime, a tremendous rolling sound, like that of thunder, caused by thousands of feet stamping their loyalty upon the boarded floors. Under this demonstration every part of the edifice trembled, and, as it swept from west to east, many an eye was raised with anxiety to the girders and pillars, which in long perspective were stretched out before them. And now the time had arrived for the death peal of the Exhibition to be rung out. Some one hung out from the gallery of the transept a piece of calico, on which was inscribed the well-known passage from Shakspeare's *Tempest*, &c. :—

“ ‘ Our revels now are ended ; these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air ;  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,—  
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. ’ ”

Thus the spirit of this age describes the closing of the Great Exhibition, in language which a mediæval Christian would have thought more appropriate to the last judgment. Let us give, indeed, their due honour to industry, patience, invention, artistic skill, and genius of every kind, but remember, withal, that a single act of moral virtue, of self-sacrifice, in the least intellectual of His



rational creatures, is of more value in the sight of God than all which this Exhibition contained. The world, it seems, thinks far otherwise, and this prodigious vanity fair is to be the turning point of its future destinies, and to convert first England, and then the whole earth into a manufactory of utilitarianism, and realise, we suppose, the scheme which was frustrated at Babel. For in the same article we read:—

“The second issue which the Exhibition raises, viz., how best we should proceed in the industrial career which lies before us, has hitherto been chiefly dealt with in the various schemes for the appropriation of the surplus. Some think that we must effect a radical change in our educational system—that we must substitute living science for dead literature, and distribute the honours and rewards of life in channels where they may fructify to the use of the commonwealth instead of being limited to the learned professions, the military and naval services, and the residents of our universities. To others this seems a slow and a doubtful process. They advocate, therefore, the principle of association as the best for securing industrial progress. They say, bring the leading men in manufactures, commerce, and science, into close and intimate communication with each other,—establish an intelligent supervision of every branch of production by those most interested and likely to be best informed,—have annual reports made in each department, and let the whole world be invited to assist in carrying forward the vast scheme of human labour, which has hitherto been prosecuted at random and without any knowledge or appreciation of the system which pervaded it. The public must eventually decide this contest of opinions, and their verdict, whichever alternative it inclines to, or whether or not it embraces both, will not only determine one of the most important questions that the Exhibition has raised, but prove fraught with the gravest consequences to the welfare of this country, and of mankind at large.”

That Divine Being who appears here to be entirely forgotten will, we are confident, prove strong enough, and prudent enough, to disconcert this utopia of commercial prosperity, and to guard for the moral agents whom He has created and redeemed some better termination of their existence, some higher object for their toil. We may now, then, sum up what has been done for the highest interests of humanity by Protestantism in the last three hundred years.

1. At the commencement of that period there was one idea thoroughly rooted in the mind of Christendom, which the course of fifteen centuries, with all its revolutions of em-

pires and change of races had preserved, and made, as it were, the anchor of the human race. It was that the Very Truth and the Very Goodness had come into the world, assuming a human form, had published all saving doctrine to men, and not only so, but had set up in His own person the beginning of a human society, to which the guardianship of that doctrine was entrusted; that for this very purpose He had promised to it a perpetual indwelling presence, and an unseen spiritual guidance, which should never fail, but overmaster human weakness, and resist the innate corruption of man. By belonging to this society, by obeying what it commanded, and by believing what it attested, man was to be saved; it was God's witness to man which could utter no falsehood, for the Spirit of truth was with it and in it. The great work of Protestantism had been to scatter to the winds this idea; to destroy this anchorage of humanity amid the storms of life; to breathe distrust of this divine maternity; to leave, in short, man to himself, so that he should receive of this body of heavenly doctrine just so much as approved itself to his individual judgment. A great gift, indeed, to the child to teach him that he had no mother; a precious boon to the race, to instruct it that the corruption of Adam had, after all, been too profound and ineradicable for God Himself to overcome, and that after He had set up His tabernacle among men, humanity remained as dark and solaceless as it was before. As time had corrupted the tradition of truth given to Adam, to Noah, and to Abraham, so too had it fared with the revelation of the Divine Word Himself. And so, as far as men are Protestants, they have lost this idea. They think it fanaticism to entertain it, and bigotry to impose it on others.

Christendom was once a great federative republic, of which Christ's vicar was the head, and common father. The national distinctions of its several parts were but accidents in the higher and essential existence which they had as one Christian people, with a common faith, a common hope, a common charity. Protestantism has done its utmost to destroy this republic. What would it substitute? What is it even now proclaiming to us as the day-star of peace risen on the world? A trade confederation, which is to join all nations, Catholic and Protestant, Jew, Turk, Infidel, and Heretic, on a principle whose simplicity equals its sublimity and its universality. Buy in the

cheapest market, sell in the dearest. This is the palmary discovery of the year 1851. Free trade instead of the Catholic Church; the Crystal Palace for the shrine of the Apostles. The Peace Association undertakes what the Prince of Peace has failed to do.

2. Christendom, too, had one faith, but Protestantism having great objections to that, and having pulled it all to pieces, has likewise a substitute. Leave the question of religion to the private consciences of men, and the ministers of the denominations they may severally choose. Teach them no longer "sectarian," but "Catholic" truths, not infractions of the laws of nature by miracles, but exemplifications of them in hydraulics and pneumatics. Neither heretic nor Turk denies that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles; that the law of gravitation governs the solar system; that Julius Cæsar was a great commander; that Davy's discoveries in chemistry, and Cuvier's in zoology, have benefitted the world. Teach men, therefore, mathematics and astronomy, history, chemistry, botany, and zoology, which they *are* agreed upon, and leave them to themselves on morals and religion, where they are *not* agreed. "Some think that we must effect a radical change in our educational system—that we must substitute *living science for dead literature*." A theory built on the bones of the Mammoth or the Ichthyosaurus is *living science*; one resting on the dictum, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," or that other, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," is *dead literature*. In three hundred years Protestantism has produced at least three hundred interpretations of the latter. Who would be so unreasonable as to expect it to teach any one of them to the exclusion of the rest? This idea struck the great administrative genius of the age. He modestly insinuated it in his address to the Tamworth reading-room; but he saw that it was worthy of a wider application; he discerned in it a panacea for the wrongs of a nation, and upon it he founded the Queen's Colleges in Ireland.

3. But it is not only the whole system of objective dogmatic truth which Protestantism has reduced to the condition of a private opinion; not only morals, which it has so messed and mauled that it can entrust no professor to teach them. On these two depends the cultivation of the inner and more secret life of the soul. And this it leaves a

wilderness. By its own principles it cannot enter there. The imagination may revel in the most dangerous sins of thought ; it meddles not with them. Here is a science, one of the utmost conceivable importance, one of universal application, of primary necessity, which it totally ignores. The science which produces saintliness is part of its *dead literature*. It is very true that without the mother it cannot have the children ; and as the justification it teaches remains to the end external, the daily and incessant task of purification which Catholicism imposes may be got rid of altogether, or, at least, left to every one to perform unaided. Here, then, it passes over, untouched and unrelieved, the worst of all slaveries, a moral slavery, which likewise overclouds the intellect on all matters which rise above the material life. And here it is especially that since the rise of Protestantism the great Catholic mother has put forth her superhuman strength and heavenly compassion. Here it is that she has descended into the depths of humanity, and while redeeming multitudes from the dominion of former vices, and restoring them to the divine kingdom, whom a miserable apostate system suffers to perish as the helots of crime, she has formed others to the most perfect resemblance of their Lord, and wrought into them the divine lineaments with such skill and power, that perhaps the ages of martyrdom can scarcely produce their Ignatius, their Philip Neri, or their Theresa.

4. Education is felt by men of all religious and political parties to be the great question of the day, which is to determine not merely the well-being, but the very existence of society in the next generation. And among all these parties, too, there is felt a great zeal, an earnest desire to improve and extend education. And yet equal to the importance of the question is felt to be its difficulty. Why is it that, with the best will in the world, no scheme can be contrived by one sect of Protestants which will satisfy even another sect of the same Protestants ? Why is the national society for the education of the poor divided in itself, and yet at daggers-drawn with the committee of council ? Why is every forthcoming scheme looked upon by dissenters with bitter suspicion ? From Mr. Denison to Mr. Fox the same difficulty stares them in the face ; *they are not agreed upon any system of religious or moral truth to be taught*. As there is no authority on earth to which all

bow, the opinion of every man is as good as his neighbour's, or, at least, he thinks so. It is not merely with us, but with themselves, that Protestants are completely at issue here. Human ingenuity cannot devise a plan which shall satisfy at once churchmen and dissenters; and the notable scheme of the state, giving a merely secular education, and banishing religion into the back-ground, is but a desperate attempt to find a way out of the wood, by sacrificing the intractable element altogether. Now this difficulty, which spreads like a moral paralysis over the frame of society, frustrating zeal and self-denial, is entirely the making of Protestantism. To Catholics it does not exist. On the most important of human concerns—on the element which enters into all human knowledge—which pervades all arts and sciences, and is the main instrument of education—we are of one mind. Our religion is not our hindrance, but the very pillar of our strength. The state Dalilah is but begging of Sampson to surrender the secret source of his power, when it asks us to lower ourselves to the condition of those who have no faith and no dogmas, to whom baptism is a bone of endless contention, and the apostolical succession a disputed point, maintained by curate, suppressed by canon, but scouted by primate. We are not in the sad condition of those who are "ever learning, but never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." We need not take refuge in physical science from the perpetual aberrations of the spiritual mind. We are not reduced to exclude the chapel from our educational structures, because we are not agreed upon a worship to be offered in it. Before we yield this great point, let Protestantism rather own its real misery, that it is but a mere agent of dissolution, it can but lop off one after another the divine gifts bestowed upon the Church, it can but pervert, dislocate, or misrepresent her system, and narrow the inheritance of divine truths; it cannot build one stone upon another in Christian life, from the child's initiation to the rest of the departed. It begins with doubt, and ends in search; how can it educate? One must *possess* truth before one can *impart* it. "Buy the truth, and sell it not," it is written. We *have* bought it, with three centuries of persecution, material and moral. We *have* it, full and complete, the source of future growth and expansion illimitable. Many who were once its enemies have come to us, won by its celestial beauty, and humbly bowing down to



its yoke. Shall we now surrender one atom of it to those who already fear its approach, who so dread its power that they have taken up the discarded arms of material force, and, powerless to persuade, have descended once more to persecute? Who seeing the moral dissolution of their own establishment, think to arrest the progress of Catholicism by a bill of pains and penalties.

5. Withdraw from the world the Christian idea, that is, a society divinely-constituted, to which the possession of spiritual and moral truth is guaranteed, by incorporation with which man is taken into the circle of a higher existence, brought under divine influences, and taught to labour through the course of this passing life for a superior inheritance; withdraw this, and the hopes, the desires, the passions of men become fixed on material wealth, as the standard of this world without reference to the next. Now, the alienation of men from the study of spiritual and moral truth, the universal extolling of the physical sciences, and disproportionate cultivation of the mechanical arts, as improved by the former, and ministering to all the comforts and conveniences of life, prove to what an extent this has been done. The state of England appeared of late to a thoughtful foreigner a picture of Rome under the later emperors. Another eminent, though misguided writer of the present day says: "Civilization, which terminates in corruption, when improvements in sensible things bear the palm over moral progress, and facts over ideas, produces ordinarily a species of speculative and practical sensualism, which differs little from impiety."\* This seems exactly to express our state. A boundless capitalised wealth, ramifying over the world, evermore multiplying and reproducing itself, stimulating and rewarding all manner of artificial inventions, with just so much religion as does not interfere with the enjoyment of all this, constitutes what may be called the naturalism of society. This spirit is ever repeating the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome of brick, and left it of marble. Nero went further still in his house of gold; nor looked he with greater scorn on the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, when brought before him as Jewish vagabonds, preaching among the gorgeous palaces and temples of Rome the doctrine of the Cross, than looks this modern spirit now on any religion which

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\* Gioberti.



teaches suffering, the necessity of a definite belief, and the supremacy of dogmatic truth. It accepts the Bible, but on one condition, to interpret it for itself. Its great cities are crowded with practical infidels; its country villages, with the old churches of another faith in their centre, and a religion without worship, celebrated one day in the week, have relapsed into Paganism, yet it proclaims itself as the humaniser of the world, the home of knowledge and liberty—a liberty of the fallen will, a knowledge which excludes the Being of God and the spiritual nature of man from its objects.

6. And this spirit, too, has found itself an organ, which exactly represents its interests, an organ all-powerful, as it thinks, in its forces, universal in its range. The new ruler of our modern world is Journalism. Within the last fifty years, it has shot up among us to the stature of a giant. What was once the mere communication of news, threatens to absorb into itself all powers of civil government; to dictate decisions on all questions, religious, social, political, artistic, literary; to wield all moral influences in the world, and exercise over man's inmost nature a despotism far more crushing than that of Russian serfdom. Organic changes in our written constitution, are but the reflection of its will. In France, the United Kingdom, and the United States, it is neither king, parliaments, presidents, ministers, nor congresses, which rule, but newspapers. The daily press is the pretorian guard of modern states, who give and take away an empire to which that of old Rome was limited in range; for no part of our complex modern life, no taste, nor science, nor morals, nor religion, are free from its prying search, and imperious decision. The tyrant is everywhere. It is not an era which promises peace or stability, but perpetual change; a leveling and superficial literature; a liberalism which hates all truth as exclusive; and lynch law for all those who do not obey this new voice of the people.

It needs not the gift of prophecy to see that the Duke's question as to our parliamentary reform twenty years ago, "How will His Majesty's government be carried on?" will merge under this new power into a larger one, "How will society be carried on?"

7. Thus we find, in all the different phases of society, the substitution of the human kingdom, whose end is nationality, for the divine kingdom, which is the unity of

Catholicism. And, indeed, those who do not apprehend the divine kingdom, must almost of necessity fall back on the human or national as the highest object. Citizenship, by the law and need of his nature, man must have ; if it be not the heavenly, it will be the earthly : *civitas Dei*, or *civitas Diaboli*. In the rejection of the idea of the Church, and with it of dogmatic truth, in the leaving the inner life an uncultivated waste, in reducing education to instruction in those arts and sciences which deal with nature and matter, but reach not spirit, and so giving over the higher part of man to the empire of chance or self-will, or individualism, in weighing all things by the standard of wealth, and the effect produced on material convenience, and in that dominion of journalism which is the expression of all these, we see the recession of society back into the status of ancient paganism ; that is, it takes up with regard to the Church of Christ, with all its divine gifts and privileges, summed up in one word, infallibility, the position which ancient heathen society held towards that body of primitive tradition which originally came down from God. Modern heresy corrupts the Christian tradition, as paganism did the primitive. The past year has given us, in the Great Exhibition, an instance of what this society admires, loves, and values, of the unity which it *can* conceive, that is, the nations of the earth connected by increasing trade and reciprocal interests, and the satisfying of man's sensuous nature, by all artificial productions. The same year has given us, too, as remarkable an instance of what this society *cannot* conceive—the unity which it is determined not to acknowledge. The cry against the Catholic hierarchy, from beginning to end, was, that it invaded the sovereignty of the nation, that is, the nation would not open its eyes to the existence of a spiritual jurisdiction, or the thought of a kingdom of souls. It reproduced, unknowingly, the feeling of the old heathen emperor, that a Priest sitting in St. Peter's see was as little to be tolerated as a competitor on the throne. The Prime Minister argued with much simplicity, that it was the exclusive pretensions of the Supreme Pontiff which gave offence ; if he would but admit that Catholics were one of the many Christian sects, he would meet with no opposition, but live on sufferance like the rest. This is the head and front of our offending, in the reign of Victoria as of Diocletian, that we claim to be a kingdom. \_ For

being a king our Lord was crucified, and the world is ever reproducing against His mystical body the accusation and the punishment. And so Catholicism "confines the intellect and enslaves the soul," by setting before it a great circle of supernatural truth which it could not discover for itself, and cannot subject to itself by analysis, but must be content to receive and adore. Catholic ignorance is the preference of moral and spiritual to physical truth: and Catholic slavery the tenet that man must suffer before he can enjoy; and that the Cross is the measure of the world.

II. The second proposition which we have to maintain follows from the whole course of the preceding argument. It is the impossibility that those who disbelieve the Catholic faith can educate Catholics.

St. Bonaventure has given us above the basis of all true education: "As all these illuminations derived their origin from One Light, so all these sorts of knowledge are directed to the knowledge of the Holy Scripture, are shut up in it, and completed in it, and by means of it are ordered to the illumination of eternity." In man, the highest work of God in this visible creation, all knowledge, whether of the mechanical and industrial arts, of rational, of natural, or of moral philosophy, must be subordinate to that relation in which he stands to God, his beginning and his end. And the root of all his moral knowledge is laid in supernatural truths, which come to him by tradition and inspiration from God, and are grasped by intuition. Thus his other lights are "shut up" in the fourth light, that of Grace and Holy Scripture, and are "completed in it" and "by means of it are ordered to the illumination of eternity." The great philosopher begins his moral treatise, by telling us that one art is subordinate to another art, and one science to another science, "as harness making to riding, and riding to the art of war; so that in all these the ends of the superior are preferable to all that are ranged under them as being pursued for their sake. If, then, there be any end of actions which we choose for itself, and all the rest for it, and if we do not choose everything for the sake of something else, for thus the procession is infinite and our search vain and fruitless, then must this be the supreme good." Aristotle, *Ethics*, b. i. c. i. Now, that which the great heathen intellect had laboriously to search for, we

have brought home to us by a supernatural gift, and guarded by an infallible authority; the one relation in which man stands to God; and so his proper *work*, his appointed *end* as a creature. To mould him for this work, to order him unto this end, is the province of education; the *leading forth* as it were of the creature to the Creator. And every art and every science through the whole reign of mind and matter which is not used as a ladder for this ascent, is perverted from its proper object; and this is a great source of human error, to make that which is subordinate superior, and the means the end. For every portion of God's empire bears a natural witness to its Maker; every art of civilised life is an inspiration from Him; every science is but the reflection of some one of His attributes.

Guardando nel suo Figlio con l'Amore  
 Che l'uno e l'altro eternalmente spira,  
 Lo primo ed ineffabile Valore,  
 Quanto per mente o per occhio si gira,  
 Con tanto ordine fe', ch' esser non puote  
 Senza gustar di lui, chi ciò rimira.

*Paradiso, c. x. i.*

But as the ruder ancient idolatry showed itself in a worship of sensible forms and self-chosen symbols, stopping short of God in some creature, so the modern more refined idolatry of science, art, and literature, has pursued these in and for themselves as ends; resting in them selfishly, and turning the very remembrancers of the Supreme Benefactor into means of forgetting Him. "The original fault," says a philosopher, "having infected human nature all throughout, reflects itself in all its points, and communicates to them its intrinsic vice, which consists in transporting the ultimate end of *The Being* into that which *exists*. Thus, for instance, the original sin of civilisation consists in regarding temporal utility as its ulterior end; the original sin of science, in placing its beginning and its end outside of God; that of literature and the arts, in aiming at the agreeable, rather than at true beauty; and so of the rest."\* This was the crime of the mystic Babylon. "Thou hast said, I shall be a lady for ever. Thy wisdom and thy knowledge, this hath deceived thee. And

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\* Gioberti.

thou hast said in thy heart, I Am, and besides Me there is no other.”\* And it was precisely on commerce and the mechanical arts, thus pursued and gloried in, that the woe was denounced. “The merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn over her, for no man shall buy their merchandise any more. Merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner of vessels of ivory, and all manner of vessels of precious stone, and of brass, and of iron, and of marble, and cinnamon, and odours, and ointment, and frankincense and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men.” “In one hour are so great riches come to nought, and every shipmaster, and all that sail into the lake, and mariners, and as many as work in the sea, stood afar off, and cried, seeing the place of her burning, saying: What city is like to this great city?”† As these are the words of Scripture in exhibiting the great apostacy itself, it is evident that this is *the* danger to which education is exposed, of being seduced by the creature, and in very admiration of the wisdom, the glory, the beauty, the skill, which are spread over creation, drawn away from the great moral Ruler, whose eyes are for ever fixed on us, looking us through and through, whether the hearts which He has created for Himself are indeed faithful to Him. Now, from every false standard of education, and so from idolatry of the material arts and physical sciences, which besets England in this century, we, as Catholics, if we be true to ourselves, are divinely protected. We are the children of that great mother of souls who, from the beginning, has fulfilled her maternal guardianship, as well amid the seductions of the old Roman idolatry, the ruins of northern barbarism, the yet unformed and vigorous youth of Europe’s intellect, as now in the soft sensualism of infidelity, setting before us that all instruction must be begun and ended in this—that we are moral agents to be led by the choice of free-will to a supernatural end. In all that concerns the true relation of man to God, she speaks a clear and consistent language; she has the measure of man’s inner nature; can penetrate its folds, relieve its troubles, and calm its misgivings. She can nourish and she can

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\* Isaiah, xlvii. 7-10.

† Apoc. ch. xviii.



heal ; can guide the most timid, and overmaster the most potent spirit. She views the whole circle of the arts and sciences from their centre, in their due subordination, and the harmony willed by God. Undazzled by the light of the natural sciences, she bids them follow in the train of their elder and nobler sister, Theology. With her, the undying part of man is that by which she values all the rest : she seeks, above all, to determine his moral choice. Thus she sets forth the divine counsel to man, and the interpretest of God's will becomes the educatress of humanity.

But it is here precisely—here in the central point between God and man—that Protestantism, by its revolt against God and the Church, has fallen into a state of absolute impotence to educate. It does not speak with any one consistent or determinate voice as to the relation between God and man. It is not agreed upon what He has revealed ; and can but interpret a hundred different ways the volume which it not only asserts to contain the Revelation, but to contain it so written on the surface, that none can fail to understand it. About all Christian mysteries, that is, the whole range of the supernatural and the super-intelligible, it can only wrangle with its several, not members, but sections. Being inorganic, it has parts, but no limbs. What can it do then with man, so far forth as he is a *spiritual* agent ? A divine authority distinctly setting forth a revealed truth is needed to educate spirits. When for these Protestantism refers men to the Holy Scriptures, it acts as a civil governor would do, who referred litigants to Blackstone's Commentaries for the settlement of their suit. That is, it abdicates the spiritual government of man, and leaves him to his private judgment ; whereas, the very office of education is to mould and determine that judgment. As little does it venture to govern the moral agent. What Protestant father's heart, what clergyman's, will not bear witness to this fact, set forth at the commencement of the most winning of modern tales.

“ Charles Reding was the only son of a clergyman who was in possession of a valuable benefice in a midland county. His father intended him for orders, and sent him at a proper age to a public school. He had long revolved in his mind the respective advantages and disadvantages of public and private education, and had decided in favour of the former. ‘Seclusion,’ he said, ‘is no security for virtue. There is no telling what is in a boy's heart ; he



may look as open and happy as usual, and be as kind and attentive, when there is a great deal wrong going on within. The heart is a secret with its Maker; no one on earth can hope to get at it, or to touch it. I have a cure of souls; what do I really know of my parishioners? Nothing; their hearts are sealed books to me. And this dear boy, he comes close to me; he throws his arms round me, but his soul is as much out of my sight as if he were at the antipodes. I am not accusing him of reserve, dear fellow; his very love and reverence for me keep him in a sort of charmed solitude. I cannot expect to get at the bottom of him:

‘Each in his hidden sphere of bliss or woe  
Our hermit spirits dwell.’

“It is our lot here below. No one on earth can know Charles’s secret thoughts. Did I guard him here at home ever so well, yet, in due time, it might be found that a serpent had crept into the Eden of his innocence. Boys do not fully know what is good and what is evil; they do wrong things at first almost innocently. Novelty hides vice from them; there is no one to warn them or give them rules; and they become slaves of sin while they are learning what sin is. They go to the university, and suddenly plunge into excesses, the greater in proportion to their experience.”—(Loss and Gain, p. 1.)

O most touching and eloquent confession of that impotence, deep-rooted in the system itself, which frustrates in Protestant educationists talents, and zeal, and kindness, even keen-eyed affection and moving example, of their best fruits. What could an Arnold do here? What but send forth into society a host of inquiring minds, earnest and anxious to improve, but without fixed principles or moral anchorage, the chosen spoil and instruments of heresy. Thus, then, by a necessity of its nature, Protestantism remits the moral agent—as it did the spiritual—to self, to the individual judgment; and so in this point, too, abdicates the office of an educator. In bringing up the young it is driven to discard the idea of any definite religious dogma, and of any inward moral governance, the first, through its intestine divisions, as it acknowledges no living authority; the second, because it professes not to enter into the inward world of the thoughts.

But the man himself, the being capable of praise or blame, subject to conscience, and to eternal reward or punishment, consists in these two things, acceptance or rejection of supernatural truth divinely revealed, choice of moral good or evil, by the exercise of free-will. God has

subordinated everything to this. For this, so far as we can judge of final ends, He created the world. The moral act of the creature gifted with intellect and free-will is so precious in his sight, that with reference to it He orders the whole course of the world. The most terrible of all mysteries—the existence of moral evil—finds its only solution here, in the abuse of free-will. How inconceivably valuable then, in the eyes of Him who cannot look on sin, yet permits through thousands of years this hourly repeated multitude of sins, is the right use of free-will, the act of virtue, by which man approaches nearest to God, and as a second cause is an image of the First. Though the act of creation is far beyond our conception, yet far greater still, both in power and in goodness, is the act of redemption, by which the Restorer renders His creature capable, with His help, yet without injury to his own free-will, of concurring with his Maker in a moral end, of determining for himself an eternity. This is the highest point of dignity in man's nature, by which he is weighed both here and hereafter ; for which it is as nothing that he should endure countless sorrows, wear away his days in trial, and be put to the most tremendous arbitrement. He must risk the unutterable loss of the Supreme Good through eternity, in order that he may have the privilege of gaining that Supreme Good by his own choice. And as this is what is most precious, so this is what belongs to the whole species, the power of merit and demerit ; a self-imposed limit that God has set to His omnipotence, in order to raise His creature to the likeness of Himself. How slight, how unspeakably slight, in comparison with this, are all other differences in man, differences of intellect, skill in science or art, and in every accomplishment prized by society. If education be to lead man forth to the Creator, herein lies its seat, in moving this free-will to the all-important choice, in preserving it from seductions and false shows of good, in winning betimes the intellect to truth, and the heart to goodness.

No. It is the last invention of Protestantism to resign this ground altogether. Dogmatic truth it declares to be doubtful, and moral agency beyond its control. It professes acquaintance with all sorts of diseases, but declines managing the conscience. It treats of every disease which affects the blood, except concupiscence. Its professors are to write history, without the bias of morality or religion.

It promises to impart every science, without consideration of their final ends. "The superior light of grace embraces," says St. Bonaventure, "the eternal generation and incarnation of the Divine Word, the order of living, and the union of the soul with God;" these are the only points which the new system of education excludes from its encyclopædia. It is not that the physical sciences may not be made an effective instrument in disciplining the mind; it is not that they are not full of value in themselves, replete with sources of interest for the intellect, as well as contributing to material wealth. It is not, therefore, in teaching these, and in applying them carefully to the industrial arts, that this new system is objectionable. The order, beauty, and harmony of the universe as God's work, are richly exhibited in them, and worthy of man's study; their use is obvious, and their cultivation most desirable. The sin lies in ignoring their relation to a higher knowledge; in excluding the cultivation of the spirit which should inform them from being the basis of education. This system has infidelity for its first principle, because, while giving a *public* and authorised instruction in languages, sciences, arts, and literature, it leaves religion and morality to be dealt with *privately*, as open questions, on which men may innocently differ. A teaching body, therefore, so constructed has no soul. In religion it is neutral, in all else positive. By the law of its being it preaches indifference to all its scholars in spiritual truth. Its professors, as individual men, have their private belief, and are Jews, Protestants, Infidels, or Catholics, as the case may be, but, *as Professors*, they simply ignore spiritual truth. In treating their specific subjects, whether language, history, abstract or experimental science, they are to exclude the divine and moral element; instead of reducing all arts to theology, which is the Christian scheme of education, they are to banish theology from all arts. No particle of matter, nothing within the bounds of time and space, is unworthy of their inquiry, save the point contested by modern thinkers, God and His dealings with man. What, we may ask, is infidelity, if this be not?

As all training of the moral and spiritual being is here discarded for the simple reason that the teaching body is at issue about what that training should be, it results that instruction takes the place of education. However elabor-

ate and complete this may be, it still leaves the greatest work of all undone. Again, the finer influences of religion, as well as its direct teaching, are cut off. Religion is, in a high degree, a matter of personal influences. A sort of moral electric fluid is continually passing from all teachers to their pupils; if this be not positively Catholic, it is certain to be positively uncatholic. The supposed neutrality is unreal. All the gain is on the side of Protestantism and Infidelity. The real concession is to them; and private judgment sits enthroned in the very penetralia of education. As free trade stands to the Catholic Church, so this system of teaching to a Catholic university. If the nations of the earth can be brought into a permanent bond of union by considerations of material interest, and exchange of commodities, then individual souls may live in harmony without a common faith and hope. But a little time will show whether such a promise be not delusive. What could Antichrist more desire than such a state of things? Yet we are told that his times will be times of trouble, confusion, and extreme suffering.

But what must be the effect on the young of a system of teaching in which all forms of religious belief, or unbelief, are indifferent? The mere statement of such a principle seems heavier than any condemnation which can be expressed in language. Perfect indifference, it seems, is the very crown of the undertaking; its realization the very token of success. What a mistake must the Author of our religion have made in uttering these words, at the first promulgation of His faith, "He that believeth not shall be condemned!" How wrong the Church in interpreting His words to man, "Extra ecclesiam nulla salus!" The "Belfast Mercury," a zealous advocate of the new system, says in this present month, November, as quoted for approval by the "Times,"

"We have taken the trouble of endeavouring to ascertain whether or not the different religious denominations are represented in the lists which we publish, and the result of our inquiry is, in the highest degree, satisfactory. If it were allowable to show to what denomination each student belongs, the public would see in the details as complete an illustration of the united system as could be desired. But to do this would be to deviate from the principles of the colleges, in which, except as far as the Deans of Residence are concerned, *denominational distinctions are set aside and disregarded*. But, we may mention, that in lists of honours all parties are repre-

sented, and represented, too, in a manner which shows how thoroughly *the high principle of the system* has found a response in the public mind. We might refer, in proof of this, to the scholarships for any of the years. Let us take one of the lists as an example, though any of the others would equally illustrate our remarks. We find in one division a Roman Catholic holding the first place, followed by a Unitarian, after whom come several students of the General Assembly, while a Roman Catholic brings up the rear. Turning to the other division, we find a different state of affairs. There a student of the established church leads, next him comes a Presbyterian of the Assembly, then a Roman Catholic, afterwards Assembly men, and at the close one or two Churchmen. In the lists for another year a General Assembly man leads in one division, and a Methodist in the other, while a Covenanter stands last in the one honourable array, and a Churchman in the other. Such is a fair representation of the state of affairs as exhibited at the examinations that have just concluded. *We trust the time is not far distant when it will not occur to any one to ask of what religion any of the students are ;* but, for the present, the subject is of the utmost interest, and we have deemed it right to show how admirably the mixed complexion of the students who have gained distinctions corresponds with the principles on which the college is based."

From this instructive passage we learn two points, that indifference in religion is a "high principle, which finds response in the public mind;" and that its ultimate result, shortly to be expected, is, that "it will not occur to any one to ask of what religion a student is." It is not of the smallest consequence what you believe, says the defender of the new education.

These several students, then, are connected by a bond, which, whatever else it is, is not religious. We need not ask what sort of belief such a system practically favours, or to which it inclines. The first thing it does is to call upon Catholic youth to regard with respect, as teachers, those who, if Catholics, are teachers upon the tenure of keeping their faith within their own bosom, and if not, are looked upon by our supreme authority, the Church of God, either as very guilty, or as very unfortunate.

Again, it sets up a standard totally different from that of the Church, and opposed to it. It has commendations, honours, and rewards, for languages, arts, and science ; it teaches them with authority, and promulgates them to the best of its ability. It does none of these things for religion, true or false. Its highest merit is, to leave that alone, con-desiring it a boon to let the Catholic rest in his faith, as



the unbeliever in his heresy, for, indeed, it knows neither, and is superior to both. Scarcely had we written these words, when we found them thus strongly corroborated in the letter of the Bishop of Liége, respecting the installation of a royal college of mixed education, dated October 21, 1851.

“The Belgian constitution,” he says, like our own, “guarantees the entire liberty of worship, and nothing could stand in greater opposition to that liberty than to force Catholic parents to entrust their children to men who are not so, or to oblige those children to receive religious instruction from a chair placed by the side of, or on a level with, that where person would teach diametrically the contrary, or in the presence of other professors whose conduct would imply the denial of the education received.

“And, nevertheless it is the last unconstitutional and unreasonable and, I may say, anti-social system, which has become the stone of stumbling. Is it not true, Sir, that the policy has been adopted of maintaining the paradoxical principle in virtue of which it would be free to the state, it would be *even more conformable to the constitution*, to people the establishments of middle instruction with literary men of all kinds, Catholics, Protestants, religious, sceptical, practising or not practising their religion—(and would not the recent organisation of our Athénées furnish more than one proof of this?)—because, according to this paradox, scientific instruction, given it matters not by whom, would be the great, the only object with which the state has seriously to occupy itself, and that religion, religious education, would be nothing but a mere accessory, which it would be better to abandon to the family and to the Church. Have they not the air of saying to us, give us a Catholic Priest, since article eight of the law requires it; we will pay him well—we will take care that he shall be enabled freely to give his lesson of religion—we will even provide that there shall be none but respectable people in the establishment; leave that to us, but do not distress yourselves about what these respectable people may think, believe, or do in religious matters—you have nothing to do with that; worship is free; we are, as a power, dogmatically tolerant; if you do not wish to be as we are, go your way, we will do without you. Yes, this is the position they have taken; they are bent on doing without us, because we, Sir, we, have before us the *non possumus* of Scripture.”

He adds, further on—

“When the child who allows nothing to escape his observation, hears the almoner say that it is a grave duty to go to Mass, to confession, to the Holy Table, and when he sees that men, whom he is



taught to respect, his professors of history, literature, &c., never go there, does not this child rapidly come to doubt of the dogma as well as of the precept? and thenceforward, the passions aiding the work, is not the loss of his faith as imminent as that of his morals?"

Can it be forgotten, ought it to be unmentioned, that the power which nominates such teachers is the bitterest foe upon earth of the Catholic faith and name; that for three centuries it has renewed against it, in this country, the persecutions of the early ages; that, within the last twelve months, it has denounced our most sacred mysteries—the very sacrifice of our Lord Himself—as “the mummery of superstition;” that it has hounded on men to burn our chief pastors in effigy, and to add to the funeral pyle the image of her whom all generations call blessed; that it has anew, by a legislative act, proscribed the spiritual jurisdiction of our supreme head; and that the main organ which supports this system of education exults at the draining away of celtic blood from Ireland, in order that the Saxon Protestant may occupy the soil. If the professed rule of a system so favoured be religious indifference—the leaving each student in quiet possession of his religion or his infidelity—can we doubt what its real tone and moral atmosphere will be? can we think that it will fail to justify the anticipations of its founders?

Let us pass to another point. What has been the position of the Church towards national education, and the developement of the human mind in former times?

Since she emerged from the persecution of the Roman emperors, she has been the great educating body in the world. She has headed the march of thought, and systematised knowledge as it advanced. Her Bishops, in their several dioceses, maintained schools; her monastic bodies, in the darkest and most evil times of revolution and conquest, fostered and propagated whatever learning there was in the world. As Europe settled into its more modern state, she founded in the universities schools of a wider range than the old diocesan or conventual bodies. From age to age, and in every country, the Holy See is found giving its sanction to these great institutions. Pope Gregory XVI., in his decree of 13th December, 1833, declares that the most illustrious universities of Europe were found-

ed with the consent and support of the Roman Pontiffs. How well this statement is supported may be seen by the following catalogue :

In England, the universities of *Oxford* and *Cambridge* were enriched with many privileges by the Popes. In Ireland, that of *Dublin* received the rights of an university from John XXII., in 1320.

In Belgium, that of *Louvain* was founded in 1425, by Martin V. ; that of *Douay* at the request of Philip II. on the plan of Louvain, by Pius IV., in 1559.

In Denmark, that of *Copenhagen*, after being planned by Eric VIII., in 1418, with the consent of Martin V., was set up by King Christian I., in 1478, and enriched by Sixtus IV., with privileges similar to those of Bologna.

In France, that of *Orleans* was confirmed in 1307, by Clement V. ; that of *Bordeaux* was set up in 1440, by Eugenius IV. ; that of *Cahors*, founded in 1332, by John XXII. ; that of *Dole*, confirmed in 1423, by Martin V. ; that of *Poitiers*, founded in 1431, by King Charles VII., and confirmed by Martin V. ; that of *Pont a-Mouson*, founded by Gregory XIII., in 1572, at the request of Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine ; that of *Rheims*, issuing from the foundation of Eugenius III., in 1148, at the time a council was holding there ; that of *Toulouse*, founded by the Pope's legate in 1228, confirmed by Gregory IX. in 1233, afterwards enriched with further privileges by Innocent VI. ; that of *Besançon*, founded by Nicolas V. in 1450.

In Germany, that of *Bamberg*, founded in 1648, by the Bishop Melchior Otho, and confirmed by Innocent X. ; that of *Bale*, founded in 1457, by Pius II. ; that of *Cologne*, founded in 1385, by Urban VI., and largely privileged ; that of *Dillingen*, confirmed by Julius III. in 1552 ; that of *Erfurt*, made an university, first by Clement III. at Avignon, in 1388, during the schism, and then by Urban VI. at Rome, in 1389 ; that of *Frankfort*, granted by Alexander VI., enlarged in 1506, by Julius II., and more fully confirmed in 1515, by Leo X. ; that of *Fulda*, set up in 1732 by Clement XIII. ; that of *Friburg* in Bresgau, and *Grifswald* in Pomerania, confirmed in 1456, by Callixtus III., and that of *Gratz* in Styria, in 1585, by Sixtus V. ; that of *Halle*, granted to Albert,

Cardinal Archbishop of Magdeburg, in 1531, by Clement VII.; that of *Heidelberg*, first confirmed by Benedict XII., about 1341, then by Urban VI., in 1386; by Boniface IX., in 1393; by Paul III., and Julius III. between 1544 and 1555; that of *Ingolstadt*, confirmed in 1459, by Pius II.; that of *Leipsic* in 1409, by Alexander V.; that of *Mayence* in 1477, by Sixtus IV.; that of *Olmütz*, in Moravia, in 1572, by Gregory XIII.; that of *Paderborn* in 1616, by Paul V.; that of *Prague* in 1348, by Clement VI.; that of *Rostock* in 1419, by Martin V.; that of *Salzburg* in 1625, by Urban VIII.; that of *Tubingen* in 1477, by Sixtus IV.; that of *Vienna* in 1365, by Urban V.; that of *Wittemberg* in 1502, by Alexander VI., and in 1506, by Julius II.; that of *Wratisslaw* in Silesia in 1623; that of *Treves* in 1454, by Nicolas V., and in 1474, by Sixtus IV.

In Spain, Italy, and Portugal, all existing universities were either founded or approved by the Roman Pontiffs.

In Poland, that of *Braunsberg* was confirmed by Gregory XIII., about 1572; that of *Cracow*, begun by King Casimer in 1344, privileged by Urban V. in 1354, completed in 1400, by King Vladislas Jagellon, with the consent of Boniface IX.; that of *Wilna*, founded in 1576, by King Stephen Bathory, confirmed in 1579, by Gregory XIII.

In Sweden, the ancient school of *Upsal* was erected into an university, by Sixtus IV. in 1477, at the request of its Archbishop, James Ulpho, and endowed with the same privileges as the university of Bologna.\*

In these high schools whatever knowledge the world possessed was most diligently cultivated. So well established was the hierarchy of the arts and sciences under Theology their queen, that the Church, so far from feeling jealousy

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\* The above information is derived from H. Conring, *de antiquitatibus academicis dissertatio VII.* Gottingæ, 1739. John George Hagelgans, *orbis literatus Academicus Germanico-Europæus*, Francfort, 1737, and C. Meiners, *Geschichte der Entstehung und Entwicklung der hohen Schulen unsers Erdtheils*, Gotting, 1802-5, writers, who, though not Catholic, yet admit that the Roman Pontiffs deserved well of the republic of letters. They are quoted in the *recueil* of documents concerning the foundation of the university of Louvain.

of them, and the Holy See in particular, encouraged them to the utmost. Especially it recommended and established professorships in the various branches of learning then pursued. In England, the mediæval Bishops were the great founders of colleges. But great as were the benefactions of a Wykeham and a Waynflete, and so many others in our own country, yet for munificence and love of learning, one who was a Spaniard, an Archbishop, and a Cardinal far outshines them all. Singlehanded he planned, he built, and he endowed, not a college, but an university, with ten colleges, and forty-two chairs. Thus was the noble-minded and saintly Ximenes employed while Luther was still an obedient monk in his cell, and Henry VIII. a Catholic monarch, and a faithful husband. It is worth while to quote the account of the American historian, for what a single old man did three centuries ago, may not the faith and the love of a nation, which has passed through the fire for its Catholicism, do now? Cannot ten millions of Catholics in Ireland, Great Britain, and America, rival even one Ximenes in the middle ages before the Reformation was heard of?

“ This illustrious prelate, in the meanwhile, was busily occupied, in his retirement at Alcalá de Henares, with watching over the interests and rapid development of his infant university. This institution was too important in itself, and exercised too large an influence over the intellectual progress of the country, to pass unnoticed in a history of the present reign.

“ As far back as 1497, Ximenes had conceived the idea of establishing a university in the ancient town of Alcalá, where the salubrity of the air, and the sober tranquil complexion of the scenery, on the beautiful borders of the Henares, seemed well suited to academic study and meditation. He even went so far as to obtain plans at this time for his buildings from a celebrated architect. Other engagements, however, postponed the commencement of the work till 1500, when the Cardinal himself laid the corner-stone of the principal college with a solemn ceremonial, and invocation of the blessing of heaven on his designs. From that hour, amid all the engrossing cares of church, and state, he never lost sight of this great object. When at Alcalá he might be frequently seen on the ground with the rule in his hand, taking the admeasurements of the building, and stimulating the industry of the workmen by seasonable rewards.

“ The plans were too extensive, however, to admit of being speedily accomplished. Beside the principal college of San Ildefonso, named in honour of the patron saint of Toledo, there were

nine others, together with an hospital for the reception of invalids at the university. These edifices were built in the most substantial manner, and such parts as admitted of it, as the libraries, refectories, and chapels, were finished with elegance, and even splendour. The city of Alcalá underwent many important and extensive alterations in order to render it more worthy of being the seat of a great and flourishing university. The stagnant water was carried off by drains, the streets were paved, old buildings removed, and new and spacious avenues thrown open.

“At the expiration of eight years the Cardinal had the satisfaction of seeing the whole of his vast design completed, and every apartment of the spacious pile carefully furnished with all that was requisite for the comfort and accommodation of the student. It was, indeed, a noble enterprise, more particularly when viewed as the work of a private individual. As such it raised the deepest admiration in Francis the First, when he visited the spot, a few years after the Cardinal's death. ‘Your Ximenes,’ said he, ‘has executed more than I should have dared to conceive ; he has done with his single hand what in France it has cost a line of kings to accomplish.’

“The erection of the buildings, however, did not terminate the labours of the primate, who now assumed the task of digesting a scheme of instruction and discipline for his infant seminary. In doing this he sought light wherever it was to be found ; and borrowed many useful hints from the venerable university of Paris. His system was of the most enlightened kind, being directed to call all the powers of the student into action, and not to leave him a mere passive recipient in the hands of his teachers. Besides daily recitations and lectures, he was required to take part in public examinations and discussions, so conducted as to prove effectually his talent and acquisitions. In these gladiatorial displays Ximenes took the deepest interest, and often encouraged the generous emulation of the scholar by attending in person.

“Two provisions may be noticed as characteristic of the man. One that the salary of a professor should be regulated by the number of his disciples. Another, that every professor should be re-eligible at the expiration of every four years. It was impossible that any servant of Ximenes should sleep on his post.

“Liberal foundations were made for indigent students, especially in divinity. Indeed, theological studies, or rather such a general course of study as should properly enter into the education of a Christian minister, was the avowed object of the institution. But in this preparatory discipline, the comprehensive mind of Ximenes embraced nearly the whole circle of sciences taught in other universities. Out of the forty-two chairs, indeed, twelve only were dedicated to divinity and the canon law ; while fourteen were appropriated to grammar, rhetoric, and the ancient classics ; studies which probably found especial favour with the Cardinal, as furnish-

ing the only keys to a correct criticism and interpretation of the Scriptures. Of these professorships, six were appropriated to theology ; six to canon law ; four to medicine ; one to anatomy ; one to surgery ; eight to the arts, as they were called, embracing logic, physics, and metaphysics ; one to ethics ; one to mathematics ; four to the ancient languages ; four to rhetoric ; and six to grammar.

“ Having completed his arrangements, the cardinal sought the most competent agents for carrying his plans into execution ; and this indifferently from abroad and at home. His mind was too lofty for narrow local prejudices, and the tree of knowledge, he knew, bore fruit in every clime. He took especial care that the emolument should be sufficient to tempt talent from obscurity, and from quarters however remote, where it was to be found. In this he was perfectly successful, and we find the university catalogue at this time inscribed with the names of the most distinguished scholars, in their various departments, many of whom we are enabled to appreciate, by the enduring memorials of erudition which they have bequeathed to us.

“ In July, 1508, the Cardinal received the welcome intelligence that his academy was opened for the admission of pupils ; and in the following month the first lecture, being on Aristotle's ethics, was publicly delivered. Students soon flocked to the university, attracted by the reputation of its professors, its ample apparatus, its thorough system of instruction, and, above all, its splendid patronage, and the high character of its founder. We have no information of their number in Ximenes's lifetime ; but it must have been very considerable, since no less than seven thousand came out to receive Francis the First on his visit to the university within twenty years after it was opened.

“ Five years after this period, in 1513, King Ferdinand, in an excursion made for the benefit of his declining health, paid a visit to Alcalá. Ever since his return from Oran, the Cardinal, disgusted with public life, had remained with a few brief exceptions in his own diocese, devoted solely to his personal and professional duties. It was with proud satisfaction that he now received his sovereign, and exhibited to him the noble testimony of the great objects to which his retirement had been consecrated. The king, whose naturally inquisitive mind no illness could damp, visited every part of the establishment, and attended the examinations, and listened to the public disputations of the scholars with interest. With little learning of his own, he had been made too often sensible of his deficiencies not to appreciate it in others. His acute perception readily discerned the immense benefit to his kingdom, and the glory conferred on his reign by the labours of his ancient minister, and he did ample justice to them in the unqualified terms of his commendation.

“ It was on this occasion that the rector of San Ildefonso, the



head of the university, came out to receive the king, preceded by his usual train of attendants, with their maces or wands of office. The royal guard at this exhibition called out to them to lay aside these insignia as unbecoming any subject in the presence of his sovereign. 'Not so,' said Ferdinand, who had the good sense to perceive that majesty could not be degraded by its homage to letters; 'not so, this is the seat of the muses, and those who are initiated in their mysteries have the best right to reign here.' "

The historian, after recording the immense expense to which the same Cardinal went in preparing and printing the first polyglott Bible, "a work of surpassing difficulty, demanding an extensive and critical acquaintance with the most ancient and consequently the rarest manuscripts," for which "the precious collection of the Vatican was liberally thrown open to him, especially under Leo the Tenth, whose munificent spirit delighted in the undertaking," for which "he obtained copies of whatever was of value in the other libraries of Italy, and indeed of Europe generally," for which he "imported artists from Germany, and had types cast in the various languages required in his founderies at Alcalá," proceeds:—

"Such were the gigantic projects which amused the leisure hours of this great prelate. Though gigantic, they were neither beyond his strength to execute, nor beyond the demands of his age and country. They were not like those works which, forced into being by whim or transitory impulse, perish with the breath that made them; but taking deep root were cherished and invigorated by the national sentiment, so as to bear rich fruit for posterity. This was particularly the case with the institution at Alcalá. It soon became the subject of royal and private benefaction. Its founder bequeathed it, at his death, a clear revenue of fourteen thousand ducats. By the middle of the seventeenth century, this had increased to forty two thousand, and the colleges had multiplied from ten to thirty-five.

"The rising reputation of the new academy, which attracted students from every quarter of the Peninsula to its halls, threatened to eclipse the glories of the ancient seminary at Salamanca, and occasioned bitter jealousies between them. The field of letters, however, was wide enough for both, especially as the one was more immediately devoted to theological preparation, to the entire exclusion of civil jurisprudence, which formed a permanent branch of instruction at the other. In this state of things their rivalry, far from being productive of mischief, might be regarded as salutary, by quickening literary ardour, too prone to languish without the spur of competition. Side by side the sister universities went for

ward, dividing the public patronage and estimation. As long as the good era of letters lasted in Spain, the academy of Ximenes, under the influence of its admirable discipline, maintained a reputation inferior to none other in the Peninsula, and continued to send forth its sons to occupy the most exalted posts in Church and State, and shed the light of genius and science over their own and future ages."

Such, it appears, was the work of one Franciscan monk, not having the fear of the Bible or of the Reformation before his eyes; of a prince of the Church, so little aware that its policy was "to confine the intellect and enslave the soul," that he was wont, being an excellent biblical critic, to preside at the meetings of the great scholars who were editing his Bible, after their daily labours. "Lose no time, my friends," he would say, "in the prosecution of our glorious work, lest, in the casualties of life, you should lose your patron, or I have to lament the loss of those, whose services are of more price in my eyes than wealth and worldly honours."\*

This work of Ximenes, unrivalled in splendour as the act of one man, presents itself to us just at the termination of the mediæval period, and in speaking of it we may sum up the position of the Church towards education for the five hundred preceding years. All the universities, scattered over Europe, and established in honour and immunities by the Church's chief pastor during this period, had for their basis Catholic faith and teaching, and for the range of their instruction all that was thought valuable in the human knowledge of the day. Once more has the Holy See come forward, and having, a few years since, exhorted the Belgian Bishops to found afresh, on Catholic principles, the university of Louvain, now in like manner invites the Irish Episcopate to fill up this long-felt need of Ireland. It is demanded by a population more than double that of Belgium, including, as we must, those Catholics in the British empire, and in the United States, who would avail themselves of it. There is not a place within the vast Anglo-Saxon dominions for ten millions of Catholics, where youth of eighteen years and upwards can obtain, from Catholic teachers, the inestimable benefit of university education. They must do homage to the

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\* Prescott's History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic. Part ii., ch. 21.

principle of infidelity and religious indifference, in order to obtain the secular instruction of the Queen's Colleges, or they must submit to heretical teaching, and all the temptations which the richest foundation in Europe offers at Trinity College as the price of apostacy. Has there ever in the world existed a greater and more pressing need than this? Have the faith and the morals of Catholics ever been exposed to greater danger? If this need be not supplied, if this danger be not averted, who can forecast the future without alarm? "A mournful experience makes it certain that in these pestiferous universities, (of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow,) Irish Catholic youths, almost without number, have made shipwreck both of faith and morals."\* Such is the sad lament addressed, lately, by six Irish Bishops to the Prefect of Propaganda. But the Holy See has spoken, and the episcopate has answered even by the voice of a national council, and we doubt not that every private Catholic will do his part. If we want further encouragement, look at the intense hatred shown to the very name of a Catholic university by the Protestant English press. The evil spirit knows his exorciser; his furious outcries forecast his defeat. In the authority of the Holy See we have the guarantee of success. Ireland will add another to the forty-four universities, exclusive of those in Italy, Spain, and Portugal, established by the authority of St. Peter's successor. For its success there are two qualifications which now, as in former times, we consider indispensable. Because, as Christians and Catholics, we require a training of the moral and spiritual nature of man above all other things—because that which excludes, or shifts away from itself, such a responsibility, we must consider no education at all, but the surrender to Infidelity and Protestantism of the noblest of all arts and sciences, and a plain confession of impotence in the very point where teachers should be most strong—we do not, therefore, rest satisfied with any system which does not embrace, according to their respective merits, all branches of human learning and science, whether physical or mental. This, and no less, is what we look for from the love and generosity of Catholics, to establish in the next few years.

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\* "*Breves vindiciæ*," &c., quoted in the "*Tablet*," November 22, 1851.

But, after the time of Ximenes, the Church passed into a more troubled period, and encountered the great revolt of the human mind against spiritual authority. At the first outbreak, the power which she had so long exercised of guiding education, and moulding the spirit of man, seemed, in part at least, to be passing from her. For well nigh a generation it appeared doubtful to what extent disaffection would spread, and instead of beating back the furious spirit of religious sedition by a greater internal energy, she laboured as one scarcely able to collect her powers. Yet all this while God had been fashioning in secret a sharp weapon for her to wield. He was preparing for her again the empire of education. It was the question of that day, as it is of this. Scarcely a few years after the departure of Ximenes to his rest, a gay courtier, a gallant soldier, was struck down in a border combat of that same land. It was a long and painful wound, and as he lay on his sick bed he passed into the very presence of spiritual things, he saw the two standards and the warring hosts drawn out in world-wide and world-long combat. He saw, too, the vision of the King in His beauty, and of the King's mother by His side. Then he rose a new man, with all the powers of his being turned to that one object, and intensified. And there began a life which, in its superhuman self-surrender, is itself an infinitely greater miracle than healing the leper, or raising the dead. In less than twenty years—the very years which Luther spent in blaspheming authority, and breaking vows—that self-beggared nobleman, having set himself in middle age to school, like a child, to learn grammar, is found at Rome, the head of a society of saints and heroes inferior but to himself, having the sanction of the apostolic see, and bent with all-mastering energy to direct once more the education of Europe, and to carry it into every branch of knowledge on the basis of Christian faith. And the spirit of that soldier of God did not die; it diffused itself not only into his own society, but likewise, from that example, other religious bodies, which since have arisen in the Church, set themselves especially to the great work of education. In these latter days, when revolt was most widely spread, and enmity bitterest against the Church, her work, too, has been greater and more perfect in the hearts of her children than ever before; her pattern of holiness has been more exact, her rule over the thoughts more severe, her founda-

tions of the spiritual life more deeply laid. Through all the period of disorganization, from its rise in Luther to its consummation in the great French revolution, never has she sanctioned any education which was not based on the Catholic faith. Then came a wholesale destruction of her universities, her colleges, her religious institutions; the confiscation of their endowments, the dispersion both of teachers and pupils. Then Europe sowed the wind, and now she is reaping the whirlwind. Fifty years ago the Church's chief pastor was driven into captivity by a nation the Church's eldest born, and died in exile; since then one emperor and two kings of that nation have died in exile also, and the whole land stands quaking at what has happened and may happen again to it, from its own children's broils. All Europe, too, with its hundreds of thousands of armed men, waits in fear for what is scarcely warded from it, this great breaking up of society. And what is the cause of this? That Europe has unchristianised education, stripped and fettered the Church, run headlong after arts and sciences, sensual literature, and material luxuries, but disregarded truth.

There has been a great destruction. All through the the eighteenth century those principles of infidelity, which, alas! came forth from England, and passed to the French encyclopædists, and their German compeers, the chosen friends of that wretched Frederic, misnamed Great, were sapping all authority both in the spiritual and the temporal order of things. The chosen object they had in view was to emancipate education from the control of religion. And one power of Europe they found singularly adapted to their purpose. For one government there is, so unfortunate as to be founded on infidelity; one royal family, which became royal as a guerdon for losing its faith; one country, which received half the reform from Luther, and the other half from Calvin; and so without belief even in its own infidelity has been tumbling ever since from depth to depth, until its religious state defies analysis, and its political power subsists only by the sword. Prussia, under Frederic, was indeed just the atmosphere so exhausted of religious vitality as to receive Voltairian education, and accept physics and mathematics instead of the God whom it had betrayed. Here was the paradise of purely secular education, military discipline instead of religious fear, the sciences, the arts, and the morality of the barracks. On

went that great demoralizing anarchical flood, the spring-tide of sensualism, unbelief, and pseudo-liberty. It beat against the monarchies of Europe, and sapped their spiritual strength, while it found favour with monarchs by seeming to exalt the temporal power at the expense of the Church, till an Austrian emperor became its tool, and a king of France its victim, involving in its fall the throne of St. Louis. Destruction had indeed gone to its utmost point, when the very altar of the Most Holy was polluted with the living presence of the heathen Venus. Then arose that great soldier of fortune to reconstruct in the midst of a wilderness. He attempted to establish an education which should catch all classes, from the servant to the peasant, in its network. The people, he knew, must have a religion, and he was not the man to give them the abortion of Luther or of Calvin ; so to his education, which should embrace, above all things, those material arts and sciences which were the basis of his scheme, he added the Catholic faith, not as a queen, but as the handmaid of his power ; not to rule in the hearts of his subjects, but to wear his livery, and to consecrate his empire. He worshipped material prosperity as heartily as Frederic, but he would not exclude religion as Frederic, under the inspiration of Voltaire, had done. It was to be the mortar of those walls on which he would rear an universal empire. The Church's high priest should inaugurate the crown which he himself, and he alone, would set on his own brow. Such was the idea of Napoleon in setting up his famous university, the drag-net which he cast over France, to gather every faculty and passion of man for his service. It was not properly *mixed* education, for he engaged that Catholics, and they were the vast majority of his people, should be taught the Catholic faith ; his colleges had chaplains, chapels, and sacraments ; he did not expect society to go on without its soul. But Catholicism in these establishments was not to *rule*, but to *serve* ; to be, not the homage paid by the spirit of man to the king of spirits, but an officer of the emperor's court. Under such conditions truth itself—so perilously shaken by the storms of the age, and banished from the hearts of men by worldly passions—could not regain its empire. We have now seen the result. The year 1848 has satisfied, at last, the most unbelieving, that the material arts and the money interests of life cannot make a national society hold together. M. Cousin is



fallen into disrepute. M. Thiers loudly professes himself a Catholic. The historian of the French Revolution proclaims that the university has not done its work, or rather has done a work very different from that which society required of it. He is for destroying its monopoly, for making a *bona fide* Christian and Catholic education. In this alone he sees a future basis for society, as well as government. The extremity of the danger, the suspension of all the great powers of temporal government, the sight of a society in which, beside brute force as embodied in the army, not one moral power, save the Church of God, remains standing, has caused the scales to drop from eyes so long jealous of the Church. He sees that it has come to an absolute and final choice, between the holy mother of saints and the evil one. Nor has one nation only been brought to its senses. An Austrian emperor has undone those fetters which the emperor Joseph imposed, happy if it be not too late, and if his own zeal for religion be recompensed by the loyalty of his subjects. The race of Hohenzollern itself would gladly give a religion to its people, had it one to give. Such is the instability, the universal agitation of minds, which acknowledge no authority, and have no anchorage in heavenly hopes; so rotten that forced compromise between two heresies which no one believes; so extreme the empire of doubt in that country which first set up for its rule the bare text of the Bible interpreted by the individual; so dissolved is society in the land where secular education has reigned triumphant. They are turning round, and stretching out their hands in supplication to the Church of God; they venerate in her more than ever what is unchangeable amid ceaseless changes, and the dread of the future; what is spiritual, amid the impotence of temporal powers; what is orderly, wise, and temperate, amid the outbreak of disorder, folly, and rashness. They not only see that pyramid whose head emerges now as ever above the "many waters" of human conflict, but they long to be in safety on the rock of Peter.

At such a moment, when this mixed secular education has been tried by whole nations, and either rejected, or endured because the ruin is irremediable, and license has gone beyond cure,—when all the nations of the continent have seen through the pernicious deception, it is proposed as the great boon for the sufferings and wrongs of Ireland.

This statue of Dagon, which has fallen down of itself headless at the threshold of truth, is reared up again amongst us, carefully brought over, dressed in fine clothes, sumptuously housed, and set down with much parade for Catholics to worship. The very thing which has brought France and Prussia to the brink of destruction, is to heal the dissensions of Ireland. Though England itself, with all its Protestantism, and with all its sects, will not have it, and retains in the heart of the nation the principle of truth strong enough to abhor the doctrine of indifference, it is to be forced on our poverty. That which with one accord the statesmen of the continent will have no longer, is to be introduced among us as the earnest of future prosperity, and we are promised, if we take it kindly, that very soon Catholicism will be a matter of pure indifference among us; "the time is not far distant when it will not occur to any one to ask of what religion any of the students are."

Yet we are assured by those who have carefully studied the system that it fails to produce the very fruit which it most boldly promises. So far from the qualities of the scientific mind, thoughtfulness, close attention, sustained vigour of research, a strong will to conquer difficulties, being called forth, the force of the mind is lost upon multiplicity of objects. Youths come out not only without a faith, or a scandal to the faith they profess, by their practical indifference to its precepts, but with a smattering of many sciences which only proves how a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. On no one feature of past French education under the university do impartial examiners dwell so much as this. Eminent mathematicians, and chemists, and the rest, are not produced, but middling amateurs and peddlers in the sciences. Under this promised reign of knowledge, real learning is become as rare as true genius. And add to this, where immorality in practise does not exist, a thorough perversion of the moral judgment in its standard of things; a preference given to physical truth and material inventions, over belief in the primary truth on which all religion rests, accompanied with a disdain for the sublimest and most ennobling Christian mysteries, as if they were the mere subjects of "sectarian" divisions, and profitless controversy.

There has been, then, a great destruction; let there be also a great reparation. The Church of God has not lost

her power. The spring of life is not dried up among the nations of the earth. Let science advance to its utmost limits, and the arts of all nations be promoted by a never-ceasing rivalry, still the Church possesses the key of universal truth; she is the prophet in the world, to whom every power, spiritual and moral, physical and artificial, bears witness. Whatever truth a Newton, a Cuvier, a La Place, may discover, she can harmonise, for He who dwells in her is the end as well as the beginning.

“Le cose tutte quante  
Han ordine tra loro; e questo è forma  
Che l’universo a Dio fa somigliante.  
Qui veggion l’alte creature l’orma  
Dell’eterno valore, il quale è fine  
Al quale è fatta la toccata norma”—Paradiso. c. i. 104.

And this work of restoration to which she now calls her children, is the re-edification of Catholic schools; what Ximenes did in 1517—a single monk of St. Francis on an episcopal throne—the power of numbers, instinct with the same love which burns in Catholic hearts, may accomplish now. A half-penny subscription propagates her missions, why should it not fill her schools? If her faith be precious to the savage, is it not equally so to her children at home? We have, on the one hand, a government without a faith, the supporter of infidelity and the enemy of our religion throughout the world; which has just proscribed every spiritual act done in our religion as done by virtue of the spiritual jurisdiction of its head; which offers us *not* the means of educating our own people in their faith, Catholics as Catholics, but insists that they shall first descend to the level of having no faith at all. On the other hand, we have many millions now bound together, not only by common love, but by common persecution, by a calumny without limit in its falsehoods, without remorse in its misrepresentations. We have millions, also, across the ocean, in our own colonies, and in the great republic, bound by the same chain of love to the persecuted faith, full of sympathy, ready and able to assist. Here are elements of power, and an omen of success.

Of such a restoration of Catholic schools—the Church’s great work of construction in the latter half of the nineteenth century—need we repeat once more that the indispensable *basis* is the Catholic faith itself, maintained and

inculcated as the primary law of its existence. The practice of the Church from the catechetical schools of Alexandria to the present day is uniform, and the system of instruction in the West, began by St. Augustine, widely extended by the Benedictine and other orders, carried out to its utmost limits in the mediæval universities, restored and re-invigorated by the teaching orders of later times, continued without let or exception to the great French Revolution, and afresh stamped with new authority by her latest decisions, tells us decisively as the reason of the case itself, how she interprets her Lord's great command, "Go and make disciples all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." In her eyes this must come *first*. Principle and history are here agreed.

The second point which we would inculcate in this restoration of Catholic studies is, their *range*, which must include all existing knowledge and science. Whatever is a need of the age, must not be neglected. We do not mean that everything must be begun at once, but that from the beginning a plan must be kept in view, which shall, in the end, satisfy all wants. While we think that no education is worthy of the name which does not first and above all set itself to mould man's spiritual nature, which does not plant within him faith, as the root of all proficiency, and the spring, not only of the moral, but the intellectual being; yet, having this, we deem that we have the key to all God's works, and laws, and operations. There is not an art or science into which the principle of faith does not enter, on which it does not shed light. The knowledge of the first cause, and of the final end, assist men in studying them all. There is not one from which, however extended, or reaching whatever results, the Catholic Church has anything to fear. It is only when the heretical spirit takes possession of them, reads them amiss, reaches but half truths in them, or falsely interprets whole ones, that danger arises to her faith. Take the most extreme case which could happen; the substitution, that is, of the experimental sciences as the general instrument for disciplining the mind of the higher classes, instead of the learned languages and their literature. There is no opposition between such sciences and the Catholic faith. The circle of revealed truth committed to the guardianship of the Church belongs to another region. These have

the sensible and the intelligible for their domain, she, while never contrary to reason, is yet above it, reaching the supernatural and the superintelligible. Those sacred mysteries, with which her whole mind is possessed, and in the dispensing of which lies the deep spring of her secret life, leave to the reason of man its full range, but only require it to acknowledge the limits set to its weakness, and prepare it for the difficulties which exist in nature, and encompass even the best known paths of science, by the utterly insoluble secrets of God. It is true that the most wonderful works of God in nature have failed, by themselves, to lead the human spirit towards Him, and men of great renown in the study of anatomy and astronomy have become sceptics; but it was because they came to those studies with a moral nature ill prepared, from a religious system which they had never heartily accepted, or which, from its onesidedness, never satisfied either their feelings or their intellect. With the safeguard of divine faith before hand, it would have been far otherwise. Had they received, with a first love, the great truth and its consequences, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," every page which they afterwards unfolded of that "rich wisdom of the Word," whether in the visible heavens, or in the frame of man, in plants and flowers, or the strata of the earth, or its chemical constitution, would have deepened their humility and their love to its Author. There is a great gap between the kingdoms of nature and grace, notwithstanding their numberless analogies, which faith only can fill up; and therefore it is that the Catholic starts with a great advantage over all other men in those pursuits. There is, then, no excuse for excluding from Catholic studies any art or science, which has its positive merit, which has won its place in the inventions and progress of the age, and supplies any recognised need of our civilization. This universality of *range* is necessary for success, and is subordinate in importance only to the *basis* of faith itself.

Thirdly, the *objects* to be kept in view are manifold. We need to meet and overcome infidelity, on what it fancies to be its own ground; we need to rescue the physical and the intellectual sciences from its sway; we need to set forth once more a higher standard in the world than mere material progress. Especially in our own country has history been perverted to serve the cause of error.

Minds of no common order, and learning of no mean range, have been devoted to treat the course of human affairs, the rise, advance, connection, and dependence of nations, excluding, as far as possible, the existence of the divine kingdom amongst them, or vilifying its spirit, and distorting its tendencies. The philosophy of history is become its sophistry. Those who have turned rebels against the divine kingdom have hated to hear of its agency ; and modern times have been described in fullest detail, by authors only passing over those achievements of charity, those works of heroic self-denial, which make their highest praise. Nor must we omit the incalculable advantage which the Elizabethan heresy has derived from the possession which it has taken of the ancient Catholic universities. Itself without a spiritual idea to hold it together—utterly earthly, and of this world—it entered into the very richest inheritance of wisdom coming down from the ages of faith. Reform sat enthroned in those glorious ancient halls which were worthy to hear a St. Bernard preach, and a St. Thomas lecture. Reform dispensed the rewards which so many generations had stored up for learning. It had the pick and choice of a great nation's youth ; it watered them from wells which it had not digged, and fed them in vineyards which it had not planted. And if spiritual truth have gradually perished away ; if all wherewith they have to satisfy minds bent on the old faith of Christendom be “ the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies,” still a certain humane culture has lingered on in those old abodes ; a certain character has been formed in them which had its greatness, and its beauty, and its classic grace. And Catholics, deprived of these, their own proper homes, have had no like schools of education, in which, on the basis of their own perfect faith, they could be trained in all that ancient times have left of great and good. Surely it is time that this great deficiency be supplied.

Once more, and fourthly, as a *condition* of success we must name a perfect unity of thought and purpose in the teaching body. Mixed education makes this impossible. Thus the Bishop of Liège remarks, in his valuable letter : “ What is your secret ? ” an intelligent man one day asked me, “ for making your establishments flourish ? ” “ It is,” I replied to him, “ the homogeneousness of the pro-



fessorial body ;" and that may easily be conceived. When all the members of that body have but one thought and one action, to inspire into the minds of youths, with the love of knowledge, that of virtue and religion, may one not expect, with some confidence, happy results? But what are we to expect where there does not exist this unity of views and actions? Where, for want of professing the same principles, the masters do not form, in reality, one and the same body, and cannot either combine or direct their efforts towards a common end; where, too often, one destroys by his conversation or by his example, what the other is seeking to build up? How could establishments of this nature prosper or deserve public confidence?"

And it is because we see one man singularly qualified for so great a task, because we see in one, and perhaps in one alone, the conjunction of a name which has attained to European celebrity, a genius embracing the most opposite qualities, a widely extended learning, and a will most admirably tempered, that we hail with the utmost joy and satisfaction the appointment of Dr. Newman to be the Rector of the Catholic university. It is a pledge for ultimately effecting all that we could desire, such, perhaps, as none other could be given.

To resume, in few words, the whole of our argument. A concurrence of circumstances has produced a tendency greatly to over value the mechanical arts, and the experimental sciences, as being the means of material enjoyment and prosperity. A disposition is even shown, more and more, to make education mainly consist in giving instruction in these, and to subordinate all other knowledge as accessory to them. But the education of man, being what God has made him, and considering the end for which he is made, consists, primarily, in the training of the free-will to moral action. Such a training is the work of faith, and the object of faith is revealed truth. Therefore, Protestantism is unable to bestow such a training, because in destroying the principle of authority, and breaking up the system of revealed truth which rested on it, it has made faith impossible. And again, by removing the check of confession, it has lost all control over the heart and its issues. Still more unable, for the same reason, is Infidelity, to accomplish such a work, having rejected even those portions of revealed truth which Protestantism

has, although inconsistently, retained. Protestantism, therefore, full of internal dissensions, and without power to present to its pupils any body of moral and spiritual truth which they are to believe as certain, or any living authority, which they are to obey as divine, proposes to evade the difficulties which itself has made, by avoiding such subjects altogether, and by giving up the attempt to train the moral nature. On the other side it offers as a temptation an exuberant display of all the arts and sciences which rest on the undisputed ground of physical knowledge. Mixed education is accordingly a surrender to heresy, schism, and self-will, of the whole nature of man which is above and beyond this knowledge; an abnegation of the highest end of our being. Catholic education, on the other hand, for which we hail the institution of a Catholic university, is the realisation before all, and above all, of that highest end. But this secured, it proceeds to group around it the various sciences, accomplishments, and arts of social life. First of all, indeed, it deals with that which is immortal, universal, and most precious in man; that free-will by which he is made after the image and likeness of God; but while preserving throughout a due superiority to the enlightenment, strengthening, and direction of this, it fosters every branch of knowledge according to its intrinsic merit and value. And Catholicism has, in its firm possession of the truth, and by its faith in the unity of the divine will and operations, an assurance that no science either now exists, or can possibly arise, which, rightly and fully understood, shall be at variance with that knowledge which it imparts to guide the moral nature. It starts, then, from the principle of faith, well knowing that it clears and strengthens all powers of the intellect, and above all that it imparts to the will an indomitable energy and a calm courage, which are the best part of genius itself, and are necessary to win not only success in every path of our mortal life, but a place in the higher creation of God hereafter. Truth is the centre of its circle, but the circumference embraces all human arts and sciences. It must ever repeat, with the great Christian poet,—

*Lo maggior don, che Dio per sua larghezza  
Fesse creando, e alla sua bontate  
Più conformato, e quel ch'ei più apprezza,*

*Fu della volontà la libertà,  
Di che le creature intelligenti,  
E tutte, e sole, furo e son dotate.*

*Paradiso, c. 5. v. 19.*

In guiding, strengthening, and purifying this free-will consists its great task; but on the indestructible basis of divine faith it raises the perfect fabric of human improvement and culture. For such a work the time is most propitious. The spirit of unbelief, inaugurated by Protestantism in modern Europe, has broken up all dogma, and destroyed all spiritual authority, outside of the one Catholic society; the Anglican pseudo-church lies split down to the middle by internal dissension, and, in the midst of wealth and social influence, conscious of her deadly wound; the sects, which are the irregular offspring of her fornication with the State, present to the thoughtful eye a mere chaos of private judgment run mad. Let the Church of God but maintain her dear-bought liberty, let her not seek to be a pensioner of heresy, but rest on her inward powers and the love of her children; let her unfold, for the education of those children, the unspeakably precious inheritance of faith and knowledge, which she has guarded for eighteen hundred years—and a great triumph is before her. She will yet rescue the nations from the moral anarchy into which they have plunged themselves. She will gain, over the reasoned infidelity and deranged free-will of the nineteenth century, a greater triumph than she wrought in the times of St. Augustine or St. Thomas, and be at once the fortress of society and the fountain of knowledge.

ART. VIII.—*The Lancet*, vol. 1 and 2. London, 1851.

A PROVERB may not unaptly be defined “a stereotyped truth.” As a book may appear in various forms, as a dozy folio, or a prosy quarto, or a chatty octavo, till at last it has dwindled into a perhaps condensed, but pocketable, duodecimo, and if found really useful, is so stereotyped, and then no one quotes any other edition; so a truth gets spread out, or, as it is called, developed, into multifarious treatises, articles, essays, and paragraphs, till at length some one happily squeezes the whole sense of them into a sentence, not longer than “the posey of a ring;” and no one thinks of enunciating the truth, most learnedly enforced of old, by any other form of phrase. It has become a proverb. The danger is, that such proverbs may become hackneyed, so that every one quotes them, but nobody believes them, or, at least, acts upon them. They come to resemble the monographous (for, never being read, they cannot be called monotonous,) verses on tomb-stones—“Weep not for me, my parents dear,” for example, which no one imagines have the least meaning attached to them by any one, dead or living. Yet the lines will continue to be engraved, and the proverb to be spoken, while there be any of either.

Among these *essential* truths, distilled, in time’s alembic, from the gathered flowers of many ages’ growth, there is one, always of doubtful morality, now-a-days of dubious veracity, but of useful general application, that “honesty is the best policy.” If one begins to measure this sentiment as a basis of literary superstructure, its area is immense. Moral treatises by the first philosophers, from Aristotle to Paley, rest upon it; the *Iliad* itself, and no end of epics, and tragedies, are built up from it. For, in truth, what else is poetical justice but an illustration of it? As thus: if Paris had been an honest man, Troy would never have been *destroyed*. And so Cordelia might say to her sisters at the end of *King Lear*, that “honesty would have been their best policy;” and so might Hamlet to old Polonius and young Laertes, and to his uncle and mother, and all else implicated in the famous ear-poisoning case,



then considered a rare crime ; for Exeter Hall, and Printing-House Square as yet were not. And as to art, Hogarth's series of the two apprentices is exclusively an illustration of our proverb. But there is one still more doleful tragedy, expressly composed and yearly acted, for the solemn purpose of instilling into the childish, and impressing upon the youthful, minds of London apprentices, this fundamental truth. It is the most dolorous and instructive history of the ingenious George Barnwell, the moral of whose career of crime and misfortune is so emphatically put into his own mouth, in those verses of his ballad,

“ ——— had I stuck to my pruns and figs,  
I had never stuck nunky at Camberwell.”

Now if the recent revelations of the *Lancet* be correct, and we believe they have not been called in question, we can well imagine the deep moral instruction conveyed by this drama, upon the youths who are treated by their masters to it at holiday-time, for the purpose of inculcating on them the principle of this proverb. We may suppose the following, privileged to sit in the front row. No. 1 is the journeyman baker, who must leave the performance before its close, to make bread, adulterated with alum, for next day ; No. 2 is the grocer's apprentice, who has been busy all day packing up in canisters, labelled “ Pure unadulterated coffee,” a compound of that vegetable, chicory, and oak-tan ; No. 3 is the publican's boy, who was sent in the morning on an errand to the “ beer doctor,” to tell him, with a knowing wink, that his master had just received a fresh supply from the brewery ; No. 4. is the teaman's youth, who lately helped to get into the premises a lot of tea culled from British hedges ; No. 5 is the chandler's lad, who has worked often to make mustard of flour and turmeric ; No. 6 is the draper's assistant, who has been ticketing the whole shop over, with “ awful sacrifice,” “ decided bargains,” “ selling at 25 per cent under cost price,” every word a lie ; No. 7 is the son of a milkman, that writes “ Alderney dairy” over the cellar that contains two diseased cows, and must rise early next morning to rival the *Herald* and *Post*, in the daily production of milk and water. We could greatly prolong this catalogue, were not this enumeration sufficient for our purpose. What

idea of honesty, as being "a policy," can be instilled into the minds of such youths, save one which will not be at variance with what they are made to practice? And that will be, that honesty consists in not cheating or betraying their employers, however nefarious their practices, but by no means in not cozening and deluding the public. Such is the lesson inculcated by the proverb in this class, "Honesty to those who cheat others is your best policy." And it will not be surprising, if some ardent spirits, that aspire to great commercial dignity, and see how steadily the firm keeps its character, and perhaps its manager a reputation for sanctity, and subscribes to foreign and Irish missionary societies, in spite of all these daily peccadilloes, may come to the profane conclusion, that the highest civic honours will be most easily reached by the tortuous paths of Mammon, and even, perhaps, that Whittington's cat would have had a better chance than himself of reaching the chair and chain, had that worthy lived in these days of sleek acuteness.

In fact, this and many other proverbs are like what are called, we believe, life-preservers, things very useful to be employed upon others, but which no one has any idea should be used against his own head. Thus we can easily fancy a man who has amassed a fortune in Capel Court, by all the accredited acts of impossible railroads, fictitious directoryships, made markets, cooked accounts, and worthless scrip, when retired to a goodly estate of his own buying, in the country, indignantly dismissing a servant, on discovery of some small pilferings, with the solemn admonition that "he would find, in the long run," (he himself having made a short cut of it,) "that honesty is the best policy." Or let it be a clever attorney, who, by timely advances and judicious mortgages, has come at length into possession of "all that valuable freehold estate, messuages, tenements," &c., belonging to his client, and is now a most active magistrate at sessions; and we can imagine him passing sentence on some poor wretch, convicted of poaching or petty larceny, adding gravely his virtuous hopes, that the culprit would learn, "that after all," that is, when he comes to be hanged, "honesty is the best policy."

But we quarrel much more with this proverb, because it tends altogether to debase a quality, which has much more need instead to be raised in estimation. For if honesty be



something better, and has better motives than policy, then it is untrue, and therefore *dishonest*, to deal with it at less than its real value. If so, this is, at least, a bad self-condemned policy, and this makes the old saw of doubtful morality at least. Our present age is decidedly in love with itself; and in the proclamation of its own praises, which is neither rare nor low, there is no virtue for which it claims greater credit than honesty. We of England, in particular, peculiarly feel jealous of it. It is a birthright with us. We may concede to other nations their just praise for genius, brilliancy in art, success in literature or science; but we stand up for our transcendent honesty. John Bull may be a rough and plain fellow, but he is sturdily straightforward and honest. We are not going to dispute this praise, for we are convinced that in his aggregate capacity he is so; only we would have him be upon his guard, and mind that this praise do not vanish some fine day; and the best way to come to this undesirable end with it, is to consider honesty a line of policy. One is not far from repudiation, when the balance is made in the mind between it and honesty, as each a policy; the question being, which is the better of the two.

However, we are not going to discuss a principle, but to look at facts. The publication before us suggests some serious ones for earnest consideration, and yet they have been again and again presented, in great part, to public notice. It is now thirty-one years since Accum went over much of the same ground as the Lancet's "Analytical Sanitary Commission," investigating the adulteration of food. Indeed, this important body has not yet gone over the whole extent of ground visited by the daring chemist. Two differences may be observed between their labours. The first is, that the commission makes use chiefly of the microscope to detect extraneous substances in adulterated food, an instrument for such investigation but little known in 1820. The second is more important. Accum treated the matter as an alarming case of wholesale poisoning. His book was most terrifying. On the cover were pictured snakes, lances, death's head and cross bones, and a huge spider in its web, devouring its prey, with the motto, over all, of, "There is death in the pot." On the back was labelled, "Accum on Culinary Poisons." The entire book kept the same tone. Whatever one eat was shown to be poison, every drink was a death-potion. Athenian hem-

lock was nothing to beer; and a philosopher might die as easily over a pewter pot of one, as over a silver goblet of the other. And as to "the cups which cheer but not inebriate," Cowper might have mended his sense, if not his verse, by writing "but cheering poison." Now it was too much to convince people at once, that they were all Toxicophagi, or poison eaters, every night "supped full of horrors," and awakening every morning to "steep themselves anew in venom." Some laughed at the idea, others were angry, most were contented to know that, as they had not died of so many years' feeding on poison, so they might live on as quietly for many more. Perhaps, too, Accum's subsequent fate blunted the edge of his denunciations; for we believe he was convicted of dismembering valuable books in the British Museum, to save himself the trouble of making extracts, and was transported beyond the seas.

But the Lancet Commission has done wisely in appealing, not merely *ad stomachum* but *ad crumenam*, and representing the system of adulteration as one of fraud, more than of murder. This is taking mankind, or at least the age, on its weak side. Many a man knows that he is poisoning himself by hard drinking, and is not thereby cured. And so it is hard to get a person to care about unwholesomeness of food, so it be savoury; a boy will eat green fruit at the risk of a colic, and you tell an old lady in vain that green tea is a *sloe* poison, for she likes it. But convince a father of a family that he is paying a shilling for a packet of what is called tea or coffee, one-half of which is a material, not only deleterious, but worth only a penny a pound—in other words, convince him that he is cheated, as well as poisoned, and you arouse his indignation. In fact, the motive of the adulteration awakens the public to feel about its effects.

The discoveries thus made may help to bolster up the truth of the adage, that "honesty is the best policy." For the Lancet has fearlessly denounced, by name, the vendors of adulterated goods, and has no less made known those who, to their credit, and we trust profit, have resisted the temptation to general corruption. But they certainly do not increase our opinion of the prevalence of that virtue, nor of its being considered one. Nay, we do not feel sure that the public are very indignant at its violation. We have not heard of any imposture, for some cases amount to this, being exploded, and the quacks who ma-

naged it having decamped. We do not see the lying labels taken down, nor the crowd lessened round celebrated "marts" of spurious commodities. If no practical results follow the exposure, we shall conclude that bold effrontery, and pertinacious impudence can get the better of scientific detection, and even of the ordinary instinct of self-preservation. And as to the sagacious public, we shall be content to philosophise, and say, "*Qui vult decipi, decipiatur.*"

Whether all this evince a dulled moral sense or not, we will not now discuss. But we believe it would be easy to show, as a preliminary to these culinary deceptions, that the system is universal, beginning with much higher departments of art than what, on Verrey's tomb in Père la Chaise, are denominated "*les arts utiles.*" We do not indeed think that the present age has exhibited such signal instances of literary forgeries, as the Arabic Code of Sicily, detected and exposed by Canon Rosario Gregorj, or Psalmanazar's History of Formosa, or Chatterton's poems of Rowley; though Italy, saw very few years ago, an attempt to palm on the public, inedited works of Tasso, with facsimilies of pretended manuscripts, and Germany was almost taken in by that clever fiction, Mainholz's Bernstein-Hexe, or Amberwitch. But certainly in the fine arts, there never has been such systematic imposition carried on, as our times have witnessed. Of spurious medals, there are, or have been, professed manufactories, one, we believe, at Smyrna, and another in a city of northern Germany. Pictures are manufactured by the gallery; and it is humorously said, that there are collections always on hand, in Italian cities, where the wealthy Kentuckian or Californian can suit himself to a ready-made series of ancestors, gentlemen from armour, throughlaced coats, down to powdered queans, and ladies from Elizabethan frills to hoops, with lap-dogs into the bargain.

But many of our fellow-countrymen, who have embarked in the perilous enterprise of forming a collection of paintings, have found out to their cost the ruinous nature of the speculation. For purely speculative the business is. The Artist goes to the market, where old furniture is exposed for sale. There he picks up a venerable piece of upholstery, thoroughly worm-eaten, and he pulls it to pieces. He thus gets antique pannels, which are duly repaired and straightened

by new framings. Next he selects an old engraving of a favourite subject by a favourite master, a picture in the Pitti Palace at Florence, or perhaps in the Louvre. The subject is copied on the pannel, the style cleverly imitated, with perhaps retouchings and restorations, taking care that the flesh is wonderfully pure and well preserved; but a slight, though not unimportant, variation from the engraving, is produced. It may be only a hand more or less raised than in the original, or a head slightly turned. The production next appears, highly varnished, on an easel in the artist's studio, or in his gallery exhibited one day in the week. The rich, knighted citizen, who is making a collection for his new wing at Daubery Hill, goes in, and has his attention drawn to it by his *cicerone*, who believes it is for sale, and inquiries are forthwith made. The price demanded is outrageous; but then it is an undoubted original; for here is the engraving of the well-known duplicate as above, and in this painting there is a manifest *pentimento*, or variation, which could only have possibly proceeded from the *maestro* himself. For what copier would have presumed to alter that hand, or that head, from what it was in the original he was employed to copy? It is, therefore, a repetition with a variation, and so of immense value. As for its history, it was bought at a sale, covered with smoke, all warped, and almost undistinguishable; and it has been restored by the *Cavaliere* himself, who would not part with it for anything, if he had not already two or three fine pieces by the same master, and not a vacant place on his walls. But it will be a gem in *Milor's* collection. The eloquence prevails, the cheque is drawn, "and Sir Balaam hangs"—a clever forgery over his chimney piece. Dr. Waagen comes in due time, and politely tells him he has got for his hundreds, the value of an old back of a chest of drawers, and a purposely imperfect and falsified copy of a second rate picture. We have not exaggerated one circumstance in this narrative; we could point to fortunes made by this nefarious traffic.

But if the collector's taste soar beyond such modern objects, and covet the antique, we can tell him what is *his* best policy. It is to call at once for his bill, and order post horses. If he indulge his taste no further than little bronze figures, Etruscan or Roman, with an alkaline patina over them, which, when his servant in England shall



have scoured it off, like that on Scriblerus's shield, he can renew in a few minutes, perhaps he will not be run up himself to a very high figure, by antiquarian roguery. But if he aspire after more expensive toys, *cameos* or *intaglios*, he will indeed easily make a grand collection, but all, or most, belonging to one age. Perhaps the most complete collection of engraved stones, as they are called, was that formed at Rome, by the late Prince Poniatowsky. It contained almost perfect serieses of Egyptian, Etruscan, old and later Grecian, and Roman, gems, with scarcely any lacunæ. After his death, the collection was for sale, and at length was bought in this country. *Impronti*, or impressions in plaster, have been taken from it, and extensively sold to public institutions, so that the collection may be said to have been published. And when a copy was offered to us for purchase, we were assured that the originals were bought mainly for this speculation. We inexorably refused it, however, not only because very dear, but also because we had heard from a person of eminent literary reputation, that he knew the artists who had fabricated many of them, and had avowed this to him. Knowing the Prince's anxiety to make complete sets, there was no lack of clever hands ready to supply them. So one day, some one brought him a scarabeus, another day some one else a Cæsar; now it was an historical, next a mythological subject; and so in course of time, each series was filled up.

It may seem incredible that the keen eye of a virtuoso, aided by a good lens, should not be able to distinguish between an antique and a modern engraving. But as to this deceit being possible, there can be no doubt. No one was more skilled in ancient art than the illustrious Winkelmann. And yet he was imposed upon by a gem, cut purposely by the celebrated ΗΗΚΑΕΡ; for he engraved his name on his works, in Greek characters. There is a well-known story of the late Mr. Payne Knight, prizing most highly, as in every sense a gem, an exquisite antique cameo, which he wore in a ring. He was a man of great experience and taste in judging, and of great authority in deciding, about the genuineness of such works. He had bought this of a Signor B——, who, it is said, was obliged to leave the country in consequence of the detection which ensued. The story goes, that the antiquarian was disputing with the most distinguished artist, first as a gem-

engraver, then as a medalist of the day, but since become a sculptor; on the inferiority of modern, compared with ancient, art, and instanced as matchless the cameo which he wore. Whereupon the indignant Italian, having requested leave to examine it, declared himself able to produce one equal to it. His temerity was greeted with disdain, when he tore off the setting of the stone, and showed cut upon its edge, his own name, Pistrucci. An artist, much employed in copying the frescoes of Etruscan sepulchres, assured us, that he had produced a fragment from his own pencil, to try the skill of a keen batch of antiquarians, who accepted it as genuine!

Alexandre Dumas, in his "Impressions de Voyage," tells an amusing anecdote, which shows that this class of "tricks upon travellers" is not confined to works of very high art. He visited Ferey with a large casual party, and of course was shown, and expected to admire, all the whereabouts of the mocking *philosophe* its master. Among other relics, every one was anxious to handle Voltaire's walking-cane. As he lagged somewhat behind, the showman of the place drew near to him, and in a confidential whisper informed him that the stick was his private property, and an undoubted relic; but that being somewhat hard up, he should be disposed to sell it for a moderate sum, which he named. "Thank you," coolly replied the imperturbable traveller, "but I think you ask too much; for you let a friend of mine have the last for half that money!"

The facility with which eager antiquaries may be gulled is not confined to northern regions, to the Jonathan Oldbucks, or the Pickwickian sodality. Our readers, no doubt, remember the rich scene, where the amiable old enthusiast is showing off, to the cool, shortsighted Lovel, the wonders of the Kaim of Kinprunes, and corroborating the evidences of its being a Prætorian camp, by the inscription on a stone, of the letters A. D. L. L. under a sacrificial vessel, standing, doubtless for *Agricola, Dicavit, Libens, Lubens*; and how inopportunely his lecture is interrupted by the provoking Edie Ochiltree, exclaiming, "I mind the bigging o't;" and then unfeelingly transforming the vessel and the letters, into "Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle." And still more recent is Mr. Pickwick's purchase, for ten shillings, of the carved stone, bearing the valuable inscription of "Bil Stumps, his mark." But a



hoax not dissimilar, was played on one of the most learned archæologues of our time, Abbate Fea, the best editor of Winkelmann's principal work. He was invited one day, by a party of merry gallants, to what is called in Italy a *vignata*, that is, a merry-making in a vineyard, where antiquities were said to have been found. In the course of their rounds, attention was called to the fragments of a slab of Cipollino or perhaps Pentelican marble, on which were clearly the traces of an inscription, filled up with mould, just as taken out of the *scassato*, or vine-trench. All surrounded it; and having united its *disjecta membra* zealously commenced rubbing off the earth; and they were amply repaid for their trouble, by the reconstruction of the following epigraph:—

S. I.  
ET. E  
V. N. M  
INCH. IONE

All looked to the learned antiquarian for a solution. He was never at a loss for a reading of medal or inscription; and accordingly he read this, straight off, as follows:—*Soli Invicto, ET Etheri, Utriusque Numinis Maximo, INC Hoavit IONE*. "Ione began this edifice in honour of the unconquered Sun (Mithra),\* and the Air, the supreme deity of the two." All applauded; but some queer looks began to be cast at the stone, and then a titter went round, when one of the party remarked, that it read very well, and more compendiously in Italian, making only three words, SIETE UN MINCHIONE, which may be familiarly rendered, "What a noodle!"

This was, no doubt, a rude joke, but something of a similar nature was practised for a better purpose, by the late M. Champollion. We give the story as related by himself to a friend, from whom we have it. When he was in one of the countless departments of France, there was great excitement, in consequence of a discovery of Roman remains. He was invited to examine them, as well versed in such matters; but showed himself incredulous. Not so the Prefect, who was quite enthusiastic on the subject; and of course a report was forwarded to head-quarters, with a petition for extraordinary funds to carry on the in-

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\* In inscriptions STM stands for *Soli Invicto Mithræ*.

teresting research. Champollion believed the whole thing to be a job, and determined to prove it. In the mean time the excavations continued, and soon a most singularly shaped coctile vessel, or *terra cotta urn*, as it was called, was brought to light, only slightly damaged by a workman's spade. On inspection, it was found to contain a quantity of coins, and the delighted magistrate had it carefully borne, undisturbed, to his *prefecture*, there to draw up his report for "Mons. N. N., Chargé du *Depart. des beaux-arts de la France*," as it used to be facetiously written, under a certain minister. His anticipations were now verified, his triumph complete; no, not quite; for he was not satisfied till he had gained it, over the refractory Copt. M. Champollion was invited to the *séance*, in which these interesting remains were to be exhibited to the assembled notables. He obeyed the summons, and found the curious assembly gathered round the queerest vase that they had ever seen. Was it Druidical, Gaulish, Celtic, Gallo-Grecian, Roman? No one could tell, for no one had seen anything like it before. It had a bump here, and an indentation there, an excrescence on one side, and a depression on the other. It would have puzzled Panofka himself to classify it, and that is saying a great deal. But what added to the difficulty of explanation was, an inscription that defied all ingenuity to read, consisting of the following letters: P. S. M. D. M. L. P. However, no reasonable man could doubt of the genuineness of the discovery, for, at the side of the strange recipient, was a small heap of coins, not indeed of much value, but sufficient to authenticate the vessel in which they were found. "Now, M. Champollion, what say you to this? You allow the coins to be genuine I trust," exclaimed the departemental functionary to the antiquarian, who was looking carefully at the coins, one by one, and putting each aside as he finished with it. "Yes, certainly, they are all true," he replied. "Then do you not believe now, that some Roman edifice stood where we have been excavating?" "M. le Prefêt, allow me to ask you, are these *all* the coins found in the vessel?" The magistrate looked embarrassed. "Come, come, now, tell me, was there not among them a liard of Henry IV.? If so, why is it not here?" The truth then came out. Champollion had been to a potter's at some distance, and had had the most odd piece of pottery that he could devise made, and had hid it,

like a mole-trap, in the track of the excavation, and had fairly caught them. The liard, which he had put among some worthless old coins, had been cushioned by the prefect, and thus kept from telling tales. To prove his account, Champollion decyphered the inscription. "It meant," he said, "*Pour Se Mocquer De Monsieur Le Prefet.*"

As we are on the subject of reading initial letters, in connection with cheating, we will indulge ourselves, if not our readers, with one more anecdote, because we believe it has two good qualities, the one is, that it is inedited, the other, that if not true, it ought to be. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*, as they say in the South.

During the French occupation of Rome under Napoleon, the best intimation of a reverse suffered by the imperial arms, was an order for public rejoicing. A *Te Deum* in Church, or a fete at the General's, best gave the lie to the exulting bulletins from Paris. In the meantime there existed that mysterious power of rumour, which seems to establish a chain of whispers from zone to zone, an electric telegraph of mute signs, such as transmitted, it is said, to India, news of Waterloo, long before it could reach by ordinary ways. The population of distant countries seemed to get a knowledge, no one could tell how, of catastrophes or great events happening at vast distances, vague, hazy, unshapen, and exaggerated, like what sailors call the loaming of a distant coast, or rather like those evanescent reflections of a continent on the western sky, which lured on Columbus to his glorious mastery over nature. It was in the winter of 1812, that this subtle and hidden agent was at work in Rome, and an undefined foreboding of some dark fate impending over the colossus of Europe, filled men's minds, as a comet or eclipse would have done some ages before, when General Miollis issued cards for a great fete, in honour of the Emperor's triumphant entrance into Moscow. The Palazzo Aldobrandini, which then bore his name, was brilliant, and filled with a gay throng; but there were mysterious whisperings, and significant looks exchanged between the visitors, and groups seemed intent on discussing some topic strangely at variance with the occasion of the feast. At a late hour the assembly broke up, when the servants, pale and anxious, entered into the interior apartments, to tell their master that an unseen hand had traced some mysterious letters

on the wall of an anteroom, thus repeating the warning which blighted the joy of Babylon's last feast. The old general, nothing daunted, followed them, and read, traced in charcoal on the wall, the following letters :

F. F. F. F. F. F.

Though of a large size, no one had seen them written. It was clear that the letters represented words ; the veteran's curiosity was piqued, and a Daniel *must* be found. But where ? A servant suggested that there lived somewhere near an old ex-Jesuit, (who so likely to be at the bottom of a plot ?) famous for making literary enigmas, metrical conundrums, anagrams, acrostics, and all other charms with letters, and able to marshal all the letters of the alphabet in platoons, or to put them through their paces at will. Let him be sent for immediately. The general paces his apartments with impatience, while the good old man is roused from his sleep, and, in spite of protestations that he has committed no crime, is carried off, as he supposes, to the castle, but in reality to the solution of a puzzle. "Look at these six F's, and tell me what they mean," is the first address made to him. He rubs his eyes, protests his ignorance, but is urged to study the letters, and make his best conjectures. He thinks and ponders : he has hit on something, but fears his interpretation may prove unwelcome. "No, no ; fear nothing, whatever it is, you shall be amply rewarded.

"Then I read in these letters the following hexameter :

"Franguntur Franci, Flamma, Fame, Frigore, Ferro."

which, with the loan of an additional F, may be rendered thus :

"France Flies From Falchion, Famine, Fire, Frost."

"That is it, that is it," exclaimed the delighted General, "they have found it out. It is exactly the flight from Moscow."

We may be said to have been treading on classical ground till now ; and find some difficulty in descending to the lower level from which we started. But this perhaps is not so difficult. The loftiest genius of ancient Rome could not always remain on the heights of the Capitoline

hill, among columns, porticoes, temples, and the marvels of Grecian art. Even there, too, he might turn sick of the cheater of augurs, or auruspices, and wish himself in the lower world of every-day life. Now if he had no ambition to be pitched over the Tarpeian rock, he had a commodious descent by the Clivus Scauri, which led him straight, by the chambers of sharp practising *tabularii*, on the look out for clients and litigation, down into the Forum, where the thriving traffic around them, no doubt furnished materials for both. Still to the credit of Roman honesty it must be spoken, that the Republic had lasted long before specific laws against swindling, or *malus dolus* were found requisite. For many readers will recollect the amusing story told us, by Cicero in his *De Officiis*, of the unfortunate Canius, who was woefully taken in, when seeking a house. The owner hired all the watermen in the neighbourhood to ply merrily before it, the day Canius came with a card to view it; and captivated by the sprightliness of the scene, which he was assured was an every-day one, he agreed to give a high rent for it. When he came to live there he asked in vain after the boats and gondolas; for he was told they had never been seen there before, or after, the day when he visited the place. "Stomachari Canius," says Cicero, which we suppose must be translated into English with a negative, "Canius could not stomach it:" but he had no remedy at law; for as yet there was none which annulled fraudulent contracts. Yet we should much doubt, whether in a parallel case, say that of a man who on the day of letting his house, got all the omnibusses in the neighbourhood to pass by his door, our law would provide a remedy for the tenant, as Cicero intimates to us the Roman law, in his time, would have done for the disgusted Canius.

In fact, civilization must be supposed to dull, rather than to sharpen, the sense of honesty in a community. Strange as it may seem, the history of dishonesty, in descending from the lofty regions of art, down to the plain level of plebeian "transactions," passes through a more golden region than the Capitoline descent. Not content with the gradual and exhaustive operation of legal suction, the aristocratic processes of fashionable depletion are far more daring and grand in scale, than lower delinquents have courage or wit for. From the magnificent saloons of



Paris, or Baden-Baden, to the stable-yard of an English racing stud, or lower still, to the back-parlour of a hawk-eyed bill-broker, the man called by the world noble, has his range of swindling, cheating, ruining, and sending others and himself to perdition, without much danger of police-office interference, or even of social condemnation. The fleeced and clean-plucked victim drops into misery and forgetfulness, and the triumphant despoiler still faces society with the blandest of smiles. Almost while we are writing these lines, men who have belonged to that profession, which would soil its steel with blood to avenge a stain cast upon its scarlet, have been convicted of a horse-fraud, which would have disgraced low professional swindlers; and report speaks of a regiment high in honours, into which dismay has been flung, with ruin, by a system of reckless and depraved dishonesty, where "all are honourable men." Yet, no doubt, this is emphatically the age of honesty! But we are getting out of our depth, or rather soaring beyond our height. For, really, we belong to that homely class of every-day people, who cannot understand the existence of two codes of morality for a nation; the one which condemns the petty delinquencies of the shop-boy, to figure in the last page of a newspaper, among the police reports; the other, which describes under the head of "Mysterious transaction in high (?) life," in a central page, the cold-blooded stripping of a youth of his fortune and reputation; as nefarious a deed as that of Abbruzzi banditti. Dr. Samuel Johnson of comical morality, had a lurking respect for the man who had courage to run £100,000 or so into debt; while he despised the petty debtor who got into the "Bench" for a £50 affair. So, if we remember right, Boz tells us. This is indeed paying a tribute to wholesale vice, in which we should be sorry to join: we own our sympathies are more inclined to run in favour of the retail dealer in the commodity.

Such form the smaller fry which the *Lancet* and *Accum*, for instance, love to hold up. The latter is particularly sensitive on the subject of aristocratic purity. While he is mercilessly severe upon the adulterations of beer, and the roguery of its retailers, he will not have a suspicion breathed against the duodecemoirs, who, in his day, as in ours, ruled supreme, and exclusive, over the London republic of ebriety. He will not allow it to be possible, that any one, who deals with large quantities, can be guilty



of introducing into them, any element that would give a false value to his *X*. Only your petty calculator is capable of such a blunder.

There is an interesting and most characteristic work, entitled "*Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*." Were any smart Frenchman to take our own works, and out of them compile the picture of what an Englishman's self-recorded and self-inflicted miseries are, it would form one, in truth, most ludicrously sad. We say self-inflicted miseries, because none are more boastful than ourselves, of our power to remedy every evil, through our incomparable constitution, or to command the best of every thing by our unparalleled wealth. All this is very specious; but unhappily it is not true. That complex *Ego*, "the public," has long been convinced that, in London, it is inhaling most Tartarean air, and drinking most Stygian waters. And yet what has it done to remedy the double pestilence? Slaughter-houses in the densest of its population, grave-yards in the throngest of its thoroughfares, still exhale their odour of death: polluted streams pumped up from the *cloaca maxima* of the city the fog-compelling Thames, drench the throats of the sober with tainted draughts; all grumble, and petition, and deliberate, and carry bills, and pay them too; and the omnipotence of the people decrees, yet the nuisance remains in its despite. In the meantime, nations despised as semi-barbarous, because unparliamentary, and most wretched, because unrepresented, have pure air and water secured to them by a more compendious system. Abbatoirs and cemeteries have been long since provided in almost every other capital of Europe; and Naples, Rome, and Constantino-ple, and now Madrid (by a great public effort headed by the Queen,) see aqueducts bestriding valleys, and overleaping hills, to pour out copious and healthy streams into the most squalid quarters of the poor. If we can remedy our own evils, and don't, are they not self-inflicted? Again, an Englishman can afford to pay higher than a Frenchman for a cup of coffee, so he believes. Why then should the latter for his three sous, have a genuine cup of fragrant Mocha, and be, for twice the money, served with a draught of most ambiguous beverage, without aroma, flavour, or complexion? He knows he can have the best of every thing if he likes; then why hasn't he? The fact, we believe is, that no other people submit so easily to

a general imposition as we do. If the bread be bad, or short of weight, it is sufficient to cause an *emeute* in a southern country; Englishmen submit to both with wonderful equanimity. We wonder how many persons the disclosures of the *Lancet* have influenced to practical conclusions on the subject of food.

But let us return to our portraiture. "The Englishman" our French draughtsman would sketch, as described by himself, is naturally of a sad and melancholic disposition, and chooses his habitation accordingly. It has been gravely asserted by an Alderman of London, (a gastronomic officer of the corporation,) that its most cheerful and healthy spot, is the great cattle market called *Schmidtfeld*, and the rich merchants have their warehouses and shops close to grave-yards, were they imbibe a pestilential and most noxious air, at every breath.

The water supplied to him and his family to drink, is of various qualities, differing one from the other in the amount of animal life with which each abounds. The *Lancet* has published a series of pictures, full of animation, representing the scenes which occur in every glass of water drunk in different localities. These comprehend not only Lambeth, Southwark, and places inhabited by the poor, but Hampstead, Richmond, and many other fashionable abodes of the rich.\*

When he rises in the morning he refreshes himself at breakfast with a cup of tea, black or green. The first is often composed, according to his own statements, of sycamore, horse-chestnut, or sloe leaves, or of a tea already used, and got up again with sulphate of iron and mica.† The second is invariably a perniciously drugged compound, containing China clay, Prussian blue, verdigris, arseniate of copper, potash, and various learned preparations of lead.‡ Or he prefers coffee, which, with few exceptions, is a mixture of chicory, itself grossly adulterated, with a portion of coffee, and sometimes acorns, mangel-wurzel, and ground corn.§ To this he adds milk copiously diluted with water,|| and perhaps a dark sugar, swarming with hideous *acarides*, and filled with cane splinters, sand and grit.¶ If he be recommended cocoa, and procure soluble

\* *Lancet*, Feb. 15, (1851) p. 187 ; 22, p. 216 ; Mar. 1, p. 253.

† Aug. 2, p. 112. ‡ Aug. 9, p. 136 ; 30, p. 310. § Ap. '26, p. 443.

|| Oct. 4, p. 322.

¶ Jan. 18, p. 74 ; 25, p. 100.

or homœopathic preparations of it, he is, more than ten to one, drinking an infusion of flour, potato, sago, arrow-root, or Indian corn, possibly coloured by some metallic earth.\* Nay, further, if for the sake of health he procure for himself or children more expensive foods, made up in half-crown packets, under the name of Exvalenta, or Revalenta, Soojee, Prince of Wales's food, &c., he has the cruel satisfaction of knowing that he is taking water and pea-flour, or potato-starch, or lentil flour, which costs, to the mendacious advertiser, (that denies its presence in his nostrum) just one penny.† With these deleterious drinks he eats plentifully of bread strongly impregnated with alum, which makes it light, not only in quality, but in weight.‡

“When he comes to dinner he does better, because he feeds greatly upon meat, in which none can excel him. But the moment he turns aside from the simple produce of the field or garden, he relapses into his conscious participation of noxious aliments. He drinks beer or porter, potently medicated with *coccus indicus*, grains of paradise, copperas, or liquorice; or wine manufactured from indigenous berries.§ If he season his meat with what he calls mustard, he knows it is mainly flour coloured and spiced with turmeric;|| if with pepper, half of it is flour.¶ Into his salad he pours oil not of the olive, and vinegar not of the grape!\*\*\* If he relish his arrow-root, it is proof that his taste is Hibernian, and loves the potato;†† if he prefer jelly, and buys isinglass for it, he knows, all the time, that it is a perfectly different animal substance.‡‡

“In this way he lives contented, always muttering threats and grumbling at the dishonesty in the world,

\* Mar. 31, p. 608 ; June 7, p. 631.

† June 15, p. 675. The audacious lying of the advertisements of these trashy impostures is beyond belief. The Lancet has fully exposed them.

‡ Oct. 25, p. 280. The alum causes a greater absorption of water, and so less flour to the weight. Many of the loaves examined were moreover literally light.

§ The Lancet not having reached this subject, we must refer to Accum.

|| Lancet, Mar. 22. p. 304.

¶ Feb. 8, p. 162.

\*\*\* Accum. According to him olive oil is adulterated with deleterious oil of poppies.

†† Lancet, Oct. 11, p. 252.

‡‡ Nov. 29, p. 510.

always confident he can do anything he likes, and that he ought to have the best of everything, but still submitting to a tyrannical system of vexation and roguery."

Such might be the picture of the Englishman as drawn by himself in national works, and we have thrown into it the principal part of the discoveries made by the *Lancet* in the modern chemistry of the kitchen. The series of papers is not yet complete, and there are other alimentary substances, which no doubt will be examined with equally comforting results. But we think the subject should not be closed without some details, partly in vindication of some calumniated callings, and partly in aggravation of ordinary dishonesty.

After having made up one's mind to have been for years daily drinking chalk in solution, by way of milk, it is consoling to find that we have been imbibing only water instead. Many dealers in London are found to furnish pure unadulterated milk; the rest go no further than the pump for their admixture. A Swiss trooper is said to have expressed his regret that wine was not colourless, and water red, as thus all dilution of the former with the latter would be at once detected. Unfortunately the same difficulty applied to milk, though we have heard of curious tests successfully, though unintentionally, used. One was in a midland town, where the milkman had daily to cross a sweetly tempting brook, but always protested his resistance to its crystal charms, till a minnow detected in the milk-jug, though "dumb as a fish," told an unflattering tale. Another case was at a southern watering-place, where the milkman was left alone in the passage beside a pail of beautifully clear water, and on repassing the house was called in, and mildly told by his customer, a baronet, that he had every morning a pail of *salt* water brought in for his children's ablutions. As, however, it is just as likely to expect people to wait for some such discovery, as to use a lactometer, which would promptly detect this fraud, it is some consolation to know that it is not one injurious to health, though much so to honesty. The old Scotch ballad, by way of making an impossible supposition, says:

"Tak a miller that will not steill."\*

And many a joke is to be found in our old writers at the

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\* Percy's Reliques.

expense of that thriving class. And yet so far as dishonest sophistication of substances goes, the millers are the only trade which has come out immaculate from the searching ordeal of "the Lancet commission." Not one sample of flour was found adulterated!\* If therefore any one wishes to favour honesty, and his own interests, pecuniary and salubrious at once, he may procure sound flour, and make good bread. For while every single baker doctors his bread, the raw material is furnished pure. And here we think a discovery of the Lancet will excite some astonishment. There is a company called the League, which was established expressly to counteract the frauds of bakers, by securing to the public genuine, unadulterated bread. For this purpose it has its depots in various parts of the metropolis. Would it be believed, that every sample of league-bread procured was found adulterated?†

This, perhaps, may be assumed as a rule, that loud boasting of purity is a tolerable evidence of corruption. The Lancet has shown this particularly in respect to coffee. It must be owned, indeed, that this substance, which has gradually become a favourite nutriment of the poor, gives occasion to more lies than any other. But since the late exposures, some of the most daring assertors of the genuineness of their supply, have been brought to acknowledge its mixture with chicory. A few years ago, the avowal would have brought down on them an Excise prosecution, and a heavy penalty. Now they are protected by a Treasury order of August 31st, 1840, which actually permits the adulteration with chicory!

The introduction of this indigenous plant, as a substitute for coffee, first took place, we believe, in France, as did that of beet-root, in place of cane, sugar, in consequence of Napoleon's attempt to crush English trade, by the destruction and prohibition of colonial produce. There is an anecdote told of him in connection with this subject. One day, he was riding in the environs of Paris, surrounded by his staff, when, in passing by a neat house, he smelt the fragrance of coffee-roasting, as they know how to do it in France. There was no mistaking it; it was no home-made stuff, but a genuine contraband article. The Emperor angrily snuffed the tainted breeze; for it smelt of disobedience to his omnipotence. "Whose house is

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\* Ap. 5, p. 336.

† Oct. 25, p. 398.



this?" he impatiently asked, "M. Le Curé's," was the reply. "Ha! ha! I have caught M. Le Curé, and I will teach him to respect the laws," rejoined the Emperor, as he dismounted, and, followed by his brilliant *cortège*, broke in upon the unsuspecting abbé. The reverend delinquent, sure enough, was engaged in quietly turning round his coffee-roaster, and bowed, with due respect, but with imperturbable serenity, to the frowning monarch. "Eh bien, M. Le Curé, qu'est ce que vous faites là?" "Sire," replied the abbé, with an arch look, "je brûle la marchandise Anglaise." The Emperor was not only disarmed, but delighted, by the smart answer, and after good-humouredly leaving the Curé, sent him a loaf of colonial sugar, as genuine as the coffee it had to sweeten.

There, was necessity become the mother of invention, but very different is the case here and now. Still the most astounding case of adulteration, connected with this vegetable, remains to be told. We remember a certain notorious radical, in the days when the term was almost libellous, of the name of Hunt, who was prosecuted, and cast in heavy penalties for selling, not even under the name of coffee, but under that of "breakfast powder," an innocent farina of roasted beans. Well now, in these days of free trade, the same authority which pursued him, permits the adulteration of coffee with chicory, and thereby opens the door to every other species of fraud. For what does the reader think chicory is? Why itself the most adulterated of adulterations. The following is a list of the substances with which this drug, called by the Chancellor of the Exchequer "a wholesome and nutritious" substance, is occasionally mixed, previous to its being added to coffee-powder:—Carrots, parsnip, mangel-wurzel, beans, lupin seeds, wheat, rye, dog-biscuit, burnt sugar, red earth, horse-chestnuts, acorns, oak-bark tan, mahogany sawdust, Venetian red, and though last, not least, baked horses' livers!\*

"Round about the cauldron go,  
In the poisoned entrails throw."

If so foul an outrage upon honesty, decency, health, and humanity can be fully substantiated, we can hardly think

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\* Lancet, Mar. 15, p. 501, May 10, p. 526.



any severity too great in punishing it. At any rate, the very mention of the atrocity sickens us of our subject. We will only mention one more instance, more terrible because connected with more sacred matter. A letter has appeared, not long ago we believe, in the "Morning Chronicle," complaining of an economy in the Royal Chapel, attributed to a certain noble Marquis, whereby, instead of a bottle of decent claret allowed on sacrament days, a spurious mixture had been substituted, under pretence that the bottle was not consumed. We are not surprised at this; for a friend, who knows much of Spain, assures us, that the tent wine (the *rota tinta*, or red *rota*) which found its sale chiefly for the same purpose, is hardly in demand; the reason alleged being that it could be as well made by apothecaries in England.

It would be foreign to our purpose to pursue our subject beyond the limits of food. Perhaps the "Commission" will extend its labours to other manufactured articles, though not exactly connected with health. Far be it from us to say that the reign of fraud is universal and exclusive. There are many engaged in traffic, who would not for the world be guilty of injustice. We know of noble instances where immense profits have been refused, because fraud had to be practised to obtain them, in a way that hundreds employ it. We know of many whose character and word would be to us a guarantee as secure as the award of the Lancet Commission, that what they give is precisely what they declare it. The *prisca fides* yet lingers on earth, and will resume, we trust, its sway in our traffic.

In this it will be, no doubt, aided by the discovery that, after all, honesty may be the best policy. It is quite certain, that foreign nations are competing with us in fair and honourable rivalry. If it be found that genuine goodness of production is the cause of preference given to them, it will drive our manufacturers to the policy of honesty, where this has been departed from. Who doubts that in the arts of Tubalcain, in the handling and fashioning of iron, English skill may reign supreme? Yet we are losing market in it; why? Because avarice restrains that skill. It is not long since the emperor of Russia sent a commissioner to England, Belgium, and other countries, to decide where he should arm his forces. Belgium obtained the preference, and the house of Pierlot received an order for 60,000 muskets. Mexico has done the same, and an officer sent expressly has given a commission to

the house of Goffin for half that number. The complaint was that English guns burst. If so, dishonesty has turned out a bad policy. We hope, indeed, that this reproach will cease; and that an Englishman, when he moves abroad, in whatever clime, on whatever errand, will bear the same stamp of warranted genuineness, which distinguishes, not always truly, his travelling equipages. It was at the "Goldene Hirsch," at Munich, that we once met an agreeable travelling companion, and as he was explaining to us the mysteries of *Eilwagens* and *Packwagens*, and how you go in the first, and your luggage, if decently heavy, goes in the second, and arrives two days after you; he related a pleasant adventure of travel, which had happened to him a short time before. He had hired a smart French travelling servant, and, on arriving at his inn, at evening, knowing well the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself therein. His servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form as a "Rentier Anglais." "But how have you put down my name? I have not told it to you." "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from Milor's portmanteau." "But it is not there—bring me the book." What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself:

"Monsieur Warrantedsolidleather, Anglais, Rentier."

Such is the compliment of warranted solidity which we would gladly have paid to us all over the world. Instead of this, a friend has observed to us, that if the present taste for economy and for mechanical improvement goes on yet increasing, the time is not far distant when any one, in modern English phrase, pronouncing a person to be a *brick*, will thereby declare him to be hollow.

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*Mr. Richardson has just put forth a Second Edition of Mr. EDWARD P. WALFORD'S "Answers to Sixteen Questions," by the REV. J. B. CLIFFORD, Minister of St. Matthew's, Bristol. Mr. Clifford is a well-known opponent of Catholicism in his own neighbourhood, and we think that some of Mr. Walford's answers are well calculated to show up the weak points of the so-called Evangelical cause. We shall be glad to find that they obtain a wide circulation. Some Hymns by the same Author, entitled, "Little Mary's Hymn Book," Part I., (RICHARDSON) will be found well suited to infant minds, as dwelling on sacred subjects, in a simple, yet reverent spirit.*

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